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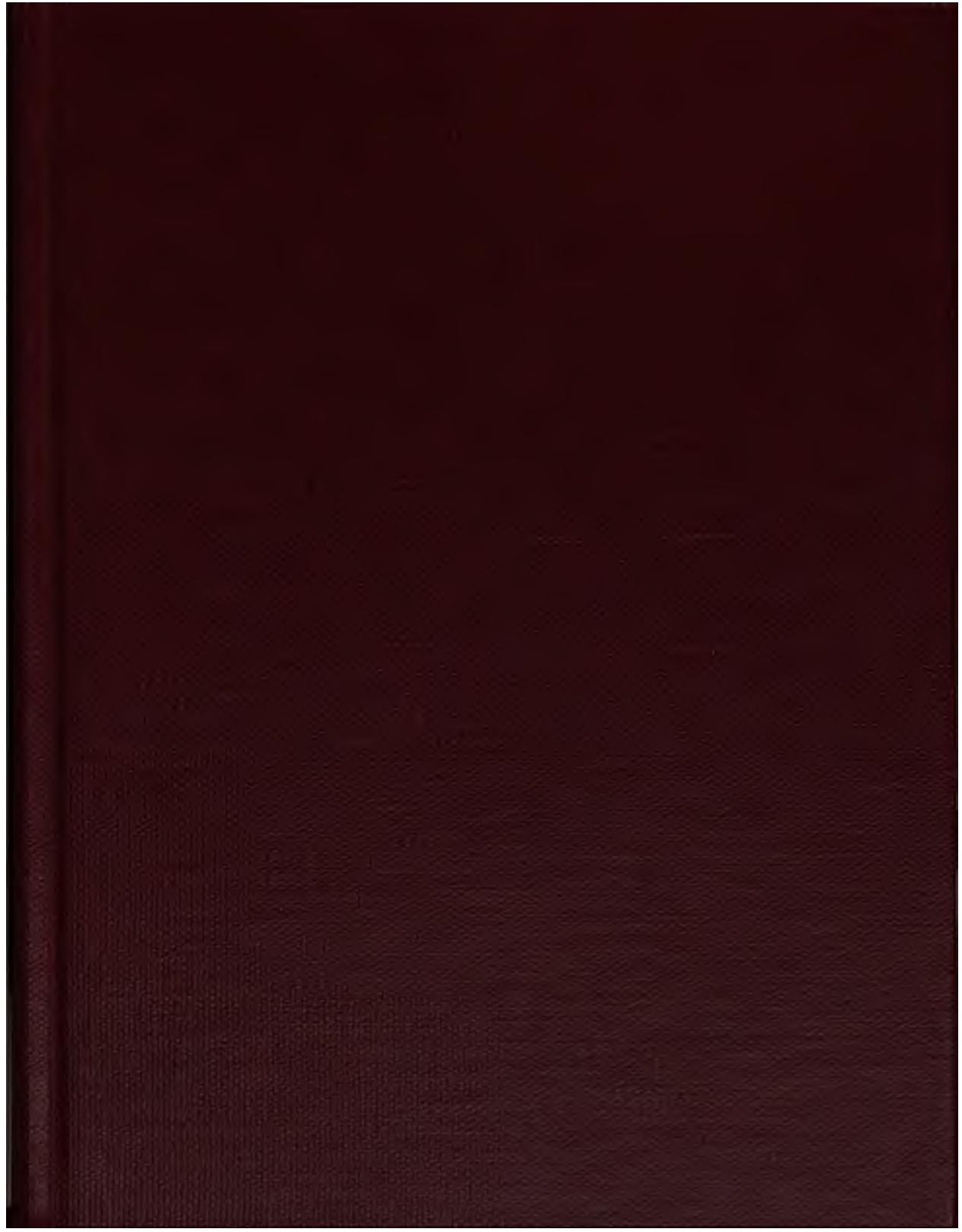
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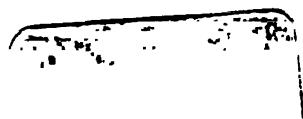
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**ESSAYS**

CONTRIBUTED TO THE 'QUARTERLY REVIEW'

By SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D.,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

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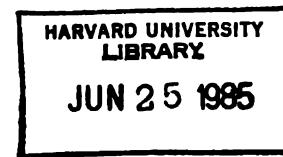
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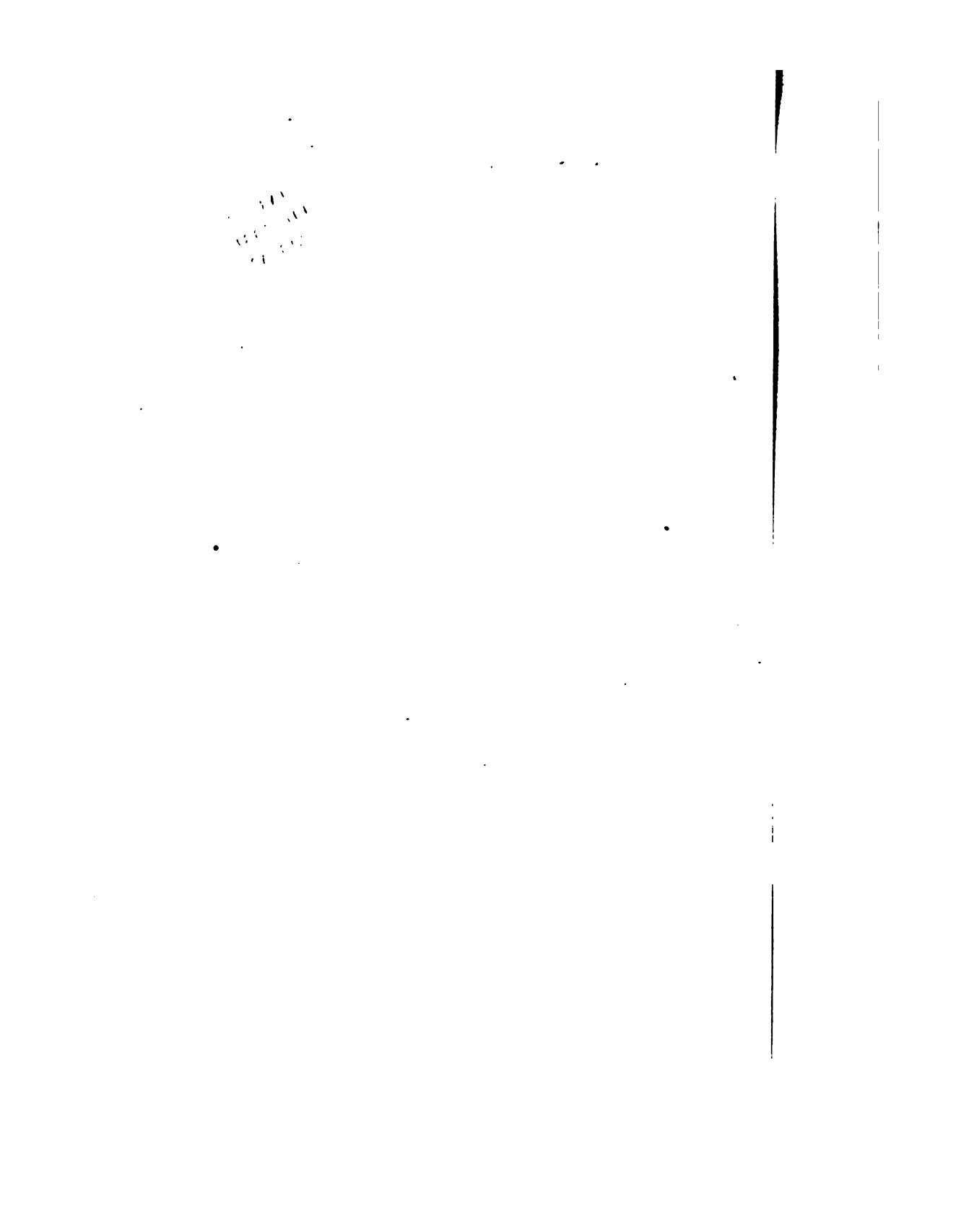
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*Nat. Hist. — Geog.  
of Brit.*

## THE NATURALIST IN SUSSEX AND ON THE SPEY.\*

(September, ~~1849~~, and <sup>April</sup> ~~1873~~, 1873.)

THE pursuits of natural history possess a various and multi-form interest. When followed out in their strictly scientific character by such men as Cuvier, or our own Professor Owen, they present us with remarkable generalizations, which not only exhibit the clearest marks of design and plan upon which the whole world of animated being has been constructed, but throw ever and anon remarkable light upon some of the greatest intricacies of our own organic construction. The discovery that the lower manifestations of animal life are forms through which the higher animals pass, throws a new light upon the conditions under which those higher animals exist in those preparatory stages in which it is often singularly difficult to explore the secrets of their being. But there are many other advantages which wait upon the study of natural history for those who cannot follow it to these scientific heights. No innocent pursuit which possesses sufficient interest to engage the attention, and so to sharpen the faculties and enlarge the mind, will ever be contemned by the true philosopher. And this pursuit, specially exercises some, and those very important faculties. A good practical naturalist must be a good observer; and how many qualities are required

\* 'Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, with a Systematic Catalogue of the Birds of that County, and Remarks on their local Distribution.' By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.S., F.Z.S. London. 1849.

to make up a good observer! Attention, patience, quickness to seize separate facts, discrimination to keep them unconfused, readiness to combine them, and rapidity and yet slowness of induction; above all, perfect fidelity, which can be seduced neither by the enticements of a favourite theory nor by the temptation to see a little more than actually happens in some passing drama. But besides these advantages, which it shares with many other pursuits, natural history has some which are peculiarly its own. Whatever tends to attach man to the works and manifestations of God in the natural world around us, addresses itself to higher faculties than those which reside merely in the understanding.

We are not indeed of those who have any very strong faith in mere rustic innocence—men's passions are just as strong, and are often even coarser in their manifestation amongst an ignorant rustic population than they are amongst those inhabitants of our towns whom mere sentiment would condemn to an almost hopeless degradation. But then these rustics are exactly those whose eyes are most sealed to the beauties and the marvels amidst which they daily walk. Amongst the Spitalfields weavers, many of whom are great bird-fanciers, and many more amongst our best practical entomologists, there is probably far more appreciation of the beauties of the country, which they rarely visit, and of the wonders of animal life, with which they can only now and then come into actual contact in the ramble of a summer holiday, than is to be found amidst the rustic population of our ten thousand parishes. It is amongst these then, and not amongst those who neglect the riches in the midst of which they live, that the real effects of these pursuits are to be traced; and no one we think can entertain a doubt as to what are their effects who has seen amongst these very weavers the softening, harmonizing, and elevating tendencies of such tastes amidst the many depressing accidents of their life of toil. And there

are very many amongst ourselves for whom we should specially prescribe the cultivation of such pursuits as these. There are not a few causes in operation in the present day which tend to wean our gentry from a country life. The personal importance which the possession of land formerly conferred is already much impaired, and probably will be still more lessened as estates are divided and wealth diffused. Our modern improvements in agriculture, reducing as they must the business of cultivating the soil more and more to the ordinary laws which govern manufactures, tend to diminish the natural beauty of the country, and to break in upon some or other of the pleasures of its possessors. It is not merely that some of these are attacked directly, but even more, that many of them are rendered accidentally impossible. It is not only that at the prayer of tenant-farmers Acts of Parliament are framed which inexorably decree the extermination of four-footed game, but that the march of improvement incidentally destroys or banishes other and harmless tribes of animal life, which have formed heretofore the instruments of country amusement. How imperceptibly and unintentionally this may be brought about, may be illustrated by the fact of the annual diminution—now stated without doubt by some of our most accurate ornithological observers—in the numbers of our swallows (*Hirundo rustica*) and martins (*Hirundo urbica*), and which seems to be caused by the great diminution already created in their favourite food of the *Tipulidae* and ephemeral flies by the draining of our wet and marshy lands. For it is evident that the same causes must be producing the same effects upon our snipes and all our tribes of wading and swimming birds; whilst other causes of a like kind must be reducing the number of our really wild *Tetraonidae*—causes which have already once exterminated (what the spirited efforts of Lord Breadalbane promise to restore) our indigenous Capercaillie

(*Tetrao uro-gallus*), and our great bustard (*Otis tarda*). Such, we say, must be more or less the progress of events; for by all, or almost all our leading men in the science of agriculture, the hedge timber of England is doomed:—very many of its woods are to be grubbed, its downs broken up, its marshes drained, and with some of these changes, however on the whole beneficial, must disappear much sylvan beauty and many sylvan sports. And all this must have an immediate effect upon the attractiveness of country life. There can scarcely be a wider difference than that which exists between the feelings towards his estate of the lord of the soil, whose pleasures, occupations and pursuits are all, in some way or other, connected with its possession, and his who sees in his highly cultivated acres nothing more than a productive investment of a certain amount of capital. We are ourselves great admirers of the sweet simplicity of the Three per Centa; but it is impossible to feel any special affection to the Scrip which conveys or attests their ownership—and very little more can be felt towards landed property which has no other quality than that (first and greatest, as we freely admit it to be) of paying with a sweet simplicity its annual rent. Such an owner may well say when he visits his estates, 'Went to-day upon my own land—very much like everybody else's land.'

Now as we hold it to be a matter of great national concern to keep alive as far as possible that warm affection for a country life which has from time immemorial distinguished our nobility and gentry, we should rejoice in the prevalence of any tastes or pursuits which tended in any way to add to and prolong its attractions. And amongst these we should give a high place to natural history. Nor is there any other branch of natural history for the study of which we in England have such facilities as for the peculiar branch of ornithology. With the exception of the insect tribes, which, from their diminutive size and from many associations con-

nected with them, are little likely (even though Messrs. Kirby and Spence have written their history) to be general objects of interest, the list of the English fauna is remarkably scanty, except amongst the birds. Civilization has long since extirpated all our larger wild quadrupeds. Few indeed of any size are left to us. An occasional badger and otter, foxes, hares, rabbits, squirrels, stoats, weasels, mice, and rats (and even amongst them the great grey, or, as our friend Mr. Waterton insists on calling him, the Hanoverian rat, has *all but* eaten up the old black rat of England\*)—these nearly complete our catalogue; so that the naturalist who was restricted to our four-footed creatures would have to complain with Edgar,

‘That mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom’s food for seven long year.’

But this is not the case with our birds. They in numerous families are still rejoicing in their liberty around us, whilst occasional stragglers visit us from the British tribes of other and more richly furnished countries. Our migratory birds come to us every year from Africa: our own familiar raven may be met with not only throughout Europe, but croaks as gravely as with ourselves on the shores of the Black and Caspian seas; visits our Indian metropolis of Calcutta, forces its way over the guarded shores of Japan, dwells amongst our busy descendants in America, ranges from Mount  $\text{\textit{A}}\text{etna}$  to the Iceland cold of Hecla, and braves the rigour of the Arctic regions as far as Melville’s Island.

The powers of motion, moreover, possessed by birds, causing them to circulate far more widely and freely over the earth than other animals, give us the additional interest of detecting from time to time the presence of rare sojourners who commonly haunt warmer climates or colder latitudes. Add to

\* A few old Blacks (whom Squire Western would have stuck to, had he been living in these degenerate Whig days,) still survive; but they are a feeble folk.

this that all the accidents of birds are pleasing: their appearance; their voice, from the rich melody of our warblers to the laughing taunt of the gull or the solemn hooting of the owl; their habits, from the domestic familiarity of the robin to the wild roar of the Falconidæ,—all tend to secure for birds an interest and regard which is shared with them by few of the quadrupeds.

No branch, therefore, of natural history seems to us so likely to engage followers amongst ourselves as ornithology; for its materials are everywhere present and always attractive in character. Nor is the possession of such tastes a small gain to their possessor. Objects of new interest surround on every side the opened eye of the naturalist, and give a fresh zest to his former pursuits. When once these tastes have been created, those who from not being sportsmen were almost without interest in our natural fauna, find every copse and down peopled with living objects of interest; whilst he who heretofore has been a mere sportsman finds new attractions which increase his love of Nature. Of old time, indeed, amongst the English lovers of field-sports have ever been found those who have been led on to love those tribes of creatures whose presence and whose song peoples and gladdens the brake and forest. It is a beautiful touch in the ballad of 'Robin Hood' which represents the gentle outlaw as surrounded by these natural minstrels:—

‘The woodwele sang and would not cease,  
Sitting upon the spray,  
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood  
In the greenwood where he lay.’\*

\* There is still dispute what the woodwele was: some say a species of thrush, others the woodlark. The bird figures in a pretty verse of *True Thomas*:—

‘I heard the jay and the throstell,  
The mavis menyd in her song:  
The wodeweles beryd as a bell,  
That the wode aboute me ronge.’

Even as Spenser writes of one of *his* heroes:—

'Now whenas Calepine was waxen strong,  
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,  
To take the air, and hear the thrush's song.'

But there are still too many sportsmen who need to have their slumbering senses aroused and to be taught the interest they might find in such a converse with Nature.

Such an one is not Mr. Knox. He is manifestly a sportsman, and a keen one. He has followed the 'eagle and the grouse on the dark misty mountains and rock-bound coast of Mayo;' and on the flat shores of western Sussex 'often during the Siberian winter of 1838, when a *whole gale*, as the sailors have it, has been blowing from the north-east,' he might be found 'sheltered behind a hillock of sea-weed, with his long duck gun and a trusty double, or half buried in a hole on the sand, watching the legions of waterfowl as they neared the shore and dropped distrustfully amongst the breakers'— &c.; yet whilst others have longed with impatient fretfulness for the commencement of their sport, chiding at the long delays of reluctant reynard, or brooding sadly over the treachery of public men and the low price of corn, he has found a philosophic interest in 'carefully watching for a very scarce bird (the *Melizophilus Dartfordiensis*) whilst the fox-hounds have been drawing the great gorse covers.'

Already our readers perceive that we are introducing to them a genuine enthusiast. In truth, though written by a man whose profession and habits differ in many respects from his, the volume continually reminds us of our old delight, White of Selborne. Like White, Mr. Knox is a scholar bre'l at Oxford, and like White he is a close observer of nature, who jots down what he sees in his own neighbourhood or excursions from mere love to that of which he writes, and not to make a book. His volume has sprung

from a set of letters written to a friend with tastes and occupations which were like his own. It is one great advantage of such local works that they are invested with a living reality which mere general works of science cannot possess. We walk with White through his favourite woods, and listen with him in the dewy evening to the distant owls, 'all of which,' according to his friend, 'are hooting in B flat.' Mr. Knox carries us in the same way with him through Sussex. The peculiarities and remarkable variations of this county, with all of which Mr. Knox is thoroughly familiar, make it an excellent district for ornithological observation. Throughout its whole extent of 76 miles it stretches along the sea-coast, indented at its western extremity into deep bays, which from their narrow and shallow mouths run almost into salt-water lakes, on the flat shores of which slumber rather aguish hamlets, looking in the distance like Dutch villages. These, throughout the winter especially, are visited by numerous tribes of wading and swimming birds, amongst which are not seldom to be found the rarer visitants of our island. Here, if he will be content to watch, and sometimes to wade for them, the patient duck-hunter or naturalist may see sights which shall at least faintly remind him of the grand lines in which are pictured what may to the letter be seen at this day in some of the great plains near Erzerum, where the traveller looks down upon a valley positively crimsoned in its whole extent by the millions of birds of the richest plumage which are congregated on its flats:

δοτ' ὄρνιθων πετεγμῶν ἔθνα πολλά,  
Χηρῶν, ἢ γυρανῶν, ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,  
'Αστερ ἐν λειμῶν, Καῦστρου διμφὶ ρέεσθρα,  
"Ενδικαὶ ἵνθι ποτῶνται ἀγαλλόμενα πτερύγεσσι,  
Κλαυγγόδων προκαθίζόντων, σμραγεῖ δέ τε λειμῶν."

\* 'As various tribes of winged fowl, or geese,  
Or cranes, or long-necked swans, on Asian mead.'

Of the vast multitude in which even on our own shores birds of this family congregate together, our readers may form some idea when we mention that we heard recently of one discharge of a large duck-gun killing 140 dozen of the species called stints.

To the east the coast rises into the high precipices of the range of Beachy Head, still the favourite haunt not only of guillemots, razor-bills, auks, gulls, and ravens, but even of that noble falcon the peregrine, whose tutored instincts furnished so large a share of the amusements of our ancestors. Leaving the immediate sea-board, there succeeds a low tract of rich land between the sea and the South Downs, which, before and after the annual migrations of various species, harbours vast flights of our different birds of passage. Mr. Knox maintains that these migrations are not confined to those birds which from their insectivorous habits are commonly reputed birds of passage, but extend very widely amongst the conirostral tribes also, including the goldfinches, linnets, and grosbeaks. The arrival of our vernal visitors is thus described :

‘On fine dry days in March I have frequently seen pied wagtails approaching the coast, aided by a gentle breeze from the south, the well-known call-note being distinctly audible under such favourable circumstances from a considerable distance at sea, even long before the birds themselves could be perceived. The fields in the immediate neighbourhood, where but a short time before scarcely an individual was to be found, are soon tenanted by numbers of this species, and for several days they continue dropping on the beach in small parties.’

---

Besides Cäster’s stream, now here, now there,  
Disporting, ply their wings; then settle down  
With clamorous noise, that all the mead resounds;  
So to Scamander’s plain from tents and ships,  
Poured forth the countless tribes; the firm earth groaned  
Beneath the tramp of steeds and armèd men.  
Upon Scamander’s flowery mead they stood  
Unnumbered as the vernal leaves and flowers.’

Of the departure of these winged hordes Mr. Knox says—

‘About the beginning of September, an early riser’—

we hope our readers will notice what we believe to be specially true, that all good observers must be early at their post—

‘visiting the fields in the neighbourhood of the coast may observe them flying invariably from west to east, parallel to the shore, and following each other in constant succession. These flights continue from daylight until about ten in the forenoon; and it is a remarkable fact that so steadily do they pursue this course, and so pertinacious are they in adhering to it, that even a shot fired at an advancing party, and the death of more than one individual, have failed to induce the remainder to fly in a different direction; for, after opening to the right and left, their ranks have again closed, and the progress towards the east has been resumed as before.’

It is not difficult to surmise the reason of this proceeding. To compare great things with small, long before the lines were laid for the direct conveyance of our countrymen by the shortest transit into France, this annual string of warblers, under the guidance of unerring instinct, and without any such long deflections from the straight course as we groan under and pay for, was making for that spot upon our coasts whence the transit of the Channel could be accomplished with the shortest flight and least interruption from the cliffs of Dover.

It is a singular fact, for which no solution is offered, that the course of the larks who frequent these same fields at the same period of migration is the exact opposite of the warblers. The larks fly uniformly from east to west, and in numbers sufficient to give rise to a so-named ‘sport,’ towards which a strange peculiarity of the birds themselves contributes. Mr. Knox thus describes the custom:—

‘A piece of wood about a foot and a half long, four inches deep, and three inches wide, is planed off on two sides . . . . in the sloping sides are set several bits of looking-glass. A long iron spindle, the lower end of which is sharp and fixed in the ground, passes freely through the centre; on this the instrument turns, and even spins rapidly when a string is pulled by the performer, who generally stands at a distance of fifteen or twenty

yards from the decoy. The reflection of the sun's rays from these little revolving mirrors seems to possess a mysterious attraction for the larks, for they descend in great numbers from a considerable height in the air, hover over the spot, and suffer themselves to be shot at repeatedly without attempting to leave the field or to continue their course.'

It were well if creatures of a higher organization than larks would take warning by their example, and beware lest the charms of such sparkling gewgaws of the earth should draw them down from the higher flights appointed for them. What tragic voices might be heard by the students of 'Emblems' in such a narrative as this!—

'To any one witnessing it for the first time the spectacle is sufficiently curious. Perhaps at this moment the shooters, having all reloaded, are awaiting the approach of the next detachment; presently a voice exclaims, "Here they are, look out!" and a cluster of dark specks becomes visible at a great distance. In a few moments he perceives that this is a flock of larks.' . . . . 'Four or five parties occupy one field, and as many shooters are attached to one lark-glass; but notwithstanding the crowd and the noise of voices, mingled with the continued roar of guns, the infatuated birds advance stupidly to them, hover in numbers over the decoy, and present the easiest possible mark to the veriest tyro that ever pulled a trigger.'

Above this rich district rises the range of the South Downs, frequented by their peculiar winged inhabitants, among which abound the well-known wheatear (*Saxicola oenanthe*), and at certain seasons that most graceful of the English hawks, the kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*). Few parts of England afford greater beauties than this tract of country. The softest aerial lights, ever changing from morning till evening, mellow the wide expanse of the open downs on which the sea breezes of the Channel seem to come forth to sun and dry themselves; whilst at every turn hollow combes run gracefully up from the deep valleys, with the velvet lawns of their bottoms and sides tufted by the ash, the beech, or the feathery juniper, or sometimes shaded by the soft dark verdure of ancient yew-trees, whose venerable trunks confirm the tradition which assigns their planting to the age and religious rites of our

Druid forefathers. Over these may be seen poised in the air below you the graceful form of the kestrel, or windhover hawk, as it prepares to dart upon the mice or larger insects which its keen eye detects amongst the herbage. The northern, and occasionally, as in the case of Charlton Forest, the southern side of these downs is often clothed with large woodland tracts, where the tapping blow and wild laugh of the woodpecker is never long unheard, and where the honey-buzzard and larger species of falconidæ may be detected by the curious. To this succeeds a band of sandstone hills, capped often (as at Parham with its herony, for a graphical and highly entertaining account of which we must refer our readers to Mr. Knox's pages) with woods of Scotch spruce and silver fir, all sheltering their peculiar winged visitors. These sand-hills finally subside into the great valley, where, it seems, so long ago as in the days of Drayton, 'the daughters of the mighty Weald—

‘Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,  
Under the axe's stroke fetch'd many a grievous groan;—

but where still happily the oak-tree flourishes in numbers and to an extent which, when viewed from any eminence, may well remind us of the ancient forests of 'merry England.' Nothing can exceed the sweetness and abundance of the song of the nightingales amidst the brakes of these oak-woods in the early summer. From every bush and every streamlet side are poured forth the bursts of their music, whilst the whole family of warblers complete the chorus. It is the absolute fulfilment of Spenser's hardly less melodious description :

‘But the small birds, in their wide boughs embow'ring,  
Chaunted their sundry tones with sweet content;  
And under them a silver stream, forth pouring  
His trickling streams, a gentle murmur sent.'

In these various localities may be found specimens of almost all our remaining native birds. Of the indigenous

species, it is true, as we have said above, that some have disappeared, and others are disappearing; yet though we lack a multitude of species in which the richer fauna of other countries abounds, we still have enough to trace the wonderful gradations of structure by which, 'in nature which has no gap,' family passes into family throughout the world of organized being. Perhaps one of the most beautiful instances of this transition may be found in the passage from the Falconidæ to the Strigidæ, which may be observed amongst our own birds. From the proper falcons, which fly only by day, and obtain their food by the rapidity and boldness of their assaults, we are led imperceptibly to a class of birds organized, as at first sight it would seem, entirely like the true falcons, and actually classed heretofore with them, but which, when closely examined, are found to have a softer plumage and the traces of that peculiar arrangement of the feathers of the neck and head, which is so well known by all in its full development in the owl, and which gives to those birds the appearance of wearing a ruff set around the face. The object of this arrangement of the feathers, which is called by naturalists 'the facial disk,' is very difficult to determine. It may be connected with the auditory apparatus which is so essential to and so large in these noiselessly moving nocturnal birds. In the first divisions of the owl family this arrangement is still incomplete, reaching only half round the eye, till in the type of that genus, our own barn-owl, it becomes fully developed. The same arrangement is distinctly traceable in the Circi, or harriers, four of which are found amongst the birds of England. A close observation of their habits reveals another difference between them and the true falcons. Instead of pursuing their quarry in the broadest daylight, they are seen to skim in the evening over the dewy fields, and to secure their prey by that stealthy noiselessness of their flight which the exceeding

softness of their plumage renders possible. A still closer examination shows us that in their anatomical proportions and arrangements, as in their habits, the harriers have approached almost as near to the neighbouring family of the owls as to that of the falcons, from which they are departing. This transition of one family into another is made yet more remarkable by the existence of an owl (the hawk-owl, *Surnia funerea*), which in manner and appearance closely resembles the preceding family, having in shape and flight a distinctly falconine character, and pursuing its prey almost entirely in the daytime. By such nice distinctions are the cognate families of nature at once approximated and divided.

It is to the vulgar neglect of such niceties as these that much of the needless destruction of our indigenous fauna is due. For though we may hope that there are not left many gamekeepers who, like one met with by Mr. Knox, kill that well-known and welcome harbinger of summer the insectivorous cuckoo, because in autumn he changes his bill and claws and becomes a hawk—an error old enough to have been refuted by Aristotle)—yet there are still many useful and many harmless members of our scanty list of birds which are habitually doomed to an equally unmerited slaughter. Against these ignorant enemies of our feathered tribes Mr. Knox continually protests, giving up to unpitied destruction the fierce and rapacious sparrow-hawk (whom Mr. Urquhart would consider the very Lord Palmerston of our woods), but fighting the battles of kestrels, honey-buzzards, ravens, and others with a zeal and an acuteness by which we hope he may, before more of our indigenous species are absolutely rooted out, make many converts amongst the owners of our soil, with whose protectionist habits such a guardianship of our native birds would most aptly harmonize. What is to be destroyed is now too often left to be settled by the tender mercies of the gamekeeper, whose first impression is that all

strange birds 'destroy the game.' When this error is supported by the undoubted fact that some birds closely allied to those for whom we plead do destroy vast quantities of game, the escape of the innocent from such a tribunal is as impossible as it was for a suspected witch to avoid drowning when her innocence could only be ascertained (and even then doubtfully, because her familiar might have forsaken her) by her actually dying. The case of the kestrel or windhover hawk, one of the most beautiful of our natives, is exactly in point. The food of this bird is grasshoppers, mice, and such other small game, and nothing but absolute want will lead it to feed upon birds. It is a highly useful and perfectly harmless member of winged society, but it bears the sins of the sparrowhawk, that unpitying slaughterer of its weaker brethren. What devastation the sparrowhawk will work in a game preserve, in the breeding season especially, may be learned from the experience of our author, whose keeper found in one nest fifteen young pheasants, four young partridges, five chickens, a bullfinch, two meadow pipits, and two larks, all in a fresh state. The well-known story of a man who, in a time of scarcity, maintained his family for weeks by robbing the larder of a hawk, the nest of which he had discovered, is quite consistent with this abundance of spoil. Mr. Knox does not mention, what we believe would have been found to be the case, that in every instance the legs of the victims are broken by their practised capturers. Now we think it would not be reasonable to expect any ordinary gamekeeper with such facts before his eyes to spare birds which, whilst their habits are altogether different, are yet so like the offending species that it requires some knowledge of natural history to distinguish between their respective female birds. How slowly such long-established prejudices yield, we may learn even from the great propounder of the sole value in natural history of induction from well-proved facts. For

Lord Bacon himself spoke of 'the birds of paradise that they have in the Indies that have no feet, and therefore they never light upon any place but the wind carries them away.'\* That great philosopher also found 'the cause that birds are of swifter motion than beasts,' not in the strength of their muscles, the projecting processes of their bones, and the marvellous provisions for their specific lightness, but in 'the greater proportion of their spirits in comparison of the bulk of their bodies than in beasts.'† And again, speaking slightly of the true cause why birds alone can imitate the human voice, the strength, namely, and peculiar variety of the muscles of the throat, he accounts thus fancifully for the well-known fact:—'I conceive that the aptness of birds is not so much in the conformity of the organs of speech as in their attention; for speech must come by hearing and learning, and birds give more heed and mark sounds more than beasts, because naturally they are more delighted with them and practise them more, as appeareth in their singing. We see also that those that teach birds to sing do keep them waking to increase their attention. We see also that cock-birds amongst singing birds are ever better singers, which may be because they are more lively and listen more.'‡ It is the more curious that Lord Bacon should have attributed this power in birds to the greatness of their attention, because he himself prescribes the use of mathematics to give this special faculty to 'bird-witted children.'

With such an example before us, is it reasonable to leave it to be determined by wholly uninstructed and often strongly prejudiced men what is and what is not mischievous amongst our native birds? We earnestly entreat those of our readers who have the power, to prevent our being thus robbed of one of the great ornaments of our woods and fields.

\* Speech concerning undertakers.

† Nat. Hist., Cent. VII.

‡ Nat. Hist., Cent. III.

But, speaking on this subject, we must once more introduce our readers to Mr. Knox in his capacity of guardian of a certain pair of ravens, the clientship of which he had undertaken.

‘ During ten months out of the twelve you may now find a pair of ravens in Petworth Park; perchance if the sky be clear, you may perceive them soaring aloft at such a height as would almost ensure their escape from observation, were it not for their joyous and exulting barks, which, in spite of the distance, fall distinctly on the ear; or if the weather be wet and gloomy, you may see them perched on the summit of one of the huge hollow oaks in the flat of the park, the crooked and withered branch on which they sit projecting like the horn of some gigantic stag from the dense foliage; or perhaps you may find them concealed in their snug retreat among the evergreen boughs of a clump of Scotch firs near the Tower hill, their favourite haunt during the last five years, and where they now appear to be permanently established. But to return. Their expulsion from this neighbourhood, many years ago, was as follows :

‘ A pair of these birds had built their nest on a lofty tree in the park, and as a matter of course were discovered by one of the keepers. Suffering them to remain unmolested during the period of their nidification, he waited until, deceived by his Machiavelian policy, the ravens treated his appearance, even when armed, with comparative disregard. Ill did he repay their misplaced confidence! One day, when the period had nearly arrived at which an addition to the family was to be expected, and the eggs were in his opinion “got hard,” a rifle-bullet, directed through the bottom of the nest, stretched the female bird lifeless within it; and shortly afterwards, her partner, who had been catering for her at a distance, was saluted on his return with a volley of shot, which laid him quivering at the root of the tree, and completed the success of the functionary, who in those days used to perform among the feathered tribe the triple duties of judge, jury, and executioner.

‘ Years passed away, and the raven continued unknown in this part of West Sussex, until one day, in March, 1843, when riding in the park, near a clump of tall old beech-trees, whose trunks had been denuded by time of all their lower branches, my attention was suddenly arrested by the never-to-be-mistaken croak of a raven, and the loud chattering of a flock of jackdaws.

‘ I soon perceived that these were the especial objects of his hatred and hostility; for after dashing into the midst of them, and executing several rapid movements in the air, he succeeded in effectually driving them to a considerable distance from his nest. During this manœuvre the superior size of the raven became more apparent than when viewed alone, and his

power of flight was advantageously exhibited by comparison with that of his smaller congener. The latter, indeed, seemed to bear about the same relation to him, in point of size, that starlings do to rooks when seen together.

' The raven's nest was placed in a fork on the very summit of one of the highest of these trees, while their hollow trunks were tenanted by a numerous colony of jackdaws. Some of the holes through which these entered were so near the ground that I had no difficulty in reaching them when on horseback, while others were situated at a much greater height. These conducted to the chambers in which the nests were placed, and which were generally far removed from the external aperture by which the birds entered their tower-like habitation. On thrusting my whip upwards into many of these passages, I found it impossible to touch the further extremity, while a few cavities of smaller dimensions were within reach of my hand, and contained nests constructed of short dry sticks, some of which were incomplete, while in others one or two eggs had been deposited. The next day I returned to the place on foot, provided with a spy-glass, for the purpose of observation. On my arrival I found that the ravens were absent, and that the jackdaws, availing themselves of this, had congregated in considerable numbers, and were as busily employed about their habitations as a swarm of bees; some carrying materials for the completion of their frail and yet unfinished nests, others conveying food to their mates, and all apparently making the most of their time during the absence of their tormentor. There being no cover or brushwood at hand, and the branches being yet leafless, I was unable to conceal myself effectually; but having sat down at the foot of the tree containing their nest, I awaited the return of the ravena.

' Nearly an hour elapsed before the arrival of the male bird, and I was first made aware of his approach by the consternation which it appeared to spread among the jackdaws. Like most animals under similar circumstances, when conscious of the approach of danger, they rapidly collected their forces on a single tree, keeping up all the time an incessant chattering, each bird shifting its position rapidly from bough to bough, while the raven, who held some food in his beak, satisfied himself on this occasion with two or three swoops into the terrified crowd, and having routed the mob, he approached the tree in which his nest was placed. Before arriving there, however, he evidently became aware of my presence, and dropping his prey, which proved to be a rat, he ascended into the air to a great height in circular gyrations, after the manner of a falcon, where he was soon joined by his consort, and the two birds continued to soar over my head while I remained there, uttering not only their usual hoarse croak, but also an extraordinary sound resembling the exclamation "Oh!" loudly and clearly ejaculated. At first I could hardly persuade myself

that it proceeded from the throat of either of the ravens, but my doubt was soon dispelled, for there was no human being within sight, and after carefully examining one of the birds for some time with my glass, I observed that each note was preceded by an opening of the beak, the distance of course preventing sight and sound from being exactly simultaneous.'

We must interrupt Mr. Knox to remark that, from his surprise at the raven's 'Oh!' he seems to be unacquainted with the extent and variety of Ralpho's vocabulary. It is said by one learned writer that 'the raven has a hundred different notes:' for this we do not vouch, but we can answer for it that he has a great many, and several most remarkably *human*. To proceed: our agreeable narrator says—

'In the following year the beech grove was deserted for the fir-clump. I shall never forget my delight on discovering their new retreat near the Tower hill during the spring of 1844. In their new quarters the ravens now reign unmolested, the nest itself being concealed from ordinary observation among the evergreen boughs near the summit of one of the tallest trees, so as to escape the notice of the wayfarers who traverse Upperton Common or pass along the high road which here skirts the ivy-covered park-wall. Nay, even within the precincts, where these birds and their establishments are now held sacred, those who occasionally visit the spot for the express purpose of "having a look at the ravens" are generally disappointed, as they mount the steep hill and approach the clump, at seeing nothing of either of the birds, and at the apparent desertion of the place; but they are quickly undeceived. The short and angry barks of the male are just heard as he emerges from the dark boughs; then, if the young have been hatched, he is soon joined by the female, and both continue to soar round the heads of the strangers, gradually increasing their distance until they reach a considerable height, and occasionally varying their hoarse cry with the singular note to which I have already alluded. Their retreat is therefore, as I have said, secure from ordinary observation; but what nest can escape the scrutiny of an Argus-eyed school-boy, especially if his cranium should present a development of the true ornithological bump? Soon after the ravens had taken up their quarters here, a truant youth, wandering over the Common with his empty satchel on his shoulder, caught a glimpse of one of the old birds, marked him down into the clump, and having satisfied himself by an exceedingly rapid process of reasoning that its abode was there, and that the discovery and appropriation of its

contents would repay him for the perils of the adventure, he scaled the wall, climbed the tree, robbed the nest, deposited four "squabs"—all that it contained—in his book-bag, and escaped undiscovered with his prize.

'Imagine my feelings when, on visiting the fir-grove a few days after this occurrence, I could find no trace of either of the old ravens! At first curiosity was succeeded by suspicion, then suspicion by anxiety, and at last anxiety by conviction that something untoward had occurred; but on entering the clump the whole truth flashed upon me at once: splinters of short, brittle boughs, on which the climber had attempted to rest his feet as he ascended the tree, lay around, mingled with portions of the lining, which was composed of the hair of the fallow-deer. Could the robber have taken *all* the young birds? So, to put an end to suspense, I mounted to the nest, clutched one of the branches immediately beneath it, raised myself up, and eagerly peeped into the interior. Empty! Not a bird, not a feather within it! Nothing but deer-fur and fledge-dust! What was to be done? If even one squab had been left, there would still have been room for hope that the attempt to protect the raven in his native haunts might possibly not have turned out, as now, an apparent failure. Another week elapsed, during which all inquiries—and they were many and searching—after the lost ones were unattended with success. I now visited the clump every day, but my ears were no longer gladdened by the welcome bark of the parent birds. Ring-doves and starlings roosted in the branches of the trees, and even the spiteful jackdaw, who had hitherto kept at such a respectful distance, now chattered among the boughs, as if he could not resist the temptation of having a look at the nest, with a view to appropriating a portion of it to his own use on a future occasion.

'Well, at last the young birds were discovered, half-starved, in the possession of their original captor, who willingly delivered them up. It was proposed to rear them in a state of domestication, and the operation of clipping their wings had already been performed on three of them before the idea occurred to me that, even yet, "at the eleventh hour," it was just possible that the restoration of the remaining perfect bird to the nest might have the effect of attracting the attention of either of the old ones if they should happen to revisit the neighbourhood. Although but a "forlorn hope," the attempt was worth the trial. It was late in the evening, I remember, when I put it in execution, and the next morning found me again on my way to the fir clump. Impatient to learn the result of my experiment, yet entertaining only a shadowy belief in the possibility of its success, I hastened to the park. Scarcely venturing to raise my eyes as I ascended the slope, I listened attentively, but no sound indicated the return of my absent friends. However, the scene soon changed, and amply was I repaid for all my previous care and anxiety on perceiving, as I topped the hill, both the old ravens issuing from the trees, and flying round my head just

as if nothing had happened. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was true, nevertheless; my experiment perfectly succeeded; the young bird was safely reared; the ravens have since brought up several families in the same nest; and as this little episode in their biography has served to increase the interest taken in their welfare by those who have now, fortunately, the disposition as well as the power to protect them, I trust that they may long live in peace and security, and that if any lover of the picturesque or admirer of our native birds should hereafter visit the Tower hill during "trysting time," he may never find "the raven's clump" untenanted."

So Mr. Knox leaves the story. We can give our readers one more act in this aerial drama. In the spring of this year the ravens returned to their old nest, and repaired and occupied it according to their wont; incubation was already begun, when a violent spring-storm actually beat the mother from her nest and scattered the eggs upon the ground. After a few days the ravens began to repair the damage of the storm, and abandoning the unfortunate tree, they constructed upon another their new nest. But alas! as the poet sang:—

"Ravens, though, as birds of omen,  
They teach both conjurers and old women  
To tell us what is to befall,  
Can't prophesy themselves at all."

A second storm, almost as soon as the nest was completed, again marred their work, and actually tore the nest itself from the tree. For a few days the ravens were missing: after these they returned, but conjugal disagreement finished what the violence of the winds had begun. The work of nidification was re-commenced, but one bird was set upon repairing the original, the other upon building a new nest. For a day or two the divided work proceeded, when, as if by mutual compromise, both abandoned their separate undertakings, and flew off together in search of a more favoured spot.

The appearance at the same moment of a pair of ravens who proceeded forthwith to build and incubate at Parham Park, about eight miles distant, seems to mark out that place

as the haven of their choice.—‘ Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus.’ There they will have the company of a goodly settlement of herons, who, like themselves, were driven from afar to seek the shelter of its ancient woods and hospitable owner.

With this narrative we take our leave of our readers, only adding, that we are sure that Mr. Knox will feel his labours amply repaid if he has won by them one more votary to a loving observation of nature. In doing so he will have enlarged at once the enjoyments and the powers of his pupil. ‘ The world of sensible phenomena,’ says Humboldt, ‘ reflects itself into the depth of the world of ideas, and the rich variety of nature gradually becomes subject to our intellectual domain.’ Of no phenomena is this profound observation more true than of those which concern the mechanism of life. Doubtless it was for our moral as well as our intellectual training that we were placed by the Creator in the midst of these tribes of animated beings, who, sharing so much of our living energy, but lacking the gifts of personality, are around us and familiar with us in the strangest of all acted masques and suggestive mysteries. The very sight of them may awaken us to a sense of the unsolved riddles of being by which we are surrounded, and teach us the spirit of reverential inquiry, in which alone it is profitable or safe to seek to find out the ways of the Inscrutable. The soul thus taught its proper lessons by the visible creation around it will be less apt to dogmatise and more ready to believe when it is brought into contact with the higher worlds of moral and spiritual being which touch him on every side, whilst it will enter into the pregnant climax of the Psalmist—‘ All thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints give thanks unto Thee ;’ for it will discern the high privilege of collecting from the material creation their instinctive adoration and pouring it with conscious volition into the treasury of God.

We gladly welcome Mr. Knox back in a field of literature he has done much to make his own.\* When he published, in 1849, his first work, 'Ornithological Rambles in Sussex,' we introduced him to our readers as 'a sportsman and a keen one,' and yet as so 'genuine an enthusiast' in natural history that, whilst mere sportsmen at the coverside were 'chiding at the long delays of reluctant reynard, or brooding sadly over the low price of corn and the treachery of' these 'public men,' he could find a 'philosophic interest' in 'watching for a very scarce bird, the *Melizophilus Dartfordiensis*, whilst the fox-hounds were drawing the great gorse covers.' In fine we gave him almost the highest praise which could be awarded to anyone in this field of literature in saying that 'he continually reminds us of our old delight, White of Selborne.'

The present book is of the same type with his first, and leads us to retract nothing of our former commendation. The

‘Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem  
Testa diu’

is, in his case, absolutely true equally of his love of nature, his zeal for natural history, and his love of sport. True it is that the chief sports now are salmon-fishing and deer-stalking instead of fox-hunting. But the flow of seven-and-twenty years, with, it may be, the breaking of as many bones as our articulated condition makes it convenient to have re-set, may have brought about this change. Still the old fox-hunter often reappears in the present stalker and salmon fisherman; and connects, by a magic circle, the different sports, as where he tells us in one of his exciting salmon struggles—

‘Notwithstanding the thrill of delight that electrifies every fisherman at the moment when he hooks a big salmon—especially if he has previously raised him unsuccessfully two or three times—yet I never could share the

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\* ‘Autunus on the Spey.’ By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.S. London, 1872.

feelings of some anglers of my acquaintance who aver that they would then willingly hand over the rod to a less fastidious sportsman, and that the subsequent contest and even the landing of your fish are comparatively uninteresting. Such a proceeding appears to me to be precisely analogous to the conduct of a master of hounds who, while hunting his own pack, would, immediately after finding his first fox, call them off in quest of a second, thus completely ignoring the pleasures of the chase, the glorious excitement of the first burst, and all those "moving accidents by flood and field" that constitute the great charm of fox-hunting, and in which the true salmon-fisher equally participates.'

Salmon-fishing, moreover, as pursued by Mr. Knox, is, as we shall see, not the self-sparing indolent gratification of sitting in a punt and bobbing for gudgeons, but a sport abounding in physical exertion, and even attended at times with no little risk. Here is his experience of following a big and somewhat desperate fish by wading as far as he could wade, in long heavy boots, and swimming when he could wade no longer:—

'One afternoon I was engaged with a very heavy fish. The stream was strong, the tackle delicate, and the fly exceedingly minute, so that "give and take" was the only policy likely to be successful. I had already crossed two streams that intercepted me from the main current, down which the salmon was rushing, when I came upon a third, running in at right angles to the latter, and certainly not more than thirty feet wide, which it was, of course, necessary to cross. The shingle on the near shore sloped away most invitingly, and although the opposite bank looked a little steep as I threw a hurried glance across, yet at that moment I never anticipated any difficulty in reaching it. When about halfway over, however, I found myself suddenly out of my depth, holding up my rod with one hand, and with the other trying to assist my over-weighted legs in swimming across—a far more arduous task than I had imagined. Arrived there, however, I found that my troubles had only just begun. I struggled in vain to climb the perpendicular side. I felt as if a ton weight was fastened to each leg, and at last, after repeated exertions, became so exhausted that, with a sudden consciousness of immediate danger, I dropped the rod, held on with both hands at the edge of the bank, and once more strained every effort to ascend. All in vain: so throwing myself on my back, I succeeded in swimming with the greatest difficulty to the opposite shore, and felt not a little thankful when I reached it again in safety.'

Now the maintenance amongst us of sporting habits such as these seems to us to be a matter of national importance. We own to having comparatively little to say for the fashionable *battue*, and the thousand almost domestic pheasants crowded into 'a warm corner' to be butchered by so-called sportsmen who, with three breech-loaders each and an appropriate number of attendants to load them as often as they are fired, know none of the pleasures of the chase except the showing their skill in the actual taking away of life. But little as it may be easy to say for the modern *battue* and its wholesale destruction, there never probably was a time when it was more important to maintain amongst our young men of the middle and higher ranks a love of real 'Old English' sport. The tendencies of the age have, in almost every direction, an enervating influence upon the physical condition of these as of almost all classes of our population. Most of the rough edges of life have become comfortably cushioned for such. There is little to test resolution or to brace them up to a high tone of manliness, and whilst this is so, there are in abundance counter-influences at work. The intense business of the busy, the listless sauntering of the idle, the desperate pursuit of wealth and distinction in commercial business and professional life, all tend to deteriorate the physical condition of the higher ranks of Young England; and all make more valuable to us as a nation whatever leads our young men to out-of-door exercise,—all the better when there is a certain ruggedness and even risk about its character. The easy driving of the officers of the empire to their posts on the battle-field in luxurious carriages was the harbinger of the mighty breakdown of the gallant French army at Sedan.

The hunting field in England is of national importance. But of all our home dominions Scotland now holds out to us by far the most of these advantages. The 'land of brown

heath and shaggy wood,' the mountains, the moors, the bogs, the lakes, the rivers, the deer forests of Scotland, remain untainted by the breath of our dangerously abundant personal comforts, and the idle wave of enervating luxury breaks idly at the foot of Corry Habbie. As more and more our own fens are drained and tilled, our wilds disafforested, our wastes enclosed, and our ground game threatened by Lands Improvement Acts, we must look to Scotland, which is yearly becoming more and more the great national sporting ground of Great Britain, for the peaceful training of the thews and sinews and cool heads and strong hearts of our young men, which was given in right warlike fashion of old to their distant progenitors by the ever ready martial assaults of the Picts and Scots of antiquity.

Amongst the Scottish districts which serve this good purpose for us, it would be hard to find a fairer than that which Mr. Knox lays before us in this volume. It is most fitly dedicated to the Duke of Richmond, from whose princely castle, as the introduction tells us, most of its contents were written in successive autumns to 'friends in the South'—poor stay-at-home Southerns whose nerves were not being braced by the invigorating air of the eastern Highlands. The failure in the direct line of the Dukes of Gordon transferred this glorious inheritance to the Dukes of Richmond; the second of whom now possesses it. For all its high purposes it could not have passed into nobler or better hands; and the concurrent testimony of all who, like the author, have tasted the hospitalities of Gordon Castle bears witness that, as for still higher, so certainly for those special uses of such an heritage to which we have above alluded, it could not have been held by any more able to enter themselves gracefully, yet heartily, into the various sports for which the district gives such abundant room, or more ready with kindly courtesy to impart to others a full share of such enjoyments

than are its noble owners. Here the true old British character of sport survives ; for whilst there is wild and hardy work enough to test the sturdiest manhood, there is room too for those of the tenderer sex who—

‘ In speech and gesture, form and face,  
Shew they are come of gentle race.’

Nay, we have even read in the papers of the day that on prelate, at least, of the feebler South has succeeded in landing from the waters of the Spey salmon which no stream in all the Diocese of Rochester could rival.

In many of these sports, deer-stalking, roe-driving, wild-fowl shooting, and above all salmon-fishing, Mr. Knox makes his reader a partaker with him, intermingling, as is his wont with his sporting chronicles, natural history, geology, and descriptions of scenery, which make his pages charming to the lover of the country and the naturalist, as well as to the professed sportsman.

The scene of his operations is the valley of the Spey—the second river in Scotland for its extent of basin and volume of water ; but the first in the rapidity of its flow and in the picturesque wildness of the mountain from which its earlier waters are distilled. Its defect in the eyes of the utilitarian, that the mouth through which it empties itself into the sea makes it unnavigable for vessels of any draught, is really the cause of one of its great charms in the eyes of the sportsman. The great height of its spring head, 1200 feet above the sea, and the vastness of the mountain ridges which it drains give it at once its unequalled rapidity of flow and its tendencies to spates, which rise often into the condition of floods, carrying with them boulders, in mass and multitude so great that it chokes with them its own lower channel, heaping them up into banks which forbid navigation, but which supply pools, and torrent rushes, and rapids, which are the favourite haunts

of the salmon, as their instinct leads them from the deep to the high gravelly spawning-beds of the far inland river.

The Spey is not one of those unfathered rivers for whose parentage a multitude of different bogs may dispute. Its rise is in a small well-marked pool 1200 feet above the level of the sea, in the district of Lochaber, upon the south-east spur of the Corrymuich Mountain, whose north-western slopes look down upon Loch Ness. Its course is north-easterly to the sea; at first it flows generally more due east, as if it would assault the roots of the great Grampian range, but as it gets near to them it inclines towards the north, and runs along the somewhat wide valley which lies between them and the Monadleadh range. We know no grander walk which the lover of mountain scenery can take than from Castleton, at the head of the valley of the Dee, right across the Invercauld Forest to the roots of the giant Ben Macdhui, and then leaving the great granite mass of the Cairn Gorm Hills to the left, penetrating through the pine woods of Rothie Murchus down into the valley of the Spey. If the traveller should pass this route on some autumn day when all the winds have been let loose from their caverns and come with thunder and storm upon their wings; when, as their hurricane might bursts upon you, it is not always possible to keep the uncertain footing which the granite slabs scarcely afford; when the precipitous side of the Cairn Gorm is at one moment black with the descending flood of the mountain storm, and the next glowing like a Titan's mirror in the brightest sunshine, while the ptarmigan, beaten down from their congenial heights, come within stone's throw with drooping wings around you, he will see sights, and hear sounds, and have feelings roused, which never leave him whilst memory lasts.

The early course of the river is wild, but barren, and, when shallow, diverted into pools and fens; but as it rolls onward,

it becomes clothed with all the materials of beauty ; here it is a broad, swift, unbroken stream, bordered with pine wood, here diversified with all the coloured beaches of the old red sandstone through which it is flowing, and which open on each side into the most striking ravines, whilst here and there it has been spanned by ancient bridges, and evermore along its course is identified with many of the most striking records of old Highland life.

There is hardly a reach without its tradition ; handing down by the way in which the story is interwoven with the scenery the rugged romantic old past into the tamer life of the present. So looked Dr. Macculloch on the Highland castle on Loch-an-echan :—

‘ Its ancient celebrity,’ he says, ‘ is considerable, since it was one of the strongholds of the Cumyns—the particular individual whose name is attached to it being the ferocious personage known by the name of the Wolf of Badenoch. It has passed now to a tenant not more ferocious, who is an apt emblem and representative of the red-handed Highland chief. The eagle has built his eyrie in the walls. I counted the sticks of his nest, but had too much respect for this worthy successor to an ancient Highland dynasty to displace one twig. His progeny, it must be admitted, have but a hard bed, but the Red Cumyn did not probably lie more at his ease.’

So flows the river on, till from its mountain cradle full of rich tradition it loses itself at Garmouth and Kingston in the ocean, the voice of romantic history dying out like the flow of the river into the dead level of far more commonplace life, for we are told—‘ in a house at Kingston, which some remember to have seen, belonging to the Knight of Innes, the clergy of Moray are said to have presented Charles II. with the *Solemn League and Covenant*, which bears that it was “ taken and subscribed by King Charles II. at Spey, June 23, 1650 ;”’ but it was sworn and signed by His Majesty on the Sabbath before he landed. As the vessel which brought Charles from Holland could not come into the harbour, a boat was sent out to land the king. The boat, however, could not

approach sufficiently near the shore to enable the king to land dryshod, whereupon one Milne, turning his broad shoulders to the king, quietly bade his Majesty 'loup on,' and so, 'louping on' to the shoulders of Milne (whose family bore ever after the name of King Milne), the Stuart Prince landed, in the vain hope of being able to reclaim his ancient kingdom.

The river, from the great space it drains and from the height of the mountains which supply its waters, is liable to great floods. Some of these have amounted to inundations, and there are few more harrowing scenes depicted than some of those which may be found in the pages of Sir Thomas Dick Lander's account of the great flood of 1829.

The twelve miles above the mouth of the Spey are those which form the scene of Mr. Knox's fishing experience. At the mouth of the river are the lucrative fisheries which yield so goodly a rent to the Duke of Richmond. The late Duke, in evidence which he gave before the Committee on railways, valued the fishery of nine miles of the river at 12,000*l.*, † and it has certainly not fallen off in value since that time. But it is not with the various descriptions of net-fishing that we have to do, but with the exciting exploits of the rod and the single gut, nowhere more exciting than here, where the 'Spey throw' has its own glory—full of interest even to watch, glorious successfully to accomplish. In this noble art, Mr. Knox is evidently a great proficient, as beyond all doubt he is a thorough enthusiast. His writings have that charm which the fire of enthusiasm alone can give them—you fish with him as you read. And even the reader who is not a devotee of the gentle art is taken captive by the vigour of his descriptions; by his thorough enjoyment of the scenery around him, and perhaps above all by the knowledge of natural history and the genuine love of all the wild creatures

\* 'Speyside,' by John Longmuir, p. 8.

† Longmuir's 'Speyside,' p. 11.

round him, which is continually reappearing in his pages. Yet there is no tiresome obtruding of difficult questions on the reader. His tone on these is well expressed in his dealing with the salmon :—

‘ Notwithstanding the flood of light that has been thrown of late years on the biography of the salmon by patient observers and zealous pisciculturists, how much still remains unknown and obscure ! If any long-disputed point has latterly been more satisfactorily settled than another, it is that the parr, the samlet, the grilse, and the salmon are really but one and the same fish at different periods of its existence ; yet, but a few years ago, one of our most distinguished ichthyologists assured me that the parr was a distinct species. Warned by the errors into which even scientific luminaries may occasionally fall when dealing summarily with questions so full of difficulties, I shall avoid every “ *questio vexata* ” connected with the history of *Salmo salar*. ’

And so he does. And yet here is close following this disclaimer a beautiful and highly characteristic piece of natural history—speculation founded upon that close, patient observation which is the distinguishing faculty of every successful naturalist. ‘ Spey flies,’ he tells us, ‘ are simple and unassuming, both in composition and appearance.’ With these comparatively dull flies of the modest native pattern the newly run fish in the lower waters are more readily captured than with the most brilliant exotics. Their reason for this preference is thus accounted for :—

‘ The term “ fly ” is clearly a misnomer. No insect that ever winged the air bears the slightest resemblance to any of these artificial lures, and even if it did, the motion imparted to the latter under water would be unnatural and impossible. They are evidently taken by the salmon for some of the numerous varieties of *Crustacea*—prawns, shrimps, &c.—which, with *Echinodermata*—starfish, &c.—constitute his rich repast in the depths of the ocean. A conviction of the accuracy of this surmise forced itself upon me a few years ago, while lying down on the bank of a small clear pool, at the tail of a rush of water through one of the lesser arches of Spey bridge, near Fochabers, and attentively watching the motions of a fly at the end of a long line thrown by a young friend of mine—an accomplished fisherman—from over the parapet above. Its undulating movements under water exactly resembled those of a living shrimp or prawn, while the continuous

play of the long soft hackles of the heron or fowl—so characteristic of the old Spey flies—imitated still more closely the actions of those small, but many-legged crustaceous animals, as I had frequently observed them in the aquarium of the Zoological Society.'

But there is no part of the natural history of this volume which better pleases us than the pleas which from time to time he puts in to save his favourites from the senseless destruction inflicted on them by ignorant gamekeepers or yet more ignorant preservers of game. To show to what an extent this exterminating system has been carried, he quotes from a former work of his own a list of 'vermin' destroyed on the Glengarry property, which was furnished to him by a friend who was himself the lessee of the shootings at the time—from 1837 to 1840—and by whose orders the slaughter was carried out. He omits the wild quadrupeds who equally figured on the black list. But here is the entry of the winged victims of persecution:—

• 27 white-tailed eagles.	462 kestrels, or red hawks.
15 golden eagles.	78 merlin hawks.
18 ospreys, or fishing eagles.	9 ash-coloured hawks, or large blue-tailed ditto.
98 blue hawks, or peregrine falcons.	83 hen harriers, or ring-tailed hawks.
275 kites, commonly called salmon-tailed gledes.	6 jerfalcon, toe-feathered hawks (?).
5 marsh harriers, or yellow-legged hawks.	1431 hooded or carrion crows.
63 gooshawks.	475 ravens.
7 orange-legged falcons.	35 horned owls.
11 hobby hawks.	71 common fern owls.*
285 common buzzards.	8 golden owls.†
371 rough-legged buzzards.	8 magpies.*
8 honey buzzards.	

'If we remember,' says Mr. Knox, 'that this system has been carried out generally for many past years throughout Scotland, with a view to the

\* Probably the short-eared owl (*Otus brachyotos*). Surely not the insectivorous night-jar.

† The white or barn owl, comparatively rare in Scotland.

preservation of grouse, the excessive rarity of the larger species of *Falconidae* at the present day can no longer be a matter of surprise. Numerous keepers were employed in this wholesale massacre, who received not only liberal wages, but extra rewards, varying from 3*l.* to 5*l.*, according to their success in the work of extermination.'

He proceeds to show how this wholesale destruction actually defeats its own purpose:—

'Since the ravages of the grouse disease, it may fairly be questioned whether the prevalence of that mysterious complaint may not be chiefly attributable to the removal of the natural checks on the inordinate increase of the species, fostered by so many contrivances, and notably by the destruction of those birds of prey whose favourite food they constituted. The weak and sickly or superannuated members of a pack were of course captured with facility, while the more vigorous and active escaped. Thus a sound stock survived for breeding, and the result was a healthy progeny, free from the admixture of a degenerate race of more numerous descendants, naturally liable to epidemic disease and premature decay. Every old grouse-shooter can call to mind how often in former times, when the peregrine was of comparatively common occurrence, he has experienced the vexation of seeing some of his wounded birds carried off by that powerful falcon, evidently selected as more easy victims than the rest of the pack. No predacious bird equals this species in courage and rapidity of flight. We may conclude, then, that sickly or otherwise debilitated grouse would generally fall to the share of the hen harrier, *Circus cyaneus*, formerly a common species, and still the least rare of the larger *Falconidae*; of the marsh harrier, *Circus aeruginosus*; of the common buzzard, *Buteo vulgaris*; and of the kite, *Milvus regalis*'.

We must give our readers the pleasure of following with our author the water wanderings of another of his favourites, and hear his eloquent pleadings for it against its ignorant detractors:—

'Of the many indigenous birds unjustly proscribed and gradually diminishing in number, the water ouzel, or dipper, *Cinclus aquaticus*, appears to me to be the most flagrant example, and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of recording my belief that he is not only an injured innocent but an ill-used benefactor. For ages he has been condemned as a supposed devourer of trout and salmon spawn, but I am convinced that such a charge has no more foundation in truth than the once popular fables of cows and goats being milked by the hedge-hog and the night-jar. I have had

many opportunities of observing this bird narrowly, more frequently in Ireland and Wales than even in Scotland, and I may add—though not without a slight pang of remorse—that in the stomachs of the many specimens I have shot and dissected, even when in the commission of the supposed act of larceny, I never could detect any portion of the spawn of either trout or salmon. Let us for a moment watch the manœuvres of a dipper. The scene shall be one of his favourite haunts, the rocky banks of a mountain burn, or the gravelly shallows of a larger stream. Perhaps you are quietly seated among the heather above, resting during the heat of an autumnal noon, and admiring the various colours of the Mosses, Lichens, and *Lycopodium* that clothe the margin. You are struck by the loneliness of the scene. Nothing living appears to animate it. Suddenly a water ouzel darts by, in swift, even flight, close to the surface, and alights on a flat stone in the middle of the burn a little lower down. You are no less struck by his beauty—his snow-white breast contrasting with his otherwise dark plumage—than with his attitudes and performances: nodding his head and jerking his short tail after the manner of a wren, and then suddenly plunging into the stream, where you lose sight of him until he reappears on the surface in a few seconds a little lower down, and perhaps resumes his position on the same rock, or flies to a stone nearer the bank. You have probably read or heard that he can dive with facility and walk about at his ease on the gravelly bottom. Now is your time to watch his actions under water and to judge for yourself. You run quickly towards the spot, but are careful to check your speed and lie down before you reach it lest you should alarm him prematurely. Again he rises from the burn, rests for a moment on a stone, and soon disappears once more beneath the surface. Now you repeat your former manœuvre and reach the margin in time, above the very spot where he has just plunged into the clear shallow stream, and, looking down, you distinctly see him struggling with violent efforts to reach the bottom, towards which his head and body are already protruded; working his wings all the time with considerable exertion and apparent difficulty, quite unlike the comparatively facile movements of a coot, or cormorant, or any bird of similar specific gravity when in the act of diving. Now he seems to clutch the round pebbles for a few seconds and to be employed in extracting something from among them, but the ripple of the current prevents more accurate observation on your part. At last he comes once more to the surface, and, alarmed at your presence, darts along the burn. His flight is as even as that of a partridge, and he presents an easy shot. To satisfy yourself of his guilt or innocence, you—reluctantly—pull the trigger and he floats lifeless on the stream. Now for the trial. You carefully dissect his crop and stomach and examine their contents, and you discover several larvae of *Phryganææ* and *Ephemerææ*, minute beetles, and other aquatic insects, and

several very small freshwater snails,\* but you search in vain for the ova of trout. Such an incident as I have just hurriedly described has occurred to myself repeatedly, and the result of my observations induces me to believe not only in the harmlessness of this interesting little bird—whose spring song, by the way, is exceedingly melodious, but that instead of being a destroyer of fish-spawn, he really assists in its preservation, by acting as a check on the increase of various predacious water-beetles, and other aquatic insects whose ravenous grubs or larvae furnish his favourite food. His persecutors are therefore, in my humble opinion, amenable to the double charge of injustice and ingratitude.'

There can be little doubt that Mr. Knox is right in this view of the dipper's innocence. Though there are, as we know, still some unconverted naturalists, yet we can call into court an incomparable witness, who altogether supports the view above laid down. We are enabled to quote the following passage from Mr. Gould's 'Birds of Great Britain,' now in course of publication :—

'Among fishermen, the water ouzel, or *Cinclus aquaticus*, has a bad character, from their belief that it feeds on the ova of the trout and salmon; hence in some parts of Scotland it is destroyed by every device, but the charge, in my opinion, has not been established, nor have I any reason, after taking considerable pains to investigate the subject, to believe that it is just. During my visit, in November, 1859, to Penoyre, the seat of Colonel Watkins on the River Usk, the water ouzels were very plentiful, and his keeper informed me that they were then feeding on the recently-deposited roe of the trout and salmon. By the Colonel's desire five specimens were shot for the purpose of ascertaining by dissection the truth of this assertion, but I found no trace whatever of spawn in any of them. Their hard gizzards were entirely filled with larvae of *Phryganææ* and the water-beetle (*Hydrophilus*). One of them had a small bullhead (*Cottus gobio*) in its throat, which the bird had doubtless taken from under a stone. I suspect that insects and their larvae, with small-shelled mollusks, constitute their principal food: and it may be that their labours in this way are rather beneficial than otherwise; for as many aquatic insects will attack the ova and fry, their destruction must be an advantage. I believe, indeed, that birds generally, nay always, do good rather than harm, in the check they give to the undue extension of insect life.'

\* I have found sandhoppers (*Talitris locusta*) in the stomachs of some dippers killed on the banks of large rivers.

If we think Mr. Knox clearly right in his natural history as to the harmlessness of the water ouzel, we do not the less agree with him in his view that the interference with the balance of nature which is implied in the killing off of whole species in order to protect the game-preserve is a short-sighted and in the long run a self-defeating policy. We have heard of grouse lands over which the sportsman can scarcely pass because of the inordinate increase of the viper upon them: that increase of the viper being the consequence of the destruction of its natural enemy, the beautiful peregrine falcon, who, in keeping down the multiplication of the venomous reptile, had, without the knowledge of the keeper, more than repaid his occasional feast upon the weaker grown and diseased grouse.

Here is another instance of the same kind in the case of the noblest of our birds, the golden eagle:—

'In the eyes of the experienced forester the golden eagle appears in a different light from the sea eagle, the persecuted abomination of shepherds from his tendency to vary his fish diet with an occasional lamb. He knows him to be a valuable ally to the deer-stalker as a check upon the inordinate increase of the prolific blue hare, *Lepus variabilis*, which indeed constitutes his favourite prey. Every stalker can call to mind how many a goodly stag has escaped from his rifle, just, perhaps, at the very moment when success seemed almost certain, through one of these animals starting up before him, running towards the nearest hinds and effectually alarming those watchful sentinels, before the desired range was attained. During the autumn of 1862, in the forest of Braemar, I had the pleasure almost every day of observing the golden eagle in his native haunts. I well remember my first view of the noble bird in this forest. He was soaring at a great height, every now and then arresting his career and hovering in the air like a kestrel, apparently watching some victim in the far heather below, and attended by a rabble rout of lesser birds, which, even allowing for distance, I could hardly believe to be larger than jackdaws. On examining them through my spy-glass, I perceived that they were hooded crows, who kept up their vain but pertinacious annoyance as long as he remained in view.'

The genuine love of Nature which shows itself throughout these pages is one of their great recommendations. There is

not a particle of cant about the beauties of Spey, or any wearisome, long-drawn-out description, such as at once enable the reader to detect the bookmaker, and as certainly lead him to grow sick of his details. There is a genuine delight in the scenes round him, drawn forth by Nature's murmur falling upon an attuned ear which is eminently captivating, and sets the whole picture before the reader's ear as completely as Mr. Wolf's beautiful sketches do before his eye. Here is an instance in point:—

“I was again wandering through the woods, with no companion but my spy-glass, in hopes of meeting with my old friends the cross-bills, *Loxia curvirostra*, or perhaps the still rarer crested titmouse, *Parus cristatus*. After a fruitless search of some hours I found myself close to Ortegarr, and—on this occasion with the most friendly intentions towards the birds that frequented it—I commenced crawling through the heather in that direction as slowly and cautiously as possible. I was well rewarded for my trouble, and succeeded at last in reaching a slightly elevated mound, but a few yards from the edge, where, through a vista between the fir-trees that fringed the banks, I commanded a view of the greater part of the little sheet of water. It was a beautiful sight. Within twenty yards of me were a roebuck and a roe browsing leisurely on the succulent grasses near the margin. Farther on the left lay a little swampy island densely clothed with wild iris, bulrushes, and other aquatic plants of various colours, and on the intermediate water were several mallards, ducks, teal, coots, moorhens, and little grebes swimming about and occasionally disappearing among the rank herbage or emerging from its recesses; while knee-deep, at the very edge, stood a stately heron, motionless as a statue, intently watching for his prey. This part of the pool was slightly overshadowed by the reflection of the tall trees behind, but farther off the bright sun fell upon the water, lighting up at the same time the interior of the spruce firs and larch groves that clothed the more distant banks. In the very centre of the loch a cormorant was fishing by himself, incessantly diving and remaining a long time beneath, but rarely succeeding in capturing anything but very small eels. Every now and then a shadow, like a little cloud, would pass overhead, and a heron would sail through the still air or flap heavily along the surface of the water until he took up his position among the shallows in the distance. After watching this peaceful scene for some time, I perceived that the roedeer were becoming gradually aware of my presence, having evidently “got my wind.” First they raised their heads and stared almost incredulously at my place of concealment, as

doubting the possibility of an enemy having approached so near them without discovery. Then suddenly taking alarm, they trotted off rapidly into the depth of the forest. Next the heron rose from the extremity of the little island where he had so long remained motionless, and, extending his legs behind him, flew lazily to the other end of the tarn, rousing the cormorant on his way, who with a more rapid flight quitted the scene altogether and disappeared over the trees in the direction of the river.'

The roedeer, our readers will have noticed, were the first to raise the alarm as the lover of Nature peered with no malicious eye into the paradise of Ortegarr. This wonderful instinct of the deer tribe is often noticed by Mr. Knox. He notes—

'Their power of recognising the sound, or cry, of alarm uttered by various native birds of the forest, and of appreciating the difference between this and the ordinary voice or call-note of the species.' 'Their instantaneous appreciation of any sound or movement on the part of the feathered tribes around them, indicating the slightest approach of danger to themselves, appears to be the result of hereditary instinct aided by acute observation.'

This is as far as we can go with our author. He is here on the very border line between instinct and reason. The two differ, we apprehend, in this: instinct, by some innate power, draws from the premises before it the 'therefore' of immediate consequence with an unerring accuracy of conclusion which the most expert logician might envy; but knows not why it does so; never generalises; never admits, because it is never capable of admitting probabilities and their solutions, analogies and their consequences; can construct no lengthened chain of causes or effects; can embrace no theory of the affections nor rationale of gratitude; but owes its infallible certainty to the very simplicity of the single movement with which it acts. Even an observer so accurate as our author seems to us to be led astray from not thoroughly realising these distinctive characteristics of instinct. Thus describing some of his seal-hunting experience in earlier days on the west coast of Ireland, where he served his youthful

apprenticeship to every wild sport that the British Isles can afford except deer-stalking, he 'used to vary the salmon and trout-fishing, during the summer, by an occasional seal-shooting expedition on the sand-hills and islands outside the river Moy, in Killalla Bay. At low tides, when these banks were left uncovered, great numbers of seals used to crawl up the slopes of the lesser islets, and indulge in a sound slumber in full enjoyment of the warm sunshine.' Thus employed, he describes the tactics necessary to circumvent the seals as they dozed on the sand-banks:—

'Watching until the tide had more than half retired, and always before the ebb, I used to conceal myself in a light, shallow, flat-bottomed punt, where I lay on my face, covered with sea-weed, a rifle projecting from one end, and a paddle from the other, the occasional use of the latter enabling me, without any noise, to keep the little craft from turning round, although entirely propelled by the receding tide. Occasionally I could succeed in getting within shot, if the slumberers happened to be unattended by a great black-backed gull, *Larus marinus*; but that was a rare event. A bird of this species, and one only at a time, generally stood near them, and no sentinel ever kept more faithful watch. As soon as I used to perceive him, I knew that all chance of bagging a seal was over for that day. He was a capital judge, too, of distance, for he would stand patiently, and quite immovable, on one leg, apparently regardless of the object that was gradually nearing the banks, or pretending not to see it, until I was almost within shot, when suddenly he would rise, and flying round and round over the seals, alarm them at once, uttering all the time his loud, taunting laugh. Turning rapidly "right about face" they would hobble down the bank and soon disappear in the water, while their protector, not satisfied with having baulked me of my sport, would keep at a safe distance over my head, and adding insult to injury, continue to repeat his jeering notes, until at last they gradually died away in the distance.

'I have frequently found fragments of salmon and different species of sea-fish on isolated rocks and sand-banks in various parts of the bay; doubtless the remains of many a repast left by the seals, and duly appreciated by their grateful attendant. The number of grilse and salmon taken with the fly—as well as net—exhibiting severe wounds from the paws and teeth of the seals, is well known, but it is insignificant compared with the quantity devoured by them; while many others, again, escape for the moment, only to die ultimately of these injuries, before they can ascend the stream; and as, after the commencement of decomposition, their bodies soon float on

the surface of the ocean, they furnish a plentiful supply of food for this large gull, who, being unable to dive, is, in fact, nothing better than a marine scavenger. Doubtless he fully appreciates the important services rendered to him by the seals, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that he is not influenced by disinterested motives in acting as their guardian angel.'

Now we do not believe that the great black-backed gull ever 'appreciated the important services rendered to him by the seals.' We believe that he never reasoned, or stopped to reason upon the matter ; that he perceived through that wonderful gift of sight which belongs not to vultures only, but to all vulturine birds, with his great empty stomach and craving, ravenous maw, marine scavenger as he was, the offal for which he longed, and that he haunted the places where it was used to be, and when he found it gorged it. But that he connected his food-finding with the presence of seals lacks, we think, all proof ; still more that, from any interested motive, he acted as their guardian angel. If seals have guardian angels, it is not, indeed, to be disputed that they would probably assume the form of black-backed gulls, but that there entered into our black-backed friend's mind any thought of the seals, or what he owed them for the past, or, still more, any of that highly refined gratitude which consists in the expectation of future favours, we cannot in the least admit. The gull uttered his cry of natural terror when he first sighted his great enemy lying in ambush ; like the Schretel who, whilst roasting his meat, saw sleeping near him the white bear which the King of Norway was sending to the King of Denmark, and immediately said within himself, What does this creature here ? if it should remain with thee, thou mightest easily receive some hurt.\* The gull perceived the danger of hurt, and cried out accordingly, as his instinct bade him. The cry of alarm reached the seal, and by the

\* Norse poem, quoted in 'Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland,' vol. iii. p. 134.

instinct which in him associated danger with all such sudden outcries, he, according to its laws, waddled off into the protecting deep.

But though we cannot here agree with our author's somewhat poetic flight, even on the wings of a black-backed gull, we gladly admit his claims to be a real naturalist. Every branch of natural history has its charm for him; from the jeering laugh of the modern gull up to 'the red sandstone fishes which peopled the waters of the Old World.' Perhaps the most enthusiastic passage, indeed, of his whole volume is that in which he describes his chase, not of the 'travelling *Salmo*,' but of the solemnly reposing ichthylites of the Tynet burn. For a whole day he pecks, and hammers, and wades, and carries home in a fish-bag his nodule spoils, to find out, as before night he examines them, that his nodules were worthless, and his fish-bed exhausted. Nothing, however, cast down, he sets two able-bodied quarry-men to work for two days to clear away the accumulated rubbish, and lay bare some truncated edge of the fish-bed. And now, at last, came the well-earned success:—

'Suddenly a nodule of a form rather unusual, and of considerable size, attracted my attention, as it stuck half-way out of the marl. With what breathless suspense did I apply the hammer! A vertical blow soon separated it into two parts, and the chisel gradually revealed to my delighted eyes, first the anterior half, then the remaining portion of a beautiful *Osteolepis*. The bones of the head, which are generally found to be dislocated, were nearly in their proper places, while the entire body was covered with scales like a coat of armour, and as brilliant as mother-of-pearl.'

Still, it is in the observance of actual existing animal life that our author is pre-eminent. Sometimes, indeed, he is compelled to admit certain omissions in his sportsman's life of which this love of observation must bear the blame. Thus, for instance, he is out for deer-shooting in one of the great pine woods which skirt in its immediate vicinity the well-kept garden pleasures of Gordon Castle. After some of the dis-

appointments of such a day, he has shot his first roe in a discursive drive, and is now to be posted in a vast net in one of the pine-trees, whilst the dogs are loosed to drive the deer past the sportsmen in their aerial hiding-places—

‘a mass of boughs, like a huge bird’s nest, about twelve or fourteen feet overhead, with a rude and frail ladder of fir-sticks fastened to the trunk, leading up to it almost perpendicularly, and suggesting altogether the idea of a so-called gorilla’s dormitory, but seeming to evince less architectural talent in its construction than that quadruped would have exhibited. These hiding-places were arranged in trees about a hundred yards apart from each other, and in due time I found myself concealed in the particular one allotted to me.’ . . .

Perched thus on high for the destruction of his own game, he most unpleasantly finds himself the prey of other creatures, who evidently entertain the mistaken impression that he is placed amongst them for their special benefit:—

‘The day, like so many that had preceded it of late, was close and sultry, and the persecution that I endured from gnats and midges far beyond anything of the kind I had previously experienced. Their attacks, indeed, as I found on many subsequent occasions, constitute the standard plague of a roe-deer drive in these woods. . . .

‘For full an hour afterwards did I keep watch, staring at the opposite path, at first anxiously, then listlessly, in the vain hope of seeing a buck pass. . . .

‘Nothing had struck me more throughout the day than the perfect stillness of nature, the uninterrupted silence reigning in these fir-woods. I was especially surprised at the total absence of all kinds of small birds, some of which, such as the great tit, the blue tit, or their congeners, the marsh or the cole tit, I should have expected to see or hear even at this season, or at least to have caught a glimpse of some feathered inhabitants of the forest. This circumstance had just recurred to my memory with redoubled force, as I perceived, by the declining sun, that the evening was approaching, when suddenly a singular, continuous, shrill chirping sound reached my ears, as of several small birds together, but the notes were strange to me. Although well acquainted with the call of most British birds, I could not recognise this one, and the longer I listened the more I was puzzled. Gradually it approached, and seemed to proceed from one of the taller Scotch firs at a little distance. Fixing my eyes on the spot, I soon saw several little birds, something larger than bullfinches, emerging from the foliage, and, flying one by one towards the tree that was nearest to me,

alight on the very boughs that hung over my head. I could hardly believe my eyes, as I realised the delightful fact that I was actually within a few yards of a whole family of cross-bills, *Loxia curvirostra*, busily engaged at their marvellous employment of splitting the fir-cones and extracting the seeds.

'Need I say that the recollection of previous bad luck, and even my sufferings from the gnats, were obliterated by such an interesting sight, not the less welcome from its being so unexpected. The very plumage of these little creatures added to the charm of their presence. Some were of a beautiful deep crimson colour, others orange or yellow; others, again, were clad in a plain brown livery, and all were busily intent on their occupation of rifling the cones, during which they kept flying about from one twig to another, incessantly uttering their shrill, monotonous notes. After close observation, I noticed that they seldom attempted to operate upon a cone on the exact spot where it grew, but, after snapping one off from a slender terminal twig, each bird would hop or fly to the central part of the branch, and in parrot-like fashion, hold it in his foot, but more frequently *under* it, as a hawk holds a small bird when in the act of devouring it; and, quickly inserting his bill between the scales, split them open by means of that wonderful tool, and extract the seeds with the greatest facility. Occasionally a cone would fall to the ground just as it was snapped off; but, in such a case, a fresh one was instantly selected, no further notice being taken of the one that had dropped. Their powers of climbing appeared fully equal to that of the titmice, as they swung about in all directions and in every imaginable attitude, twisting and twirling, fluttering, and chattering, within a few yards of me, and evidently quite unconscious of my presence. This was too good to last. The loud cries of the beaters, now rapidly approaching, had for some time overpowered the notes of the crossbills, and announced that the *chasse* was drawing to a close. Either alarmed at this, or having completed their selection of the most tempting cones in the fir-tree over my head, some of the little birds were evidently preparing for a move, when suddenly a rushing sound behind me recalled me to consciousness, and, turning about, I had just time to catch a glimpse of a fine roebuck, with a capital head, dash across the vists within twelve yards of my position. My gun, on half-cock, had long reposed in the hollow of my arm, and there it still remained, as useless, under the circumstances, as a walking-stick. I will not venture to assert that I felt no mortification at that moment, nor when relating the incident to some of my more successful brother sportsmen afterwards, but I can sincerely say that the disappointment was more than compensated by the rich ornithological treat I had the good fortune to enjoy.'

Caught napping, it must be allowed; in a real dream of

birds of paradise ; and yet who would not rather have had that dream than the best headed roebuck of the whole drive ? But though once caught unprepared, our readers must not suppose that Mr. Knox really lets his love for natural history interfere with his sportsmanship. The two tastes intermingle delightfully, and give their peculiar charm to his writings. For he is at heart both a naturalist and a sportsman ; and, as a sportsman, a keen one. Here is one of his deer-stalking experiences, which gives a good example of the mettle of the man. By half sliding, half wriggling, feet foremost, down the hill-side, and then crawling over the stones in the bed of the burn, he gets hopefully in sight of his quarry :—

‘ We had still the big stag in prospect, and another hour brought us over the ridge and round the hills to the top of the corrie. Here we slowly raised our heads, and noiselessly opening our glasses examined its sides. There was “ the muckle hart,” still lying down, . . . but with his head turned away from us. Even when thus foreshortened he looked a giant among the others. . . .

‘ At this moment a distant croaking sound attracted my attention. . . . Suddenly the deep, hoarse notes, that at first had reached my ear at regular intervals, were followed by a succession of rapidly repeated angry barks in a higher key. These soon became louder and louder, and, turning up my eyes, I saw, to my consternation, just over our heads, a large raven. . . . He evidently perceived us and redoubled his warnings, swooping round and circling directly over us. In a few seconds all was over. Away went the hind. Last of all uprose the stag himself, slowly and leisurely ; . . . then he trotted up the side of the corrie in the track of the fugitive hinds. Presently we saw the whole herd slacken their pace and, one by one, disappear over the hill ; until, at last, “ the monarch of the glen ” himself loomed in dark profile on the sky-line, and then vanished from our sight.

‘ “ Bad luck, that, McKay,” said I, scarcely able to restrain the bitterness of my feelings. I could see that my companion fully shared them . . . as I could occasionally detect an imprecation on the head of the “ doom’d corbie ” that had spoiled our sport and robbed us of the finest stag in the forest.’

There can be no doubt that it was the ‘ doom’d corbie ’ which, as a black informer, spoiled their sport ; but, as we have

said above, we acquit him of any intentional intermeddling with the fate of the big stag, and believe that he was simply following the instincts of his own natural love of life when he changed the deep hoarse notes of his security for the rapidly repeated angry barks as he saw lurking beneath two very suspicious-looking fellows, who, in his judgment, were quite as distinctly enemies of the corbie as of the stag.

But, though a determined deer-stalker, it is especially as a fisherman that in these pages Mr. Knox's sportsmanship is shown. The Spey is a grand river for testing the thoroughness of the salmon-fisher. Not only does it require the special skill and muscular strength needed to accomplish the 'Spey throw,' but its rapidity of flow, and its tendency, as the result of spates, to vary perpetually its stream-courses and its pools, makes it, comparatively speaking, little fitted for boat operations. To fish the Spey manfully, you must be ready at any moment to wade, and, at some critical moments, to trust to your power of swimming or treading water with all your fisherman's gear about you. Mr. Knox is great in all of these. Indeed, as we examined the print which the expressive pencil of Wolf has enabled him to place as the frontispiece of his volume, standing in his nest in the fir-wood 'Otherwise Engaged,' we could at a glance fix his species. There is the long thigh, the patient meditative posture, the wiry muscular development, which at once proclaim the wader. If Mr. Darwin's theory should ever be established, there can be no doubt that Mr. Knox will be found to have descended, not from any prick-eared tree-inhabiting monkey, but probably after the fewest interstitial gradations from some grand and venerable heron. The enthusiasm with which he pleads for the true dress of the wader is really delightful, and might almost tempt some genuine lover of dry land to trust himself for once under the equipment of Mr. Macintosh into the running waters of the river:—

‘ Whatever modifications these waterproof garments may exhibit, according to the taste or ingenuity of the various makers, it will be sufficient for my purpose to class them under two heads, viz. long boots, or stockings, pulled up separately on each leg and extending above the knee or nearly as high as the hip, and, secondly, complete Macintosh trowsers—or overalls—in one piece, reaching as high as the waist, or, better still, up to the armpits, over a jersey vest, where they are usually tightened by a running string or tape, and kept in position by short braces over the shoulders . . . . Dismissing the Macintosh stockings, . . . . let us confine our attention to the long boots and the trowsers. The boots may be made of thick leather, or of thinner waterproof material of the same kind—or best of all in my opinion—of vulcanised india-rubber externally, down to the ankle, the feet of thick cowhide, and the whole lined throughout with soft, flexible leather.

‘ The great advantage of these boots consists in their excessive warmth. . . . Fortified in this way, I have repeatedly waded for hours in rapid streams, when the temperature of the water was freezing, from melted snow, without experiencing the slightest chilliness or inconvenience.

‘ When the sides of a stream or pool, along which it is desirable to wade, are known beforehand, or in ordinary shallows, these boots will answer all purposes. . . . but where it is important to advance into deeper water, with an uncertain footing among slippery conical rocks below, to reach a goodly salmon; . . . . and especially if dealing with a strong runaway fish struggling hard to return to the ocean which he has just left, and threatening every moment to break the single gut and tiny hook that constitutes the only connection between you and him, during which exciting process you have probably to cross several rapids . . . . then I say that the Macintosh trowsers are to be preferred to the boots. . . .

‘ The Macintosh overalls, it is true, cannot resist the low temperature of the water so effectually as the vulcanised india-rubber boots, but their great superiority consists in enabling the wearer to wade much farther into the river; in fact, breast high, and even in the event of his being carried off his legs by the force of the stream and getting out of his depth, he will find himself, if he has been used to swim in his clothes, more at home than in any ordinary garments. I am aware that this is contrary to the received opinion, but *experto crede*. I have more than once put it to the proof, and only last year convinced several incredulous friends who accompanied me on purpose to Speyside, by swimming, diving, and floating for nearly a quarter of an hour in a perfect Macintosh equipment, including a pair of heavy brogues on my feet.

‘ The popular belief is that, if a person gets out of his depth when wearing this waterproof apparatus, the air contained in the legs of the trowsers raises them suddenly to the surface, his head and shoulders instantly sink, and he is quickly drowned; but, assuming that the dress is properly

arranged, this can only occur in cases where the fisherman is unable to swim, or where, if he has never practised swimming in his clothes, the startling novelty of his situation causes him to "lose his head," or, in other words, his presence of mind. He cries out for help, and in doing so, exhausts the air in his chest, when, naturally, the skull and thorax becoming the heaviest parts of his person, his position is quickly reversed, and every subsequent attempt at inhalation fills his lungs still more with water, and all is soon over. Many fatal instances of this kind have occurred which, of course, have only served to propagate the popular error, but I am inclined to think that the neglect of a very simple precaution, on the importance of which it is impossible to dwell too strongly, has been the chief cause of loss of life in all cases where the sufferers were known to have been previously able to swim.

'I soon found that the running string, or tape, attached to the trowsers for the purpose of tightening them round the chest, was not sufficiently close-fitting to exclude the water from forcing an entrance in the event of total immersion. I therefore tried a leather strap in addition, well buckled up, but it became relaxed when saturated, and after various experiments I found that a strong hempen whip-cord was the very thing required, as it contracted perceptibly when wet, and, with the addition of a second round the waist, rendered everything quite secure. I could then swim for ten minutes at a time without the intrusion of more than about a wineglassful of water, which gradually forced its way through the circumference of the flannel jersey, however tightly compressed by the cords. The well-nailed leather brogues, so far from inconveniently impeding the floating power, acted merely as a slight counterpoise to the partially inflated and buoyant overalls, and the satisfactory result was simply a greater facility in keeping above water than I had often previously experienced when practising swimming in a flannel suit, or light tweed garments especially selected for the occasion.'

We are here, we are afraid, not exactly on debateable ground, or trying to untie an entangled knot even in Mr. Knox's favourite whipcord, but distinctly fishing in troubled waters. For, in contradiction to the experienced advice given in these pages, many of the masters of the noble art of salmon-fishing pronounce these garments dangerous, and the attempt to swim in them fatal. The air which they contain, it is alleged, makes the legs so much lighter than the head and thorax, that as soon as one attempts to swim the head is violently immersed in the water and the man drowned. Mr.

Knox replies that this, no doubt, may happen where, either from ignorance or want of presence of mind, the swimmer abandons himself to such a fate, but that if, instead of yielding to the first mechanical impulse, he inflates his thorax and raises his head, there is not the slightest impediment to his swimming. Theoretically, we must, having regard to the structure of the frame of man and the difference between the specific gravity of its several parts and that of water, pronounce him right; and practically, he proved his point when last year he convinced his incredulous friends of the fact by the most irresistible proofs, when he swam, dived, and floated before them like a high-bred fuligula for nearly a quarter of an hour on the Spey.

Our readers must by this time have made such personal acquaintance with Mr. Knox that they will, we think, read with interest a brief notice of the use to which, in his earlier life, in 1833, he was once able to put this companionship with water on a lonely lough in the midst of the grouse hills in the north-west of the county of Mayo. No boat of any kind had ever been known on its waters; but as it was seen to be full of trout, a small dingy was carried on the shoulders of a number of the mountaineers to the lough. In it his uncle, Colonel Knox, a keen old sportsman, formerly of the 31st Regiment, who had lost his right arm in the Peninsula, our author, and a Scotch keeper of the name of Hamilton, embarked, and were soon hooking trout at every cast. Colonel Knox, in spite of the loss of his arm, was most successful. Several dozen trout had been secured, and the boat had got to the middle of the lough, when suddenly the Colonel lost his balance and fell heavily on the side of the boat. In an instant she capsized, and all were thrown into the water, Mr. Knox with his shooting-coat on, pockets full of various articles, and a spy-glass slung round his neck. On coming to the surface, he saw the keel of the boat upper-

most, with the Colonel's arm over it, and the water, of which he had already swallowed a quantity, just up to his chin. Poor Hamilton was seen to come twice to the surface, still grasping his rod, but being unable to swim he soon sank again. Getting rid with difficulty of his coat, Mr. Knox managed to put two oars under the Colonel's arm, and their buoyancy, though very little, was just sufficient, with the aid of the nearly submerged boat, to keep his chin above the surface. Mr. Knox then pushed the boat towards the shore as best he could, whilst swimming first with one hand and then with the other, but his progress was dangerously slow, till he suddenly recollected that a long iron chain was fastened to the prow of the boat. Taking the end of this in his teeth, he threw himself on his back, and with comparatively little difficulty towed the boat to land. Several native attendants were witnesses of the capsizing of the boat, but all, with the exception of one, ran away in different directions to spread the news over the country. With the assistance of the stout fellow who remained, the boat was dragged ashore, emptied, and set again afloat to search for poor Hamilton. After a long search, and when all hope of recovering the body was just given up, something like a bulrush was noticed, just above the surface of the water, and on a nearer inspection it proved to be the top of his rod. Being pulled slowly up, the hat which he wore tightly pressed on his forehead, which had probably kept the body from sinking to the bottom, next appeared, and at last the body was drawn up, firmly grasping the butt with both hands. Life of course had long been extinct.

We cannot part with our entertaining author, leaving such a Banshee's wail as this in our reader's ear, and we shall therefore conclude with letting him describe the closing scene of a successful struggle with one of the leviathans of the waters of the Spey, premising that it occurred on the

14th October, 1868, and that the feat was accomplished with a single-gut casting-line and a fly of small dimensions :—

‘ Not a moment was now to be lost. Five minutes’ rest would restore all his previous power and activity, but a succession of boulders discharged rapidly and with unerring aim by the hand of Simon, and falling within a foot or two of his position, failed to rouse him from his sulky fit. So winding up quickly and advancing at the same time into the water, rather below my fish, where I found a sound, gravelly bottom, I was enabled to wade within a few yards of the spot, and, with a short line, attempted to lift him, as it were, towards the surface. In the event of a salmon being foul-hooked this manœuvre is generally fruitless, but if the fly is fixed within the jaws, it is seldom a failure, and, to my delight, its effect on the present occasion was instantaneous. Off he went again towards the other side of the river, and then once more faced the stream. Now hurrying out of the water as quickly as possible, and scrambling up the bank, I got well above him, and at last I could feel that his strength was beginning to fail, and, notwithstanding the weight, I was able to increase the pressure of the rod without opposition, until I had wound up about forty yards of line spun out during his last run. Now he moved again submissively down stream, but suddenly, when I least expected it, made one final desperate effort, and rushed right over to a shallow at the other side of the pool where he had not been before, but quickly yielding to the rod, his back fin and the upper part of his tail appeared above the surface, showing, though but for a few seconds, his enormous proportions, before he rolled heavily into the deep water, as I gradually but steadily drew him towards the shore. Just at this moment I felt almost sure of success, as he was now comparatively reduced to obedience, when an unexpected crisis suddenly arrived.

‘ A little below the fish, but nearer to me, I caught a glimpse of a small stump—a fragment of a submerged tree—projecting above the surface. In a few seconds all would be over unless I could force him to this side before the stream carried the line across it. Then, indeed, I ventured—in Irish parlance—to “ show him the butt,” winding-up and walking backwards at the same instant, with my heart in my mouth during that trying moment. It was “ touch and go.” The slightest effort on the part of the descending giant would have ensured his immediate escape, but how can I describe my delight as he passed between me and the terrible stump, although but a few inches from the latter. The rest may be briefly told. The double hook, though of Lilliputian proportions and severely tested, had proved faithful, and I felt sufficient confidence in the nature and tenacity of its hold to warrant me in bringing matters to a speedy conclusion. A few more ineffectual efforts to return to the stream, and again I led my captive to the water’s edge, where Simon was already cowering under the bank,

clip in hand, watching, like a tiger in his lair, for the supreme moment. It came at last. A splash, a plunge, and a fierce struggle succeeded, and throwing down the rod, I assisted him in landing an enormous salmon, in beautiful order and of perfect proportions. Both barbs of the "silver green" were fixed inside the mouth, one of them securely, while the other had been considerably bent backwards, and had nearly lost its hold. Weight, forty-three pounds; length, forty-six inches; girth, twenty-six; and, although believed to be the heaviest that had ever been taken by the rod on Spey, up to that time, yet, in spite of my exultation, I could not but feel, as the tug of war had been confined to a single pool, and the enemy had never shown his colours during the battle, that the incidents of the contest were of a less exciting character than I had often experienced with many a livelier fish of lesser weight and inferior condition.'

So we part with Mr. Knox, leaving him in the arms of Victory, and hoping that we may meet him at some future time on the breezy moors, or amidst the covert of the deer forest, or beside (or more strictly speaking, in) the rapid currents of the glorious Spey.

## 2 DARWIN'S ORIGIN OF SPECIES.\*

(July 1860.)

ANY contribution to our Natural History literature from the pen of Mr. C. Darwin is certain to command attention. His scientific attainments, his insight and carefulness as an observer, blended with no scanty measure of imaginative sagacity, and his clear and lively style, make all his writings unusually attractive. His present volume on the 'Origin of Species' is the result of many years of observation, thought, and speculation; and is manifestly regarded by him as the 'opus' upon which his future fame is to rest. It is true that he announces it modestly enough as the mere precursor of a mightier volume. But that volume is only intended to supply the facts which are to support the completed argument of the present essay. In this we have a specimen-collection of the vast accumulation; and, working from these as the high analytical mathematician may work from the admitted results of his conic sections, he proceeds to deduce all the conclusions to which he wishes to conduct his readers.

The essay is full of Mr. Darwin's characteristic excellences. It is a most readable book; full of facts in natural history, old and new, of his collecting and of his observing; and all of these are told in his own perspicuous language, and all thrown into picturesque combinations, and all sparkle with the colours of fancy and the lights of imagination. It assumes, too, the grave proportions of a sustained argument upon a matter of the deepest interest, not to naturalists only, or even to men of science exclusively, but to every one who

\* 'On the Origin of Species, by means of Natural Selection; or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life.' By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. London, 1860.

is interested in the history of man and of the relations of nature around him to the history and plan of creation.

With Mr. Darwin's 'argument' we may say in the outset that we shall have much and grave fault to find. But this does not make us the less disposed to admire the singular excellences of his work; and we will seek *in limine* to give our readers a few examples of these. Here, for instance, is a beautiful illustration of the wonderful interdependence of nature—of the golden chain of unsuspected relations which bind together all the mighty web which stretches from end to end of this full and most diversified earth. Who, as he listened to the musical hum of the great humble-bees, or marked their ponderous flight from flower to flower, and watched the unpacking of their trunks for their work of suction, would have supposed that the multiplication or diminution of their race, or the fruitfulness and sterility of the red clover, depend as directly on the vigilance of our cats as do those of our well-guarded game-preserves on the watching of our keepers? Yet this Mr. Darwin has discovered to be literally the case:—

'From experiments which I have lately tried, I have found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilisation of some kinds of clover; but humble-bees alone visit the red clover (*Trifolium pratense*), as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence I have very little doubt, that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr. H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that "more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England." Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Mr. Newman says, "near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice." Hence, it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention, first of mice, and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district.'

Again, how beautiful are the experiments recorded by him concerning that wonderful relation of the ants to the aphides, which would almost warrant us in giving to the aphis the name of *Vacca formicaria* :—

‘One of the strongest instances of an animal apparently performing an action for the sole good of another with which I am acquainted is that of aphides voluntarily yielding their sweet excretion to ants. That they do so voluntarily the following facts will show. I removed all the ants from a group of about a dozen aphides on a dock plant, and prevented their attendance during several hours. After this interval, I felt sure that the aphides would want to excrete. I watched them for some time through a lens, but not one of them excreted. I then tickled and stroked them with a hair in the same manner, as well as I could, as the ants do with their antennæ, but not one excreted. Afterwards I allowed an ant to visit them, and it immediately seemed, by its eager way of running about, to be well aware what a rich flock it had discovered. It then began to play with its antennæ on the abdomen first of one aphis and then of another, and each aphis, as soon as it felt the antennæ, immediately lifted up its abdomen and excreted a limpid drop of sweet juice, which was eagerly devoured by the ant. Even the quite young aphides behaved in this manner, showing that the action was instinctive, and not the result of experience.’

Or take the following admirable specimen of the union of which we have spoken, of the employment of the observations of others with what he has observed himself, in that which is almost the most marvellous of facts—the slave-making instinct of certain ants. We say nothing at present of the place assigned to these facts in Mr. Darwin’s argument, but are merely referring to the collection, observation, and statement of the facts themselves :—

‘*Slave-making Instinct*.—This remarkable instinct was first discovered in the *Formica (Polyerges) rufescens* by Pierre Huber, a better observer even than his celebrated father. This ant is absolutely dependent on its slaves; without their aid the species would certainly become extinct in a single year. The males and fertile females do no work. The workers or sterile females, though most energetic and courageous in capturing slaves, do no other work. They are incapable of making their own nests or of feeding their own larvæ. When the old nest is found inconvenient, and

they have to migrate, it is the slaves which determine the migration, and actually carry their masters in their jaws. So utterly helpless are the masters, that when Huber shut up thirty of them without a slave, but with plenty of the food which they like best, and with their larvae and pupae to stimulate them to work, they did nothing; they could not even feed themselves, and many perished of hunger. Huber then introduced a single slave (*F. fusca*), and she instantly set to work, fed and saved the survivors, made some cells and tended the larvae, and put all to rights. What can be more extraordinary than these well-ascertained facts? If we had not known of any other slave-making ant, it would have been hopeless to have speculated how so wonderful an instinct could have been perfected. Another species (*Formica sanguinea*) was likewise first discovered by P. Huber to be a slave-making ant. This species is found in the southern parts of England, and its habits have been attended to by Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, to whom I am much indebted for information on this and other subjects. Although fully trusting to the statements of Huber and Mr. Smith, I tried to approach the subject in a sceptical frame of mind, as any one may well be excused for doubting the truth of so extraordinary and odious an instinct as that of making slaves. Hence I give the observations which I have myself made in some little detail. I opened fourteen nests of *F. sanguinea*, and found a few slaves in each. Males and fertile females of the slave-species (*F. fusca*) are found only in their own proper communities, and have never been observed in the nests of *F. sanguinea*. The slaves are black, and not above half the size of their red masters, so that the contrast in their appearance is very great. When the nest is slightly disturbed, the slaves occasionally come out, and, like their masters, are much agitated, and defend the nest. When the nest is much disturbed, and the larvae and pupae are exposed, the slaves work energetically with their masters in carrying them away to a place of safety. Hence it is clear that the slaves feel quite at home. During the months of June and July, in three successive years, I have watched for many hours several nests in Surrey and Sussex, and never saw a slave either leave or enter a nest. As, during these months, the slaves are very few in number, I thought that they might behave differently when more numerous, but Mr. Smith informs me that he has watched nests at various hours during May, June, and August both in Surrey and Hampshire, and has never seen the slaves, though present in large numbers in August, either leave or enter the nest. Hence he considers them as strictly household slaves. The masters, on the other hand, may be constantly seen bringing in materials for the nest and food of all kinds. During the present year, however, in the month of July, I came across a community with an unusually large stock of slaves, and I observed a few slaves mingled with their masters leaving the nest, and marching along the same road to a large Scotch fir-

tree, twenty-five yards distant, which they ascended together, probably in search of aphides or cocci. According to Huber, who had ample opportunities for observation, in Switzerland the slaves habitually work with their masters in making the nest, and they alone open and close the doors in the morning and evening; and, as Huber expressly states, their principal office is to search for aphides. This difference in the usual habits of the masters and slaves in the two countries probably depends merely on the slaves being captured in greater numbers in Switzerland than in England.

'One day I fortunately witnessed a migration of *F. sanguinea* from one nest to another, and it was a most interesting spectacle to behold the masters carefully carrying (instead of being carried by, as in the case of *F. rufescens*) their slaves in their jaws. Another day my attention was struck by about a score of the slave-makers haunting the same spot, and evidently not in search of food: they approached, and were vigorously repulsed by an independent community of the slave species (*F. fusca*), sometimes as many as three of these ants clinging to the legs of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*. The latter ruthlessly killed their small opponents, and carried their dead bodies as food to their nest, twenty-nine yards distant, but they were prevented from getting any pupae to rear as slaves. I then dug up a small parcel of pupae of *F. fusca* from another nest, and put them down on a bare spot near the place of combat; they were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants, who perhaps fancied that, after all, they had been victorious in their late combat.

'At the same time I laid on the same place a small parcel of the pupae of another species (*F. flava*), with a few of these little yellow ants still clinging to the fragments of the nest. This is sometimes, though rarely, made into slaves, as has been described by Mr. Smith. Although so small a species, it is very courageous, and I have seen it ferociously attack other ants. In one instance I found to my surprise an independent community of *F. flava* under a stone beneath a nest of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*, and when I had accidentally disturbed both nests, the little ants attacked their big neighbours with surprising courage.

'Now I was curious to ascertain whether *F. sanguinea* could distinguish the pupae of *F. fusca*, which they habitually make into slaves, from those of the little and furious *F. flava*, which they rarely capture, and it was evident that they did at once distinguish them, for we have seen that they eagerly and instantly seized the pupae of *F. fusca*, whereas they were much terrified when they came across the pupae or even the earth from the nest of *F. flava*, and quickly ran away; but in about a quarter of an hour, shortly after all the little yellow ants had crawled away, they took heart and carried off the pupae.

'One evening I visited another community of *F. sanguinea*, and found a number of these ants returning home and entering their nests, carrying the

dead bodies of *F. fusca* (showing that it was not a migration) and numerous pupæ. I traced a long file of ants burthened with this booty for about forty yards to a very thick clump of heath, whence I saw the last individual of *F. sanguinea* emerge, carrying a pupa, but I was not able to find the desolated nest in the thick heath. The nest, however, must have been close at hand, for two or three individuals of *F. fusca* were rushing about in the greatest agitation, and one was perched motionless with its own pupa in its mouth on the top of a spray of heath, an image of despair over its ravaged home.

Now, all this is, we think, really charming writing. We feel as we walk abroad with Mr. Darwin very much as the favoured object of the attention of the dervise must have felt when he had rubbed the ointment around his eye, and had it opened to see all the jewels, and diamonds, and emeralds, and topazes, and rubies, which were sparkling unregarded beneath the earth, hidden as yet from all eyes save those which the dervise had enlightened. But here we are bound to say our pleasure terminates; for, when we turn with Mr. Darwin to his 'argument,' we are almost immediately at variance with him. It is as an 'argument' that the essay is put forward; as an argument we will test it.

We can perhaps best convey to our readers a clear view of Mr. Darwin's chain of reasoning, and of our objections to it, if we set before them, first, the conclusion to which he seeks to bring them; next, the leading propositions which he must establish in order to make good his final inference; and then the mode by which he endeavours to support his propositions.

The conclusion, then, to which Mr. Darwin would bring us is, that all the various forms of vegetable and animal life with which the globe is now peopled, or of which we find the remains preserved in a fossil state in the great Earth-Museum around us, which the science of geology unlocks for our instruction, have come down by natural succession of descent from father to son,—'animals from at most four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or less number' [as Mr.

Darwin at first somewhat diffidently suggests; or rather, as, growing bolder when he has once pronounced his theory, he goes on to suggest to us, from one single head:—

‘Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that ALL ANIMALS and PLANTS have descended from some one prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless, all living things have much in common in their chemical composition, their germinal vesicles, their cellular structure, and their laws of growth and reproduction. . . . . Therefore I should infer from analogy that probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth’ (man therefore of course included) ‘have descended from some one primordial form into which life was first breathed by the Creator.’

This is the theory which really pervades the whole volume. Man, beast, creeping thing, and plant of the earth, are all the lineal and direct descendants of some one individual *ens*, whose various progeny have been simply modified by the action of natural and ascertainable conditions into the multiform aspect of life which we see around us. This is undoubtedly at first sight a somewhat startling conclusion to arrive at. To find that mosses, grasses, turnips, oaks, worms, and flies, mites and elephants, infusoria and whales, tadpoles of to-day and venerable saurians, truffles and men, are all equally the lineal descendants of the same aboriginal common ancestor, perhaps of the nucleated cell of some primeval fungus, which alone possessed the distinguishing honour of being the ‘one primordial form into which life was first breathed by the Creator’—this, to say the least of it, is no common discovery—no very expected conclusion. But we are too loyal pupils of inductive philosophy to start back from any conclusion by reason of its strangeness. Newton’s patient philosophy taught him to find in the falling apple the law which governs the silent movements of the stars in their courses; and if Mr. Darwin can with the same correctness of reasoning demonstrate to us our fungular descent, we shall dismiss our pride, and avow, with the characteristic

humidity of philosophy, our unsuspected cousinship with the mushrooms, —

‘Claim kindred there, and have our claim allowed,’

—only we shall ask leave to scrutinise carefully every step of the argument which has such an ending, and demur if at any point of it we are invited to substitute unlimited hypothesis for patient observation, or the spasmodic fluttering flight of fancy for the severe conclusions to which logical accuracy of reasoning has led the way.

Now, the main propositions by which Mr. Darwin's conclusion is attained are these:—

1. That observed and admitted variations spring up in the course of descents from a common progenitor.
2. That many of these variations tend to an improvement upon the parent stock.
3. That, by a continued selection of these improved specimens as the progenitors of future stock, its improvement may be unlimitedly increased.
4. And, lastly, that there is in nature a power continually and universally working out this selection, and so fixing and augmenting these improvements.

Mr. Darwin's whole theory rests upon the truth of these propositions, and crumbles utterly away if only one of them fail him. These therefore we must closely scrutinise. We will begin with the last in our series, both because we think it the newest and the most ingenious part of Mr. Darwin's whole argument, and also because, whilst we absolutely deny the mode in which he seeks to apply the existence of the power to help him in his argument, yet we think that he throws great and very interesting light upon the fact that such a self-acting power does actively and continuously work in all creation around us.

Mr. Darwin finds then the disseminating and improving

power, which he needs to account for the development of new forms in nature, in the principle of 'Natural Selection,' which is evolved in the strife for room to live and flourish which is evermore maintained between themselves by all living things. One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Darwin's volume is that in which he establishes this law of natural selection; we say establishes, because—repeating that we differ from him totally in the limits which he would assign to its action—we have no doubt of the existence or of the importance of the law itself. Mr. Darwin illustrates it thus:—

'There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the offspring of a single pair. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pair of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million elephants, descended from the first pair.'

Leaving theoretical calculations, Mr. Darwin proceeds to establish this rapid increase:—

'Several of the plants, such as the cardoon, and a tall thistle, now most numerous over the wide plains of La Plata, clothing square leagues of surface almost to the exclusion of all other plants, have been introduced from Europe.'

And, again, he reasons from the animal world:

'The condor lays a couple of eggs and the ostrich a score, and yet in the same country the condor may be the more numerous of the two. The fulmar petrel lays but one egg, yet it is believed to be the most numerous bird in the world.'

This is followed by a passage which well illustrates the care and cleverness of Mr. Darwin's own observations:—

'On a piece of ground three feet long and two wide, dug and cleaned, and where there could be no choking from other plants, I marked all the seedlings of our native weeds as they came up, and, out of the 357, no less than 295 were destroyed, chiefly by slugs and insects. If turf which has long been mown—and the case would be the same with turf closely browsed by quadrupeds—be let to grow, the more vigorous plants gradually kill the less vigorous though fully grown plants; thus out of twenty species growing on a little plot of turf (three feet by four), nine species perished from the other species being allowed to grow up freely.'

Now all this is excellent. The facts are all gathered from a true observation of nature, and from a patiently obtained comprehension of their undoubted and unquestionable relative significance. That such a struggle for life then actually exists, and that it tends continually to lead the strong to exterminate the weak, we readily admit; and in this law we see a merciful provision against the deterioration, in a world apt to deteriorate, of the works of the Creator's hands. Thus it is that the bloody strifes of the males of all wild animals tend to maintain the vigour and full development of their race; because, through this machinery of appetite and passion, the most vigorous individuals become the progenitors of the next generation of the tribe. And this law, which thus maintains through the struggle of individuals the high type of the family; tends continually, through a similar struggle of species, to lead the stronger species to supplant the weaker.

This indeed is no new observation: Lucretius knew and eloquently expatiated on its truth:—

'Multaque tum interiisse animantium secula necesse est,  
Nec potuisse propagando procedere prolem.  
Nam, quaecumque vides vesci vitalibus auris,  
Aut dolus, aut virtus, aut denique mobilitas est  
Ex ineunte ævo genus id tutata reservans.'\*

and this, which is true in animal, is no less true in vegetable life. Hardier or more prolific plants, or plants better suited

\* Lucret., 'De Rer. Nat.', lib. v. 855.

to the soil or conditions of climate, continually tend to supplant others less hardy, less prolific, or less suited to the conditions of vegetable life in those special districts. Thus far, then, the action of such a law as this is clear and indisputable.

But before we can go a step further, and argue from its operation in favour of a perpetual improvement in natural types, we must be shown first that this law of competition has in nature to deal with such favourable variations in the individuals of any species, as truly to exalt those individuals above the highest type of perfection to which their least imperfect predecessors attained—above, that is to say, the normal level of the species;—that such individual improvement is, in truth, a rising above the highest level of any former tide, and not merely the return in its appointed season of the feebler neap to the fuller spring-tide;—and then, next, we must be shown that there is actively at work in nature, co-ordinate with the law of competition and with the existence of such favourable variations, a power of accumulating such favourable variation through successive descents. Failing the establishment of either of these last two propositions, 2 Mr. Darwin's whole theory falls to pieces. He has accordingly laboured with all his strength to establish these, and into that attempt we must now follow him.

Mr. Darwin begins by endeavouring to prove that such variations are produced under the selecting power of man amongst domestic animals. Now here we demur *in limine*. Mr. Darwin himself allows that there is a plastic habit amongst domesticated animals which is not found amongst them when in a state of nature. 'Under domestication, it may be truly said that the whole organization becomes in some degree plastic.' If so, it is not fair to argue, from the variations of the plastic nature, as to what he himself admits is the far more rigid nature of the undomesticated animal.

But we are ready to give Mr. Darwin this point, and to join issue with him on the variations which he is able to adduce, as having been produced under circumstances the most favourable to change. He takes for this purpose the domestic pigeon, the most favourable specimen no doubt, for many reasons, which he could select, as being a race eminently subject to variation, the variations of which have been most carefully observed by breeders, and which, having been for some 4000 years domesticated, affords the longest possible period for the accumulation of variations. But with all this in his favour, what is he able to show? He writes a delightful chapter upon pigeons. Runts and fantails, short-faced tumblers and long-faced tumblers, long-beaked carriers and pouters, black barbs, jacobins, and turbits, coo and tumble, inflate their œsophagi, and pout and spread out their tails before us. We learn that 'pigeons have been watched and tended with the utmost care, and loved by many people.' They have been domesticated for thousands of years in several quarters of the world. The earliest known record of pigeons is in the fifth Egyptian dynasty, about 3000 B.C., though 'pigeons are given in a bill of fare' (what an autograph would be that of the chef-de-cuisine of the day!) 'in the previous dynasty;' and so we follow pigeons on down to the days of 'that most skilful breeder Sir John Sebright,' who 'used to say, with respect to pigeons, that "he would produce any given feather in three years, but it would take him six years to produce beak and head."'

Now all this is very pleasant writing, especially for pigeon-fanciers; but what step do we really gain in it at all towards establishing the alleged fact that variations are but species in the act of formation, or in establishing Mr. Darwin's position that a well-marked variety may be called an incipient species? We affirm positively that no single *fact* tending even in that direction is brought forward. On the contrary,

every one points distinctly towards the opposite conclusion; for with all the change wrought in appearance, with all the apparent variation in manners, there is not the faintest beginning of any such change in what that great comparative anatomist, Professor Owen, calls 'the characteristics of the skeleton or other parts of the frame upon which specific differences are founded.'\* There is no tendency to that great law of sterility which, in spite of Mr. Darwin, we affirm ever to mark the hybrid; for every variety of pigeon, and the descendants of every such mixture, breed as freely, and with as great fertility, as the original pair; nor is there the very first appearance of that power of accumulating variations until they grow into specific differences, which is essential to the argument for the transmutation of species; for, as Mr. Darwin allows, sudden returns in colour, and other most altered appearances, to the parent stock continually attest the tendency of variations not to become fixed, but to vanish, and manifest the perpetual presence of a principle which leads not to the accumulation of minute variations into well-marked species, but to a return from the abnormal to the original type. So clear is this, that it is well known that any relaxation in the breeder's care effaces all the established points of difference, and the fancy-pigeon reverts again to the character of its simplest ancestor.

The same relapse may moreover be traced in still wider instances. There are many testimonies to the fact that domesticated animals, removed from the care and tending of man, lose rapidly the peculiar variations which domestication had introduced amongst them, and relapse into their old untamed condition. 'Plus,' says M. P. S. Pallas,† 'je réfléchis, plus je suis disposé à croire que la race des chevaux

\* 'On the Classification of Mammalia,' p. 98.

† 'Voyages de M. P. S. Pallas, traduit de l'Allemand par M. Gaultier de la Peyronne,' vol. i. p. 89.

sauvages que l'on trouve dans les landes baignées par le Jaik et le Don, et dans celles de Baraba, ne provient que de chevaux Kirguis et Kalmouks devenus sauvages,' &c.; and he proceeds to show how far they have relapsed from the type of tame into that of wild horses. Prichard, in his 'Natural History of Man,' remarks that the present state of the escaped domesticated animals, which, since the discovery of the Western Continent by the Spaniards, have been transported from Europe to America, gives us an opportunity of seeing how soon the relapse may become almost complete. 'Many of these races have multiplied (he says) exceedingly on a soil and under a climate congenial to their nature. Several of them have run wild in the vast forests of America, and have lost all the most obvious appearances of domestication.'\* This he proceeds to prove to be more or less the case as to the hog, the horse, the ass, the sheep, the goat, the cow, the dog, the cat, and gallinaceous fowls.

In all these instances then, although we have the result of selection exercised for a very long period of time on the most favourable species of a race of that peculiarly plastic habit which is the result of long domestication, yet the result is, to prove that there has been no commencement of any such mutation as could, if it was infinitely prolonged, become really a specific change.

There is another race of animals which comes under our closest inspection, which has been the friend and companion of man certainly ever since the wandering Ulysses returned to Ithaca, and of which it has been man's interest to obtain every variation which he could extract out of the original stock. The result is every day before us. We all know the vast difference, which strikes the dullest eye, between, for instance, the short bandy-legged snub-nosed bull-dog, and the almost aerial Italian grayhound. Here again the experi-

\* 'Natural History of Man,' pp. 27, 28.

ment of variation by selection has been well-nigh tried out. And with what results? Here again with an absolute absence of the first dawns of any variety which could by its own unlimited prolongation constitute a specific difference. Again there is perfect freedom and fertility of interbreeding; again a continual tendency to revert to the common type; again, even in the most apparently dissimilar specimens, a really specific agreement. Hear what Professor Owen says on this point:—

'No species of animal has been subject to such decisive experiments, continued through so many generations, as to the influence of different degrees of exercise of the muscular system, difference in regard to food, association with man, and the concomitant stimulus to the development of intelligence, as the dog; and no domestic animal manifests so great a range of variety in regard to general size, to colour and character of hair, and to the form of the head, as it is affected by different proportions of the cranium and face, and by inter-muscular crests superadded to the cranial parieties. Yet, under the extremest mask of variety so superinduced, the naturalist detects in the dental formula and in the construction of the cranium the unmistakable generic and specific characters of the *Canis familiaris*.'

We may note also how unerringly and plainly the extremest varieties of the dog kind recognise their own specific relationship. How differently does the giant Newfoundland behave to the dwarf pug on a casual rencontre, from the way in which either of them would treat a jackal, a wolf, or a fox! The dumb animal might teach the philosopher that unity of kind or of species is discoverable under the strangest mask of variation.

Nor let our readers forget over how large a lapse of time our opportunities of observation extend. From the early Egyptian habit of embalming, we know that for 4000 years at least the species of our own domestic animals, the cat, the dog, and others, has remained absolutely unaltered.

\* Owen's 'Classification of Mammalia,' p. 100.

Yet it is in the face of such facts as these that Mr. Darwin ventures, first, to declare that 'new races of animals and plants are produced under domestication by man's methodical and unconscious power of selection, for his own use and pleasure,' and then to draw from the changes introduced amongst domesticated animals this caution for naturalists: 'May they not learn a lesson of caution when they deride the idea of species in a state of nature being lineal descendants of other species?'

Nor must we pass over unnoticed the transference of the argument from the domesticated to the untamed animals. Assuming that man as the selector can do much in a limited time, Mr. Darwin argues that Nature, a more powerful, a more continuous power, working over vastly extended ranges of time, can do more. But why should Nature, so uniform and persistent in all her operations, tend in this instance to change? why should she become a selector of varieties? Because, most ingeniously argues Mr. Darwin, in the struggle for life, *if* any variety favourable to the individual were developed, that individual would have a better chance in the battle of life, would assert more proudly his own place, and, handing on his peculiarity to his descendants, would become the progenitor of an improved race; and so a variety would have grown into a species.

We think it difficult to find a theory fuller of assumptions; and of assumptions not grounded upon alleged facts in nature, but which are absolutely opposed to all the facts we have been able to observe.

1. We have already shown that the variations of which we have proof under domestication have never, under the longest and most continued system of selections we have known, laid the first foundation of a specific difference, but have always tended to relapse, and not to accumulated and fixed persistence.

But, 2ndly, all these variations have the essential characteristics of *monstrosity* about them; and *not one* of them has the character which Mr. Darwin repeatedly reminds us is the *only one* which nature can select, viz. of being an advantage to the selected individual in the battle of life, i. e. an improvement upon the normal type by raising some individual of the species not to the highest possible excellence within the species, but to some excellence above it. So far from this, every variation introduced by man is for man's advantage, not for the advantage of the animal. Correlation is so certainly the law of all animal existence that man can only develop one part by the sacrifice of another. The bull-dog gains in strength and loses in swiftness; the grayhound gains in swiftness but loses in strength. Even the English race-horse loses much which would enable it in the battle of life to compete with its rougher ancestor. So too with our prize-cattle. Their greater tendency to an earlier accumulation of meat and fat is counterbalanced, as is well known, by loss of robust health, fertility, and of power of yielding milk, in proportion to their special development in the direction which man's use of them as food requires. There is not a shadow of ground for saying that man's variations ever improve the typical character of the animal as an animal; they do but by some monstrous development make it more useful to himself; and hence it is that Nature, according to her universal law with monstrosities, is ever tending to obliterate the deviation and to return to the type.

The applied argument then, from variation under domestication, fails utterly. But further, what does observation say as to the occurrence of a single instance of such favourable variation? Men have now for thousands of years been conversant as hunters and other rough naturalists with animals of every class. Has any one such instance ever been discovered? We fearlessly assert not one. Variations have

been found : rodents whose teeth have grown abnormally ; animals of various classes of which the eyes, from the absence of light in their dwellings, have been obscured and obliterated ; but *not one* which has tended to raise the individual in the struggle of life above the typical conditions of its own species. Mr. Darwin himself allows that he finds none ; and accounts for their absence in existing fauna only by the suggestion, that, in the competition between the less improved parent-form and the improved successor, the parent will have yielded in the strife in order to make room for the successor ; and so 'both the parent and all the transitional varieties will generally have been exterminated by the very process of formation and perfection of the new form' — a most unsatisfactory answer as it seems to us ; for why—since if this is Nature's law these innumerable changes must be daily occurring—should there never be any one producable proof of their existence ?

Here then again, when subjected to the stern Baconian law of the observation of facts, the theory breaks down utterly ; for no natural variations from the specific type favourable to the individual from which nature is to select can anywhere be found.

But once more. If these transmutations were actually occurring, must there not, in some part of the great economy of nature round us, be somewhere at least some instance to be quoted of the accomplishment of the change ? With many of the lower forms of animals, life is so short and generations so rapid in their succession that it would be all but impossible, if such changes were happening, that there should be no proof of their occurrence ; yet never have the longing observations of Mr. Darwin and the transmutationists found one such instance to establish their theory, and this although the shades between one class and another are often most lightly marked. For there are creatures which occupy a doubtful

post between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms—half-notes in the great scale of nature's harmony. Is it credible that all favourable varieties of turnips are tending to become men, and yet that the closest microscopic observation has never detected the faintest tendency in the highest of the *Algæ* to improve into the very lowest *Zoophyte*?

Again, we have not only the existing tribes of animals out of which to cull, if it were possible, the instances which the transmutationists require to make their theory defensible consistently with the simplest laws of inductive science, but we have in the earth beneath us a vast museum of the forms which have preceded us. Over so vast a period of time does Mr. Darwin extend this collection that he finds reasons for believing that 'it is not improbable that a longer period than 300,000,000 years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary (geological) period' alone. Here then surely at last we must find the missing links of that vast chain of innumerable and separately imperceptible variations, which has convinced the inquirer into Nature's undoubted facts of the truth of the transmutation theory. But no such thing. The links are wholly wanting, and the multiplicity of these facts and their absolute rebellion against Mr. Darwin's theory is perhaps his chief difficulty. Here is his own statement of it, and his mode of meeting it:—

'Why then is not every geological formation and every stratum full of such intermediate links? Geology assuredly does not reveal any such finely graduated organic chain; and this, perhaps, is the most obvious and gravest objection which can be urged against my theory. The explanation lies, as I believe, in the extreme imperfection of the geological record.'

This 'Imperfection of the Geological Record,' and the 'Geological Succession,' are the subjects of two laboured and ingenious chapters, in which he tries, as we think utterly in vain, to break down the unanswerable refutation which is given to his theory by the testimony of the rocks. He treats

the subject thus:—1. He affirms that only a small portion of the globe has been explored with care. 2. He extends at will to new and hitherto unsuggested myriads of years the times which have elapsed between successive formations in order to account for the utter absence of everything like a succession of ascertainable variations in the successive inhabitants of the earth. How he deals in these suggestions with time, filling in or striking out a few millions of years at pleasure, the following comprehensive sentence may show:—

‘At this rate, on the above data, the denudation of the Weald must have required 306,662,400 years, or say three hundred million years. But perhaps it would be safer to allow two or three inches per century, and this would reduce the number of years to 150 or 100 million years.’

As these calculations concerning the general duration of formations, and specially concerning the Weald, are highly characteristic of the whole ‘argument,’ it may be worth while to submit them to a somewhat closer examination.

Mr. Darwin then argues that ‘faults’ proclaim the vastness of these durations. To establish this, he supposes that the result of a great fracture was the severing of strata once continuous, so as to throw them relatively a thousand feet apart from their original position, and thus form a cliff which stood up vertically on one side of that dislocation; and so he imagines that countless ages must have elapsed, *according to the present waste of land*, to account for the wearing down of these outlines, so as to have left (as is often the case) no trace of the great dislocation upon the present surface of the land. But, with hardly an exception, every sound geologist would repudiate as a ‘petitio principii’ this whole method of reasoning. For though a few geologists would explain these great dislocations on the hypothesis of intermittent successive movements severally of small amount, yet in the judgment of far the larger number, and the more judicious of those who have made geology their study, they were un-

doubtedly the result of sudden movements, produced by internal efforts of central heat and gas to escape, and were infinitely more intense and spasmodic (catastrophic if you will) than any of those similar causes which, in a minor way, now produce our earthquakes and oscillations of the surface to the extent of a few feet only. Hence these great breaks and fractures were of such a nature as to render it impossible that any cliff should, at the period of their formation, have stood up on one side of the fracture. The very violence of the movement, accompanied as it must have been by the translation of vast masses of water sweeping away the rubbish, may, on the instant, have almost entirely smoothed down the ruptured fragments; the more so, as most of these great dislocations are believed to have taken place *under the sea*. The flattening down of all superficial appearances was therefore most probably the direct result of the catastrophe, and the countless ages of Darwin were, in all probability, at the longest, nothing more than a few months or years of our time.

The whole argument as to the Wealden denudation appears to us a similar exaggeration. Granting that rocky coasts are very slowly worn away by the present sea, the application of this view to the north and south coasts of the valley of the Weald, *i.e.* to the escarpments of the North and South Downs, is entirely untenable. For what shadow of proof is there that these chalk escarpments have been worn down inch by inch by the erosion of the waves of a former sea? It may be said to have been demonstrated\* by that great practical observer and philosophical geologist Sir. R. Murchison, that, inasmuch as there is no trace of rounded water-worn pebbles nor shingles in any portion of the Weald (though there were plenty on the slopes without), the sea never could have so acted along these escarpments as on a shore, and hence the whole of the basis of the reasoning,

\* See 'Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society,' London.

about the three hundred million of years for the denudation of the cretaceous and subjacent deposits, is itself washed away at once.

But not only do the facts to which Mr. Darwin trusts to establish his vast lapses of years, which, he says, 'impress his mind almost in the same manner as does the vain endeavour to grapple with the idea of Eternity,' not only do these give him the same power of supposing the progress of changes, of which we have found neither the commencement, nor the progress, nor the record, as ancient geographers allowed themselves, when they speculated upon the forms of men whose heads grew beneath their shoulders in the un-reached recesses of Africa,—but when, passing from these unlimited terms for change to work in, he proceeds to deal with the absence of all record of the changes themselves, the plainest geological facts again disprove his assumptions. For here he assumes that there are everywhere vast gaps between successive formations, which might, if they were filled up, furnish instances of all the many gradations required by his theory, and also that the past condition of the earth made the preservation of such specimens improbable. To prove the existence of these wide gaps, Mr. Darwin quotes Sir R. Murchison's great work on 'Russia'; but he appears to us to quote it incorrectly, for we understand it to say that there is abundant evidence that in that drift-covered region there are many evidences of the transition from the Devonian into the Carboniferous era in Palæozoic life, and also from the old Aralo-Caspian, or brackish water condition of tertiary times into present oceanic life; and that if all the rocks of Russia could be uncovered and the drift removed, we might discover many more of these transitions. In fact, although the geological record is often broken, we already know of many unbroken and perfect transitions between the Cambrian and Silurian, between the Silurian and Devonian,

between the Devonian and Carboniferous, if not between the latter and the Permian.

Again, there is an absolute unbroken physical connection in Germany between the Permian and the Trias, and yet an entire separation of animals, and so on in Secondary and Tertiary deposits.

Now, if the field-geologist can show clear proofs of continuous deposit, and yet many distinct plants and animals in the succeeding formations, what becomes of that immense lapse of ages which should transform the Palaeozoic Permian type into the entirely distinct Secondary or Triassic form? All such links are absolutely wanting even in these tracts, and in many others, where the conformable and gradual transition between formations proves that there is between them no break, and where everything indicates quiet physical transition, and which yet contain utterly different remains. How then can we account for such distinct forms of life in the quietly succeeding formations except by distinct creations?

Mr. Darwin is compelled to admit that he finds no records in the crust of the earth to verify his assumption:—

‘To the question why we do not find records of these vast primordial periods, I can give no satisfactory answer.’

And again—

‘The difficulty of understanding the absence of vast piles of fossiliferous strata, which on my theory no doubt were somewhere accumulated before the Silurian epoch, is very great.’

As to the suggestion that the absence of organic remains is no proof of the non-existence of the unrepresented classes, we would rather speak in the weighty words of Professor Owen than employ our own:—

‘The sum of the evidence which has been obtained appears to prove that the successive extinction of *Amphitheria*, *Spalacotheria*, *Triconodons*, and

other mesozoic forms of mammals, has been followed by the introduction of much more numerous, varied, and higher-organised forms of the class, during the tertiary perioda. There are, however, geologists who maintain that this is an assumption based upon a partial knowledge of the facts.

' In the palæozoic strata, which, from their extent and depth, indicate, in the earth's existence as a seat of organic life, a period as prolonged as that which has followed their deposition, no trace of mammals has been observed. It may be conceded that, were mammals peculiar to dry land, such negative evidence would weigh little in producing conviction of their non-existence during the Silurian and Devonian seons, because the explored parts of such strata have been deposited from an ocean, and the chance of finding a terrestrial and air-breathing creature's remains in oceanic deposits is very remota. But in the present state of the warm-blooded, air-breathing, viviparous class, no genera and species are represented by such numerous and widely-dispersed individuals as those of the order Cetacea, which, under the guise of fishes, dwell, and can only live, in the ocean.

' In all cetacea the skeleton is well ossified, and the vertebræ are very numerous; the smallest cetaceans would be deemed large amongst land-mammals, the largest surpass in bulk any creatures of which we have yet gained cognizance. The hugest ichthyosaur, iguanodon, megalosaur, mammoth, or megatheræ, is a dwarf in comparison with the modern whale of a hundred feet in length.

' During the period in which we have proof that cetacea have existed, the evidence in the shape of bones and teeth, which latter enduring characteristics in most of the species are peculiar for their great number in the same individual, must have been abundantly deposited at the bottom of the sea; and as cachalots, grampusæ, dolphins, and porpoises, are seen gambolling in shoals in deep oceans, far from land, their remains will form the most characteristic evidences of vertebrate life in the strata now in course of formation at the bottom of such oceans. Accordingly, it consists with the known characteristics of the cetacean class to find the marine deposits which fell from seas tenanted, as now, with vertebrates of that high grade, containing the fossil evidences of the order in vast abundance.\*

And on that subject he again maintains:—

' In like manner does such negative evidence weigh with me in proof of the non-existence of marine mammals in the liassic and oolitic times. In the marine deposits of those secondary or mesozoic epochs, the evidence of vertebrates governing the ocean, and preying on inferior marine vertebrates, is as abundant as that of air-breathing vertebrates in the tertiary strata;

\* Owen 'On the Classification of Mammalia,' pp. 58, 59.

but in the one the fossils are exclusively of the cold-blooded reptilian class, in the other of the warm-blooded mammalian class. The Enaliosauria, Cetiosauria, and Crocodilia played the same part and fulfilled similar offices in the seas from which the lias and oolites were precipitated, as the Delphinidae and Balaenidae did in the tertiary and still do in the present seas. The unbiassed conclusion from both negative and positive evidence in this matter is, that the Cetacea succeeded and superseded the Enaliosauria. To the mind that will not accept such conclusion, the stratified oolitic rocks must cease to be monuments or trustworthy records of the condition of life on the earth at that period.'

And he thus sums up the argument:—

'So far, however, as any general conclusion can be deduced from the large sum of evidence above referred to and contrasted, it is against the doctrine of the Uniformitarian. Organic remains traced from their earliest known graves are succeeded one series by another, to the present period, and never reappear when once lost sight of in the ascending search. As well might we expect a living ichthyosaurus in the Pacific as a fossil whale in the lias: the rule governs as strongly in the retrospect as the prospect. And not only as respects the vertebrata, but the sum of the animal species at each successive geological period has been distinct and peculiar to such period.'

Mr. Darwin's own pages bear witness to the same conclusion. The rare land shell found by Sir C. Lyell and Dr. Dawson in North America affords a conclusive proof that in the carboniferous period such animals were most rare, and only the earliest of that sort created. For the carboniferous strata of North America, stretching over tracts as large as the British Isles, and containing innumerable plants and other terrestrial things, must have been most equably depressed and elevated, since the very flowers and fruits of the plants of the period have been preserved; and if terrestrial animals abounded, why do we not see more of their remains than this miserable little dendro-pupa about a quarter of an inch long?

It would be wearisome to prolong these proofs: but if to any man they seem insufficient, let him read carefully the conclusion of Sir Roderick Murchison's masterly work upon 'Siluria.' We venture to aver that the conviction must be

forced upon him that the geological record is absolutely inconsistent with the truth of Mr. Darwin's theory; and yet by Mr. Darwin's own confession this conclusion is fatal to his whole argument:—

‘If my theory be true, it is indisputable that, before the lowest Silurian stratum was deposited, long periods elapsed, as long as, or probably far longer than, the whole interval from the Silurian age to the present day; and that during these vast yet quite unknown periods of time, the world swarmed with living creatures.’

Now it is proved to demonstration by Sir Roderick Murchison, and admitted by all geologists, that we possess these earlier formations, stretching over vast extents, perfectly unaltered, and exhibiting no signs of life. Here we have, as nearly as it is possible in the nature of things to have, the absolute proof of a negative. If these forms of life had existed they must have been found. Even Mr. Darwin shrinks from the deadly gripe of this argument. ‘The case,’ he says ‘at present must remain inexplicable, and may be truly urged as a valid argument against the views here entertained.’ More than once indeed does he make this admission. One passage we have quoted already from his work. With equal candour he says further on:—

‘I do not pretend that I should ever have suspected how poor a record of the mutations of life the best preserved geological section presented, had not the difficulty of our not discovering innumerable transitional links between the species which appeared at the commencement and close of each formation pressed so hardly on my theory.’

And, once more—

‘Why does not every collection of fossil remains afford plain evidence of the gradation and mutation of the forms of life? We meet with no such evidence, and this is the most obvious and forcible of the many objections which may be urged against my theory.’

But though this objection is that which is rated highest by himself, there is another which appears to us in some respects stronger still, and to which we deem Mr. Darwin's answers

equally insufficient,—we mean the law of sterility affixed to hybridism. If it were possible to proclaim more distinctly by one provision than another that the difference between various species was a law of creation, and not, as the transmutationists maintain, an ever-varying accident, it would surely be by the interposing such a bar to change as that which now exists in the universal fruitlessness which is the result of all known mixtures of animals specifically distinct. Mr. Darwin labours hard here, but his utmost success is to reveal a very few instances from the vegetable world, with its shadowy image of the procreative animal system, as exceptions to the universal rule. As to animals, he is compelled by the plainness of the testimony against him to admit that he 'doubts whether any case of a perfectly fertile hybrid animal can be considered as thoroughly well authenticated ;' and his best attempts to get rid of this evidence are such suggestions as that 'the common and the true ring-necked pheasant intercross,' though every breeder of game could tell him that, so far from there being the slightest ground for considering these as distinct species, all experience shows that the ring-neck almost uniformly appears where the common pheasant's eggs are hatched under the domestic hen. How then does Mr. Darwin dispose of this apparently impassable barrier of nature against the transmutation-theory? He urges that it depends not upon any great law of life, but mainly, first, on the early death of the embryo, or, secondly, upon 'the common imperfection of the reproductive system' in the male offspring. How he considers this to be any answer to the difficulty it is beyond our power to conceive. We can hardly imagine any clearer way of stating the mode in which an universal law, if it existed, must act, than that in which he describes it, to disprove its existence.

But, besides this, other and insuperable difficulties beset

this whole speculation. To one of these Mr. Darwin alludes, and dismisses it with a most suspicious brevity. 'The electric organs of fishes,' he says, 'offer another case of special difficulty,' and he places as a parallel case of difficulty the presence of luminous organs in a few insects belonging to different families and orders. We see no possible solution on the Darwinian theory for the presence at once so marked and so exceptional of these organs. And how are they dealt with? Surely in a mode most unsatisfactory by one promulgating a new theory of creation; for scarcely admitting that their presence is little else than destructive of his theory, Mr. Darwin simply remarks 'that we are too ignorant to argue that no transition of any kind is possible,' a solution which could of course equally make the scheme it is intended to serve compatible with any other contradiction.

It is the more important to notice this, because there is another large class of cases in which the same difficulty is present, and as to which Mr. Darwin suggests no solution. We allude to those animals which, like many snakes, possess special organs for secreting venom and for discharging it at their own proper volition. The whole set of glands, ducts, and other vessels employed for this purpose are, as any instructed comparative anatomist would tell him, so entirely separate from the ordinary laws of animal life and peculiar to themselves, that the derivation of these by any natural modification from progenitors which did not possess them would be a marvellous contradiction of all laws of descent with which we are familiar. And this special and unnoticed difficulty leads us on to another of still wider extent. Most of our readers know that the stomachs and whole digestive system of the carnivori are constructed upon a wholly different type from those of the graminivorous animals. Yet whence this difference, if these diverse constructions can claim a common origin? Can any permutationist pretend

that experience gives us any reason for believing that any change of food, however unnatural or forced, ever has changed or ever could change the one type into the other? Yet that diversity pervades the whole being of the separated classes. It does not affect only their outward forms, as to which the merest accidents of colour or of hair may veil real resemblance under seeming difference, but it pervades the nervous system, the organs of reproduction, the stomach, the alimentary canal; nay, in every blood-corpuscle which circulates through their arteries and veins it is universally present and perpetually active.

Where, then, in the most allied forms, was the earliest commencement of diversity? or what advantage of life could alter the shape of the corpuscles into which the blood can be evaporated?

We come then to these conclusions. All the facts presented to us in the natural world tend to show that none of the variations produced in the fixed forms of animal life, when seen in its most plastic condition under domestication, give any promise of a true transmutation of species; first, from the difficulty of accumulating and fixing variations within the same species; secondly, from the fact that these variations, though most serviceable for man, have no tendency to improve the individual beyond the standard of his own specific type, and so to afford matter, even if they were infinitely produced, for the supposed power of natural selection on which to work; whilst all variations from the mixture of species are barred by the inexorable law of hybrid sterility. Further, the embalmed records of 3000 years show that there has been no beginning of transmutation in the species of our most familiar domesticated animals; and beyond this, that in the countless tribes of animal life around us, down to its lowest and most variable species, no one has ever discovered a single instance of such transmutation being now

in prospect; no new organ has ever been known to be developed—no new natural instinct to be formed—whilst, finally, in the vast museum of departed animal life which the strata of the earth imbed for our examination, whilst they contain far too complete a representation of the past to be set aside as a mere imperfect record, yet afford no one instance of any such change as having ever been in progress, or give us anywhere the missing links of the assumed chain, or the remains which would enable now existing variations, by gradual approximations, to shade off into unity.

On what then is the new theory based? We say it with unfeigned regret, in dealing with such a man as Mr. Darwin, on the merest hypothesis, supported by the most unbounded assumptions. These are strong words, but we will give a few instances to prove their truth:—

‘All physiologists admit that the swim-bladder is homologous or “ideally similar” in position and structure with the lungs of the higher vertebrate animals; hence there *seems to me to be no great difficulty in believing* that natural selection has actually converted a swim-bladder into a lung, or organ used exclusively for respiration.’

‘*I can indeed hardly doubt* that all vertebrate animals having true lungs have descended by ordinary generation from the ancient prototype, of which we know nothing, furnished with a floating apparatus or swim-bladder.’

### We must be cautious

‘In concluding that the most different habits of all *could not* graduate into each other; that a bat, for instance, *could not* have been formed by natural selection from an animal which at first could only glide through the air.’

### Again:—

‘*I see no difficulty in supposing* that such links formerly existed, and that each had been formed by the same steps as in the case of the less perfectly gliding squirrels, and that each grade of structure was useful to its possessor. *Nor can I see any insuperable difficulty in further believing* it possible that the membrane-connected fingers and forearm of the galeo-pithecus might be greatly lengthened by natural selection, and this, as far as the organs of flight are concerned, would convert it into a bat.’

'For instance, a swim-bladder has *apparently* been converted into an air-breathing lung.'

And again :—

'The electric organs of fishes offer another case of special difficulty. It is impossible to conceive by what steps these wondrous organs have been produced; but, as Owen and others have remarked, their intimate structure closely resembles that of common muscle; and as it has lately been shown that rays have an organ closely analogous to the electric apparatus, and yet do not, as Matteucci asserts, discharge any electricity, we must own that we are far too ignorant to argue that *no transition of any kind is possible.*'

Sometimes Mr. Darwin seems for a moment to recoil himself from this extravagant liberty of speculation, as when he says, concerning the eye,—

'To suppose that the eye, with its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been formed by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest possible degree.'

But he soon returns to his new wantonness of conjecture, and, without the shadow of a fact, contents himself with saying that—

'he *suspects* that any sensitive nerve may be rendered sensitive to light, and likewise to those coarser vibrations of the air which produce sound.'

And in the following passage he carries this extravagance to the highest pitch, requiring a licence for advancing as true any theory which cannot be demonstrated to be actually impossible :—

'If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed, which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down. But I can find no such case.'

Another of these assumptions is not a little remarkable. It suits his argument to deduce all our known varieties of pigeons from the rock-pigeon (*the Columba livia*), and this

parentage is traced out, though not, we think, to demonstration, yet with great ingenuity and patience. But another branch of the argument would be greatly strengthened by establishing the descent of our various breeds of dogs with their perfect power of fertile interbreeding from different natural species. And accordingly, though every fact as to the canine race is parallel to the facts which have been used before to establish the common parentage of the pigeons in *Columba livia*, all these are thrown over in a moment, and Mr. Darwin, first assuming, without the shadow of proof, that our domestic breeds are descended from different species, proceeds calmly to argue from this, as though it were a demonstrated certainty.

'It *seems to me unlikely* in the case of the dog-genus, which is distributed in a wild state throughout the world, that since man first appeared one species alone should have been domesticated.'

'In some cases *I do not doubt* that the intercrossing of species aboriginally distinct has played an important part in the origin of our domestic productions.'

What new words are these for a loyal disciple of the true Baconian philosophy?—'I can conceive'—'It is not incredible'—'I do not doubt'—'It is conceivable.'

'For myself, *I venture confidently* to look back thousands on thousands of generations, and I see an animal striped like a zebra, but perhaps otherwise very differently constructed, the common parent of our domestic horse, whether or not it be descended from one or more wild stocks of the ass, hemionus, quagga, or zebra.'

In the name of all true philosophy we protest against such a mode of dealing with nature, as utterly dishonourable to all natural science, as reducing it from its present lofty level of being one of the noblest trainers of man's intellect and instructors of his mind, to being a mere idle play of the fancy, without the basis of fact or the discipline of observation. In the 'Arabian Nights' we are not offended as at an impossibility when Amina sprinkles her husband with water

and transforms him into a dog, but we cannot open the august doors of the venerable temple of scientific truth to the genii and magicians of romance. We plead guilty to Mr. Darwin's imputation that

'the chief cause of our natural unwillingness to admit that one species has given birth to other and distinct species is that we are always slow in admitting any great change of which we do not see the intermediate steps.'

In this tardiness to admit great changes suggested by the imagination, but the steps of which we cannot see, is the true spirit of philosophy.

'Analysis,' says Professor Sedgwick, 'consists in making experiments and observations, and in drawing general conclusions from them by induction, and admitting of no objections against the conclusions but such as are taken from experiments or other certain truths; for *hypotheses are not to be regarded in experimental philosophy.*'\*

The other solvent which Mr. Darwin most freely and, we think, unphilosophically employs to get rid of difficulties, is his use of time. This he shortens or prolongs at will by the mere wave of his magician's rod. Thus the duration of whole epochs, during which certain forms of animal life prevailed, is gathered up into a point, whilst an unlimited expanse of years, 'impressing his mind with a sense of eternity,' is suddenly interposed between that and the next series, though geology proclaims the transition to have been one of gentle and, it may be, swift accomplishment. All this too is made the more startling because it is used to meet the objections drawn from facts. 'We see none of your works,' says the observer of nature; 'we see no beginnings of the portentous change; we see plainly beings of another order in creation, but we find amongst them no tendencies to these altered organisms.' 'True,' says the great magician, with a calmness no difficulty derived from the obstinacy of

\* 'A Discourse on the Studies of the University,' by A. Sedgwick, p. 102.

facts can disturb; 'true, but remember the effect of time. Throw in a few hundreds of millions of years more or less, and why should not all these changes be possible, and, if possible, why may I not assume them to be real?'

Together with this large licence of assumption we notice in this book several instances of receiving as facts whatever seems to bear out the theory upon the slightest evidence, and rejecting summarily others, merely because they are fatal to it. We grieve to charge upon Mr. Darwin this freedom in handling facts, but truth extorts it from us. That the loose statements and unfounded speculations of this book should come from the author of the monograms on *Cirripedes*, and the writer, in the natural history of the Voyage of the 'Bengle,' of the paper on the Coral Reefs, is indeed a sad warning how far the love of a theory may seduce even a first-rate naturalist from the very articles of his creed.

This treatment of facts is followed up by another favourite line of argument, namely, that by this hypothesis difficulties otherwise inextricable are solved. Such passages abound. Take a few, selected almost at random, to illustrate what we mean:—

'How inexplicable are these facts on the ordinary view of creation!'

'Such facts as the presence of peculiar species of bats and the absence of other mammals on oceanic islands are utterly inexplicable on the theory of independent acts of creation.'

'It must be admitted that these facts receive no explanation on the theory of creation.'

'The inhabitants of the Cape de Verde Islands are related to those of Africa, like those of the Galapagos to America. I believe this grand fact can receive no sort of explanation on the ordinary view of independent creation.'

Now what can be more simply reconcilable with that theory than Mr. Darwin's own account of the mode in which the migration of animal life from one distant region to another is continually accomplished?

Take another of these suggestions:—

‘It is inexplicable, on the theory of creation, why a part developed in a very unusual manner in any one species of a genus, and therefore, as we may naturally infer, of great importance to the species, should be eminently liable to variation.’

Why ‘inexplicable’? Such a liability to variation might most naturally be expected in the part ‘unusually developed,’ because such unusual development is of the nature of a monstrosity, and monsters are always tending to relapse into likeness to the normal type. Yet this argument is one on which he mainly relies to establish his theory, for he sums all up in this triumphant inference:—

‘I cannot believe that a false theory would explain, as it seems to me that the theory of natural selection does explain, the several large classes of facts above specified.’

Now, as to all this, we deny, first, that many of these difficulties are ‘inexplicable on any other supposition.’ Of the greatest of them we shall have to speak before we conclude. We will here touch only on one of those which are continually reappearing in Mr. Darwin’s pages, in order to illustrate his mode of dealing with them. He finds, then, one of these ‘inexplicable difficulties’ in the fact, that the young of the blackbird, instead of resembling the adult in the colour of its plumage, is like the young of many other birds spotted, and triumphantly declaring that—

‘No one will suppose that the stripes on the whelp of a lion, or the spots on the young blackbird, are of any use to these animals, or are related to the conditions to which they are exposed,’

he draws from them one of his strongest arguments for this alleged community of descent. Yet what is more certain to every observant field-naturalist than that this alleged uselessness of colouring is one of the greatest protections to the young bird, imperfect in its flight, perching on every spray, sitting

unwarily on every bush through which the rays of sunshine dapple every bough to the colour of its own plumage, and so give it a facility of escape which it would utterly want if it bore the marked and prominent colours, the beauty of which the adult bird needs to recommend him to his mate, and can safely bear with his increased habits of vigilance and power of wing?

But, secondly, as to many of these difficulties, the alleged solving of which is one great proof of the truth of Mr. Darwin's theory, we are compelled to join issue with him on another ground, and deny that he gives us any solution at all. Thus, for instance, Mr. Darwin builds a most ingenious argument on the tendency of the young of the horse, ass, zebra, and quagga, to bear on their shoulder and on their legs certain barred stripes. Up these bars (bars sinister, as we think, as to any true descent of existing animals from their fancied prototype) he mounts through his 'thousands and thousands of generations,' to the existence of his 'common parent, otherwise perhaps very differently constructed, but striped like a zebra.' 'How inexplicable,' he exclaims, 'on the theory of creation, is the occasional appearance of stripes on the shoulder and legs of several species of the horse genus and in their hybrids!' He tells us that to suppose that each species was created with a tendency 'like this, is to make the works of God a mere mockery and deception;' and he satisfies himself that all difficulty is gone when he refers the stripes to his hypothetical thousands on thousands of years removed progenitor. But how is his difficulty really affected? for why is the striping of one species a less real difficulty than the striping of many?

Another instance of this mode of dealing with his subject, to which we must call the attention of our readers, because it too often recurs, is contained in the following question:—

'Were all the infinitely numerous kinds of animals and plants created as eggs, or seed, or as full grown? and, in the case of mammals, were they created bearing the false marks of nourishment from the mother's womb?'

The difficulty here glanced at is extreme, but it is one for the solution of which the transmutation-theory gives no clue. It is inherent in the idea of the creation of beings, which are to reproduce their like by natural succession; for, in such a world, place the first beginning where you will, that beginning *must* contain the apparent history of a *past*, which existed only in the mind of the Creator. If, with Mr. Darwin, to escape the difficulty of supposing the first man at his creation to possess in that framework of his body 'false marks of nourishment from his mother's womb,' with Mr. Darwin you consider him to have been an improved ape, you only carry the difficulty up from the first man to the first ape; if, with Mr. Darwin, in violation of all observation, you break the barrier between the classes of vegetable and animal life, and suppose every animal to be an 'improved' vegetable, you do but carry your difficulty with you into the vegetable world; for, how could there be seeds if there had been no plants to seed them? and if you carry up your thoughts through the vista of the Darwinian eternity up to the primæval fungus, still the primæval fungus must have had a humus, from which to draw into its venerable vessels the nourishment of its archetypal existence, and that humus must itself be a 'false mark' of a pre-existing vegetation.

We have dwelt a little upon this, because it is by such seeming solutions of difficulties as that which this passage supplies that the transmutationist endeavours to prop up his utterly rotten fabric of guess and speculation.

There are no parts of Mr. Darwin's ingenious book in which he gives the reins more completely to his fancy than where he deals with the improvement of instinct by his

principle of natural selection. We need but instance his assumption, without a fact on which to build it, that the marvellous skill of the honey-bee in constructing its cells is thus obtained, and the slave-making habits of the *Formica Polyerges* thus formed. There seems to be no limit here to the exuberance of his fancy, and we cannot but think that we detect one of those hints by which Mr. Darwin indicates the application of his system from the lower animals to man himself, when he dwells so pointedly upon the fact that it is always the *black* ant which is enslaved by his other coloured and more fortunate brethren. 'The slaves are black!' We believe that, if we had Mr. Darwin in the witness-box, and could subject him to a moderate cross-examination, we should find that he believed that the tendency of the lighter-coloured races of mankind to prosecute the negro slave-trade was really a remains, in their more favoured condition, of the 'extraordinary and odious instinct' which had possessed them before they had been 'improved by natural selection' from *Formica Polyerges* into *Homo*. This at least is very much the way in which he slips in quite incidentally the true identity of man with the horse, the bat, and the porpoise:—

'The framework of bones being the same in the hand of a man, wing of a bat, fin of a porpoise, and leg of the horse, the same number of vertebræ forming the neck of the giraffe and of the elephant, and innumerable other such facts, at once explain themselves on the theory of descent with slow and slight successive modifications.'

Such assumptions as these, we once more repeat, are most dishonourable and injurious to science; and though, out of respect to Mr. Darwin's high character and to the tone of his work, we have felt it right to weigh the 'argument' again set by him before us in the simple scales of logical examination, yet we must remind him that the view is not a new one, and that it has already been treated with admirable

humour when propounded by another of his name and of his lineage. We do not think that, with all his matchless ingenuity, Mr. Darwin has found any instance which so well illustrates his own theory of the improved descendant under the elevating influences of natural selection exterminating the progenitor whose specialities he has exaggerated as he himself affords us in this work. For if we go back two generations we find the ingenious grandsire of the author of the 'Origin of Species' speculating on the same subject, and almost in the same manner with his more daring descendant. Speaking of the delicate organs of his favourite plants, Dr. Darwin tells us :—

'They now acquire blood more oxygenated by the air; obtain the passion and power of reproduction; are sensible to heat, and cold, and moisture; and become in reality insects fed with honey. . . . I am acquainted with a philosopher, who, contemplating this subject, thinks it *not impossible* [we beg our readers to notice the exact phrase on which we have had so often to remark in the younger Darwin] 'that the first insects were the anthers or stigmas of flowers, which had by some means loosed themselves from their parent-plant; and that many other insects have gradually, in long process of time' [again we beg special attention to the remarkable foreshadowing of the gradual long-time development of the younger Darwin], 'been formed from these; some acquiring wings, others fins, and others claws' [like Mr. Darwin's bats, and fly-catching bears, and crabs], 'from their ceaseless efforts to procure their food, or to secure themselves from injury. . . . The anthers and stigmas are therefore separate beings.'\*

Many of our readers will remember the humour with which Frere and Canning, in the 'Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin,' exposed these philosophical arguments of the last generation. But their illustrations of the system apply so admirably to some of the speculations of our present volume, that we cannot forbear from quoting a few of them :—

'Quere, whether a practical application of this theory would not enable us to account for the genesis or original formation of space itself, in the

\* Additional note xxxix. to Darwin's 'Botanic Garden.'

same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of organized creation to his six filaments? We may conceive the whole of our present universe to have been originally centered in a single point; we may conceive this primeval point, or *punctum saliens* of the universe, evolving itself by its own energies, to have moved forward in a right line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired; after which the right line which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an area of infinite extent. This area, as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend according as its specific gravity would determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with vacuum, and capable of containing the present universe. Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable *nidus* or receptacle for the accumulation of chaotic matter, an immense deposit of it would be gradually accumulated; after which the filament of fire being produced in the chaotic mass by an idiosyncracy or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, explosion would take place, suns would be shot from the central chaos, planets from suns, and satellites from planets. In this state of things the filament of organization would begin to exert itself in those independent masses which in proportion to their bulk exposed the greatest surface to light and heat. This filament, *after an infinite series of ages* [the Darwinian eternity], would begin to *ramify*, and its oviparous offspring would diversify their former habita, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them' [natural selection, that is to say, in our more modern phraseology, would now be busily at work]. 'Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first efforts of Nature terminated in the production of vegetables, and that these, being abandoned to their own *energies*' [or to the struggle for life], 'by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings and feet, according as their different propensities determined them in favour of aerial and terrestrial existence; and thus, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of volition, became men. These in time would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet*: their *tails* would gradually rub off by sitting in their caves and huts as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state.'

Mr. Darwin would relieve them of their tails by the simple expedient of disuse, but he would eminently agree with the next suggestion of the *Antijacobin* writers, who suggest that, —' Meanwhile the *Fuci* and *Algæ*, with the *Corallines* and *Madrepores*, would transform themselves into fish, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe.'\*

\* 'Poetry of the *Antijacobin*,' p. 110.

Our readers will not have failed to notice that we have objected to the views with which we have been dealing solely on scientific grounds. We have done so from our fixed conviction that it is thus that the truth or falsehood of such arguments should be tried. We have no sympathy with those who object to any facts or alleged facts in nature, or to any inference logically deduced from them, because they believe them to contradict what it appears to them is taught by Revelation. We think that all such objections savour of a timidity which is really inconsistent with a firm and well-instructed faith :—

[Let us for a moment,' profouudly remarks Professor Sedgwick, ' suppose that there are some religious difficulties in the conclusions of geology. How, then, are we to solve them? Not by making a world after a pattern of our own—not by shifting and shuffling the solid strata of the earth, and then dealing them out in such a way as to play the game of an ignorant or dishonest hypothesis—not by shutting our eyes to facts, or denying the evidence of our senses—but by patient investigation, carried on in the sincere love of truth, and by learning to reject every consequence not warranted by physical evidence.]

He who is as sure as he is of his own existence that the God of Truth is at once the God of Nature and the God of Revelation, cannot believe it to be possible that His voice in either, rightly understood, can differ, or deceive His creatures. To oppose facts in the natural world because they seem to oppose Revelation, or to humour them so as to compel them to speak its voice, is, he knows, but another form of the ever-ready febleminded dishonesty of lying for God, and trying by fraud or falsehood to do the work of the God of truth. It is with another and a nobler spirit that the true believer walks amongst the works of nature. The words graven on the everlasting rocks are the words of God, and they are graven by His hand. No more can they contradict His Word written in His book, than could the words

\* 'A Discourse on the Studies of the University,' p. 149.

of the old covenant graven by His hand on the stony tables contradict the writings of His hand in the volume of the new dispensation. There may be to man difficulty in reconciling all the utterances of the two voices. But what of that? He has learned already that here he knows only in part, and that the day of reconciling all apparent contradictions between what must agree is nigh at hand. [He rests his mind in perfect quietness on this assurance, and rejoices in the gift of light without a misgiving as to what it may discover:—

'A man of deep thought and great practical wisdom,' says Sedgwick,\* 'one whose piety and benevolence have for many years been shining before the world, and of whose sincerity no scoffer (of whatever school) will dare to start a doubt, recorded his opinion in the great assembly of the men of science who during the past year were gathered from every corner of the Empire within the walls of this University, "that Christianity had everything to hope and nothing to fear from the advancement of philosophy." †

This is as truly the spirit of Christianity as it is that of philosophy. [Few things have more deeply injured the cause of religion than the busy fussy energy with which men, narrow and feeble alike in faith and in science, have hustled forth to reconcile all new discoveries in physics with the word of inspiration. For it continually happens that some larger collection of facts, or some wider view of the phenomena of nature, alter the whole philosophic scheme; whilst Revelation has been committed to declare an absolute agreement with what turns out after all to have been a misconception or an error. We cannot, therefore, consent to test the truth of natural science by the Word of Revelation. But this does not make it the less important to point out on scientific grounds scientific errors, when those errors tend to limit God's glory in creation, or to gainsay the revealed relations of that creation to Himself. To both these classes of error,

\* 'A Discourse on the Studies of the University,' p. 153.

† Speech of Dr. Chalmers at the Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, June, 1833.

though, we doubt not, quite unintentionally on his part, we think that Mr. Darwin's speculations directly tend.

Mr. Darwin writes as a Christian, and we doubt not that he is one. We do not for a moment believe him to be one of those who retain in some corner of their hearts a secret unbelief which they dare not vent; and we therefore pray him to consider well the grounds on which we brand his speculations with the charge of such a tendency. First, then, he not obscurely declares that he applies his scheme of the action of the principle of natural selection to MAN himself, as well as to the animals around him. Now, we must say at once, and openly, that such a notion is absolutely incompatible not only with single expressions in the word of God on that subject of natural science with which it is not immediately concerned, but, which in our judgment is of far more importance, with the whole representation of that moral and spiritual condition of man which is its proper subject-matter. Man's derived supremacy over the earth; man's power of articulate speech; man's gift of reason; man's free-will and responsibility; man's fall and man's redemption; the incarnation of the Eternal Son; the indwelling of the Eternal Spirit,—all are equally and utterly irreconcilable with the degrading notion of the brute origin of him who was created in the image of God, and redeemed by the Eternal Son assuming to himself his nature. Equally inconsistent, too, not with any passing expressions, but with the whole scheme of God's dealings with man as recorded in His word, is Mr. Darwin's daring notion of man's further development into some unknown extent of powers, and shape, and size, through natural selection acting through that long vista of ages which he casts mistily over the earth upon the most favoured individuals of his species. [We care not in these pages to push the argument further. We have done enough for our purpose in thus succinctly intimating its course. If any of

our readers doubt what must be the result of such speculations carried to their logical and legitimate conclusion, let them turn to the pages of Oken, and see for themselves the end of that path the opening of which is decked out in these pages with the bright hues and seemingly innocent deductions of the transmutation-theory.

Nor can we doubt, secondly, that this view, which thus contradicts the revealed relation of creation to its Creator, is equally inconsistent with the fulness of His glory. It is, in truth, an ingenious theory for diffusing throughout creation the working and so the personality of the Creator. And thus, however unconsciously to him who holds them, such views really tend inevitably to banish from the mind most of the peculiar attributes of the Almighty.

How, asks Mr. Darwin, can we possibly account for the manifest plan, order, and arrangement which pervade creation, except we allow to it this self-developing power through unmodified descent?

As Milne-Edwards has well expressed it, Nature is prodigal in variety, but niggard in innovation. Why, on the theory of creation, should this be so? Why should all the parts and organs of many independent beings, each supposed to have been separately created for its proper place in nature, be so commonly linked together by graduated steps? Why should not Nature have taken a leap from structure to structure?

And again:—

It is a truly wonderful fact—the wonder of which we are apt to overlook from familiarity—that all animals and plants throughout all time and space should be related to each other in group subordinate to group, in the manner which we everywhere behold, namely, varieties of the same species most closely related together, species of the same genus less closely and unequally related together, forming sections and sub-genera, species of distinct genera much less closely related, and genera related in different degrees, forming sub-families, families, orders, sub-classes, and classes.

How can we account for all this? By the simplest and yet the most comprehensive answer. By declaring the stu-

pendous fact that all creation is the transcript in matter of ideas eternally existing in the mind of the Most High—that order in the utmost perfectness of its relation pervades His works, because it exists as in its centre and highest fountain-head in Him the Lord of all. Here is the true account of the fact which has so utterly misled shallow observers, that Man himself, the Prince and Head of this creation, passes in the earlier stages of his being through phases of existence closely analogous, so far as his earthly tabernacle is concerned, to those in which the lower animals ever remain. At that point of being the development of the protozoa is arrested. Through it the embryo of their chief passes to the perfection of his earthly frame. But the types of those lower forms of being must be found in the animals which never advance beyond them—not in man for whom they are but the foundation for an after-development; whilst he too, Creation's crown and perfection, thus bears witness in his own frame to the law of order which pervades the universe.

I like manner could we answer every other question as to which Mr. Darwin thinks all oracles are dumb unless they speak his speculation. He is, for instance, more than once troubled by what he considers imperfections in Nature's work. 'If,' he says, 'our reason leads us to admire with enthusiasm a multitude of imitable contrivances in Nature, this same reason tells us that some other contrivances are less perfect.'

'Nor ought we to marvel if all the contrivances in nature be not, as far as we can judge, absolutely perfect; and if some of them be abhorrent to our idea of fitness. We need not marvel at the sting of the bee causing the bee's own death; at drones being produced in such vast numbers for one single act, with the great majority slaughtered by their sterile sisters; at the astonishing waste of pollen by our fir-trees; at the instinctive hatred of the queen-bee for her own fertile daughters; at ichneumonidae feeding within the live bodies of caterpillars; and at other such cases. The wonder indeed is, on the theory of natural selection, that more cases of the want of absolute perfection have not been observed.'

We think that the real temper of this whole speculation as to nature itself may be read in these few lines. It is a dis honouring view of nature.]

That reverence for the work of God's hands, with which a true belief in the All-wise Worker fills the believer's heart, is at the root of all great physical discovery ; it is the basis of philosophy. He who would see the venerable features of Nature must not seek with the rudeness of a licensed roysterer violently to unmask her countenance ; but must wait as a learner for her willing unveiling. There was more of the true temper of philosophy in the poetic fiction of the Pan-ic shriek, than in the atheistic speculations of Lucretius. But this temper must beset those who do in effect banish God from nature. And so Mr. Darwin not only finds in it these bungling contrivances which his own greater skill could amend, but he stands aghast before its mightier phenomena. The presence of death and famine seems to him inconceivable on the ordinary idea of creation ; and he looks almost aghast at them until reconciled to their presence by his own theory that ' a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less improved forms, is decidedly followed by the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals.' But we can give him a simpler solution still for the presence of these strange forms of imperfection and suffering amongst the works of God.

We can tell him of the strong shudder which ran through all this world when its head and ruler fell. When he asks concerning the infinite variety of these multiplied works which are set in such an orderly unity, and run up into man as their reasonable head, we can tell him of the exuberance of God's goodness, and remind him of the deep philosophy which lies in those simple words—' All thy works praise

Thee, O God, and thy saints give thanks unto Thee.' For it is one office of redeemed man to collect the inarticulate praises of the material creation, and pay them with conscious homage into the treasury of the supreme Lord. Surely the philosophy which penned the following glorious words is just as much truer to nature as it is to revelation than all these speculations of the transmutationist. Having shown, from a careful osteological examination of his structure, from his geographical distribution, from the differences and agreements of the several specimens of the human family, and from the changes which step by step we can trace wrought by domestication and variation in the lower animals, that man is not and cannot be an improved ape, Professor Owen adds:—

‘The unity of the human species is demonstrated by the constancy of those osteological and dental characters to which the attention is more particularly directed in the investigation of the corresponding characters of the higher quadrupeds. Man is the sole species of his genus, the sole representative of his order and sub-class. Thus I trust has been furnished the confutation of the notion of a transformation of the ape into the man, which appears from a favourite old author to have been entertained by some in his day:—

‘“And of a truth, vile epicurism and sensuality will make the soul of man so degenerate and blind, that he will not only be content to slide into brutish immorality, but please himself in this very opinion that he is a real brute already, an ape, satyr, or baboon; and that the best of men are no better, saving that civilising of them and industrious education has made them appear in a more refined shape, and long inculcated precepts have been mistaken for connate principles of honesty and natural knowledge: otherwise there be no indispensable grounds of religion and virtue but what has happened to be taken up by over-ruling custom, which things, I dare say, are as easily confutable as any conclusion in mathematics is demonstrable. But as many as are thus sottish, let them enjoy their own wildness and ignorance: it is sufficient for a good man that he is conscious unto himself that he is more nobly descended, better bred and born, and more skilfully taught by the purged faculties of his own mind.”’\*  
—Owen's *Classification of Mammals*, p. 103.

\* Henry More's ‘*Conjectura Cabalistica*,’ fol. (1662), p. 175.

And he draws these truly philosophical views to this noble conclusion.

'Such are the dominating powers with which we, and we alone, are gifted! I say gifted, for the surpassing organisation was no work of ours. It is He that hath made us, not we ourselves. This frame is a temporary trust, for the use of which we are responsible to the Maker. Oh! you who possess it in all the supple vigour of lusty youth, think well what it is that He has committed to your keeping. Waste not its energies; dull them not by sloth; spoil them not by pleasures!

'The supreme work of creation has been accomplished that you might possess a body—the sole erect—of all animal bodies the most free—and for what? for the service of the soul.

'Strive to realise the conditions of this wondrous structure. Think what it may become—the Temple of the Holy Spirit!

'Defile it not. Seek rather to adorn it with all meet and becoming gifts, with that fair furniture, moral and intellectual, which it is your inestimable privilege to acquire through the teachings and examples and ministrations of this seat of sound learning and religious education.'

Equally startling is the contrast between the flighty anticipations of the future in which Mr. Darwin indulges, and the sober philosophy with which Owen restrains the flight of his own more soaring imagination:—

'In the distant future I see,' says Darwin, 'open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be based on a new foundation—that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history.'

'Judging from the past, we may safely infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity, and of the species now living very few will transmit progeny to a far-distant futurity. . . . We may look with some confidence to a secure future of equally inappreciable length. And as natural selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection.'

'There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, and having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved!'

Surely there is a far grander tone of vaticination about these words of caution from a far greater philosopher:—

'As to the successions or coming in of new species, one might speculate on the gradual modifiability of the individual; on the tendency of certain varieties to survive local changes, and thus progressively diverge from an older type; on the production and fertility of monstrous offspring; on the possibility, e.g. of a variety of auk being occasionally hatched with a somewhat longer winglet and a dwarfed stature; on the probability of such a variety better adapting itself to the changing climate or other conditions than the old type; of such an origin of *Alca torda*, e.g.; but to what purpose? Past experience of the chance-aims of human fancy, unchecked and unguided by observed facts, shows how widely they have ever glanced away from the gold centre of truth.'—*Owen on the Classification of Mammalia*, p. 58.

'Turning from a retrospect into past time for the prospect of time to come . . . . I may crave indulgence for a few words. . . . There seems to have been a time when life was not; there may, therefore, be a period when it will cease to be. . . . The end of the world has been presented to man's mind under divers aspects:—as a general conflagration; as the same, preceded by a millennial exaltation of the world to a paradisaical state, the abode of a higher and blessed state of intelligences. If the guide-post of paleontology may seem to point to a course ascending to the condition of the latter speculation, it points but a very short way, and on leaving it we find ourselves in a wilderness of conjecture, where to try to advance is to find ourselves "in wandering mazes lost."—p. 61.

It is by putting such a restraint upon fancy that science is made the true trainer of our intellect:—

'A study of the Newtonian philosophy,' says Sedgwick, 'as affecting our moral powers and capacities, does not terminate in mere negations. It teaches us to see the finger of God in all things animate and inanimate, and gives us an exalted conception of His attributes, placing before us the clearest proof of their reality; and so prepares, or ought to prepare, the mind for the reception of that higher illumination which brings the rebellious faculties into obedience to the Divine will.'—*Studies of the University*, p. 14.

It is by our deep conviction of the truth and importance of this view for the scientific mind of England that we have been led to treat at so much length Mr. Darwin's speculation. The contrast between the sober, patient, philosophical courage of our home philosophy, and the writings of Lamarck

and his followers and predecessors, of MM. Demainlet, Bory de Saint Vincent, Virey, and Oken,\* is indeed most wonderful; and it is greatly owing to the noble tone which has been given by those great men whose words we have quoted to the school of British science. That Mr. Darwin should have wandered from this broad highway of nature's works into the jungle of fanciful assumption is no small evil. We trust that he is mistaken in believing that he may count Sir C. Lyell as one of his converts. We know indeed the strength of the temptations which he can bring to bear upon his geological brother. The Lyellian hypothesis, itself not free from some of Mr. Darwin's faults, stands eminently in need for its own support of some such new scheme of physical life as that propounded here. Yet no man has been more distinct and more logical in the denial of the transmutation of species than Sir C. Lyell, and that not in the infancy of his scientific life, but in its full vigour and maturity.

Sir C. Lyell devotes the 33rd to the 36th chapter of his 'Principles of Geology' to an examination of this question. He gives a clear account of the mode in which Lamarck supported his belief of the transmutation of species; he 'interrupts the author's argument to observe that no positive fact is cited to exemplify the substitution of some *entirely new* sense, faculty, or organ—because no examples were to be found; and remarks that when Lamarck talks' of 'the effects of internal sentiment,' &c., as causes whereby animals and plants may acquire *new organs*, he substitutes names for

\* It may be worth while to exhibit to our readers a few of Dr. Oken's postulates or arguments as specimens of his views:—

'I wrote the first edition of 1810 in a kind of inspiration.

'4. Spirit is the motion of mathematical ideas.

'10. Physio-philosophy has to . . . pourtray the first period of the world's development from nothing; how the elements and heavenly bodies originated; in what method by self-evolution into higher and manifold forms they separated into minerals, became finally organic, and in man attained self-consciousness.

'42. The mathematical monad is eternal.

'43. The eternal is one and the same with the zero of mathematics.'

things, and with a disregard to the strict rules of induction resorts to fictions.

He shows the fallacy of Lamarck's reasoning, and by anticipation confutes the whole theory of Mr. Darwin, when gathering clearly up into a few heads the recapitulation of the whole argument in favour of the reality of species in nature. He urges:—

1. That there is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves to a certain extent to a change of external circumstances.

4. The entire variation from the original type . . . may usually be effected in a brief period of time, after which no further deviation can be obtained.

5. The intermixing distinct species is guarded against by the sterility of the mule offspring.

6. It appears that species have a real existence in nature, and that each was endowed at the time of its creation with the attributes and organization by which it is now distinguished.\*

We trust that Sir C. Lyell abides still by these truly philosophical principles; and that with his help and with that of his brethren this flimsy speculation may be as completely put down as was what in spite of all denials we must venture to call its twin though less-instructed brother the 'Vestiges of Creation.' In so doing they will assuredly provide for the strength and continually growing progress of British science.

Indeed, not only do all laws for the study of nature vanish when the great principle of order pervading and regulating all her processes is given up, but all that imparts the deepest interest in the investigation of her wonders will have departed too. Under such influences a man soon goes back to the marvelling stare of childhood at the centaurs and hippocriti

\* 'Principles of Geology,' edit. 1853.

Quoted

of fancy, or if he is of a philosophic turn, he comes like Oken to write a scheme of creation under 'a sort of inspiration;' but it is the frenzied inspiration of the inhaler of mephitic gas. The whole world of nature is laid for such a man under a fantastic law of glamour; and he becomes capable of believing anything: to him it is just as probable that Dr. Livingstone will find the next tribe of negroes with their heads growing under their arms as fixed on the summit of the cervical vertebræ; and he is able, with a continually growing neglect of all the facts around him, with equal confidence and equal delusion, to look back to any past and to look on to any future.

## ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.\*

(January, 1861.)

THE volume entitled 'Essays and Reviews' has met with a circulation, and excited a measure of remark, which appear to us to be far greater than it would naturally have obtained by its mere literary merits. There is in truth in the volume nothing which is really new, and little which having been said before is said here with any new power, or with any great additions, either by way of amplification, illustration, or research.

With the exception of the last Essay, we think the mere literary character of the volume below what we should have been led to expect from the names of the several essayists. Especially does this apply to the contribution of Dr. Temple, with which the volume opens. There is really nothing in it but the working out, with often a pleasant fancifulness, and oftener still something of the prolixity into which the writer of allegory is so apt to be betrayed, of a rather forced similitude between the growth and progress of the race of men and that of the individual man from infancy to age.

To what, then, is to be attributed the degree of interest

\* 'Essays and Reviews.' London, 1860.

1. 'The Education of the World.' By F. Temple, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School.
2. 'Bunsen's Biblical Researches.' By Rowland Williams, D.D., Vice-Principal, Lampeter College.
3. 'On the Study of the Evidences of Christianity.' By Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford.
4. 'The National Church.' By H. B. Wilson, B.D., Vicar of Great Staughton.
5. 'On the Mosaic Cosmogony.' By C. W. Goodwin, M.A.
6. 'Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688—1750.' By Mark Pattison, B.D.
7. 'On the Interpretation of Scripture.' By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek, Oxford.

which this volume has excited ? Not certainly, we think, to its subject ; for, well-suited as its speculations may be to the metaphysical mind of Germany, with its insatiable appetite for mystical inquiries into history, philosophy, science, morals, or religion, they are certainly not of a class which has commonly attracted many English readers. What, then, is it which has secured a reading, and in some degree an attentive reading, in many quarters for this volume ? In answer to this question, we gladly admit that we believe its first recommendation, especially to the young men amongst whom they live, is the apparent earnestness of character, piety of spirit, and high moral object set before them by the most distinguished of its writers. No one, however deeply-rooted may be his contrary conclusions, or however plainly he may mark the presence of other tones,—of a certain sense of disappointment and concealed bitterness, can read Mr. Jowett's *Essay upon the Interpretation of Scripture* without feeling the full power of those influences acting on his own spirit. But the sense of this, and the estimate of what must be the effect of such words upon young, ardent, and unsuspecting minds, especially if the teacher is one who has been exalted in their eyes by what they deem persecution, and if he stoops to sympathise with their difficulties and think their thoughts, all this only makes it the more imperative though the more painful duty of those who believe that infidelity, if not Atheism, is the end to which this teaching inevitably tends, to speak without reserve their opinion, and to endeavour, to the utmost of their power, to mark its tendency as well as to expose its fallacy. It is in this spirit we approach this task ; for truth is dearer than Plato ; and here are at stake truths more precious far than any which Plato could have endangered.

But besides the interest with which these qualities of its authors may have invested this volume, we say, and we say

it with pain, that we believe that the attention it has obtained is largely due to the position of its writers. It is not so much the 'what' as the 'who says it' which has excited such a general attention. It is with these speculations as to so great a degree it was with the jokes of Sydney Smith, which perpetually derived a peculiar piquancy from their utterer being a clergyman. There was about them just enough, if not of irreligiousness, yet of violation of professional fitness, to give them from clerical lips a peculiar sting. So we believe it to be here: if only certain professors of University College, London, had put forth the suggestions contained in this volume, it would not, with one or two marked exceptions, have been found to possess either the depth, or the originality, or the power, or the liveliness which could have prevented its falling still-born from the press. It has been read, because to all it is new and startling—to some delightful, and to others shocking—that men holding such posts should advocate such doctrines; that the clerical head of one of our great schools, recently elected by a body of staid Conservative noblemen and country gentlemen, and a Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, two professors in our famous University of Oxford, one of whom is also tutor of one of our most distinguished colleges; the Vice-Principal of the College at Lampeter for training the clergy of the Principality; and a country clergyman, famed in his day for special efforts on behalf of orthodoxy;—that such as these should be the putters forth of doctrines which seem at least to be altogether incompatible with the Bible and the Christian Faith as the Church of England has hitherto received it—this has been a paradox, so rare and so startling as to wake up for the time the English mind to the distasteful subject of a set of sceptical metaphysical speculations regarding many long-received fundamental truths. How far the book deserves the suspicion to which it owes its

success we propose now to examine; and in entering upon this inquiry we are compelled by its peculiar form and profession to determine, first, how far it is to be considered as a whole for which all its writers are jointly responsible.

The writers claim—and claim as a right which, when urged, cannot be withheld—that they should be tried on the contrary principle. ‘It will,’ they say, ‘readily be understood that the authors of the ensuing Essays are responsible for their respective articles only. They have written in entire independence of each other, and without concert or comparison.’ To a certain extent we admit the claim; but to a certain extent only. For the object and intention of the volume as a whole they are all clearly responsible. So far, indeed, in spite of the disclaimer we have quoted, they seem themselves to allow; for they add the expression of their hope that it ‘will be received as an attempt to illustrate the advantage derivable to the cause of religious and moral truth from a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language and from traditional methods of treatment.’ Here, so far as the purpose or attempt goes, they admit a unity from which joint responsibility cannot be severed. We would not press this common liability too far, but it must extend to the common action of the firm. Any one who undertook to unite in the ‘free handling’ of such subjects in a common volume, made himself responsible for the common effect of all the essays as a whole. If he entered on such a co-partnership without first ascertaining how far the ‘freedom’ of the hands he united with his own would reach, he would have evinced a levity and unconcern from which we honestly believe that many of these writers are altogether free. But even if this were so, still the common responsibility could not be disputed. A criminal

levity in entering upon partnership does not destroy the joint liability of an ill-assorted firm.

It is, moreover, in this case, of less importance to fix the exact limits of joint responsibility, because any one writer could seek to exonerate himself from the charges to which through it he might be exposed, only by showing that his own contributions differed essentially from the rest in aim and purpose, and so, in point of fact, ought not to be there. Now, no such defence has been attempted; none such could, we think, succeed. The same purpose is before every writer; the same general tone of writing pervades the whole book; the free handling of most sacred subjects, the free insinuation of doubts, the freedom of assertion, the free endeavour to defend some shadowy ghost of Christianity by yielding up all that has hitherto been thought its substance, is everywhere present. True the several Essays have their several objects, as the several limbs of a body have their several actions and uses, but all minister to the common life and purposes of the whole. The several writers have their several tones of feeling and of speaking. The pleasing but feeble religious tones of Dr. Temple and the earnest and often loving and plaintive utterances of Mr. Jowett are somewhat rudely contrasted with the scarcely-veiled Atheism of Mr. Baden Powell, with the open scepticism and laxity of Mr. Wilson, and the daring flippancy of Dr. Williams; but all combine in the great common lines of thought which pervade the whole volume and make it what it is, whether that whole be taken merely as the abandonment of the Church's ancient position of certainty and truth, or the attempt to occupy a new one free from certain difficulties to which, in these writers' estimate, that old one was exposed.

Upon this point we are convinced that the verdict of the English public will be unanimous and clear. With great and admitted individual differences, marking most clearly different

intellectual and still more different spiritual developments, the book must be taken as a whole, and, if condemned, it must condemn every writer in it who does not, by some after act, visibly separate himself from the fellowship of opinions to which he is here committed. As to one of these writers, at least, we give this deliberate judgment with the deepest pain. The English Church needs in her posts of trust such men as his past career has made us believe Dr. Temple to be. We lament with the deepest sorrow the presence of his name amongst these essayists. There is undoubtedly language in *his* Essay which, standing as it does amongst the others, must be construed in connection with them, and which, when so construed, contains the germ of their developed errors. Yet the Essay itself, as a whole, is different in tone from those around it, and contains nowhere any direct statement of such sophistries or scepticisms as abound throughout the rest. We cannot but hope that Dr. Temple has himself been shocked to find what the edifice is to which he has been led unconsciously to furnish the portal. If this be so, as we trust it is, the least atonement he can make to the Church, upon the members of which he has brought suspicion, is that he should, with the manly openness which we believe marks his character, disclaim his agreement with the views with which he is here connected. But this is far from all. Important as it is, for obvious reasons affecting themselves and their position in the Church, to fix the real responsibility of the different authors of this volume, if, as we maintain, all are really responsible for the doctrines maintained by each, there is yet another, and, if possible, a more important motive for noticing the essential sameness of view which, under their apparent differences, pervades these Essays. For this throws great light upon their real meaning and on the legitimate conclusion of their mode of argument. In dealing with such writers this assistance is invaluable; for one chief diffi-

culty of our task is to know where they themselves really mean to stop in their speculations. The authors deal largely—we might almost say wantonly—in suggestions of doubt and insinuations of unbelief; there is too often mingled with the beauty and attractiveness of the better parts of their writings, an uncertainty and ambiguity in their expressions, a haziness and indefiniteness, if not about their own conceptions, yet certainly about their expression of them; and in one, at least, there is a perfect mastery of the questionable art of making his meaning obscure. Hence the reader of their speculations continually finds himself in a thick fog of words. Through this the commonest objects of his daily life look out upon him with a grotesque and startling novelty of form which he only gradually discovers to arise solely from the indistinctness with which they are but partially revealed; and if for a moment the mist melts, the chimeras which seemed to have gathered round him turn again into the most harmless and familiar groups of domestic animals. To attempt to grapple with the meaning of these passages is like grasping at a nebulosity or seizing upon a sepia. Either there is nothing in the closed hand, or the evading substance suddenly conceals itself in its congeneric inky obscurity. Now, in dealing with a system of belief which is often thus darkly intimated, it is a great advantage to lay hold of those who have carried out the farthest their own views; for from them may best be learned the drift and ultimate conclusion of the common propositions. For this reason we shall cite freely, as interpreting the whole system, the words of those of the band who seem to us the most to have mastered the teaching of their school, and shall try to extract from their propositions what is its real scope and value.

The first of these is Dr. Rowland Williams, Vice-Principal and Hebrew Professor of St. David's College, Lampeter. Dr. Williams contributes his Essay in the form of a Review of

the Biblical Researches of the late Baron Bunsen. There are peculiar advantages in the form thus adopted; for when any proposition is to be advanced which would be too startling from his own mouth, it can thus be stated either as what the Baron has advanced, or as what the Baron would allow to be the natural consequence of his view; or if something freer even than the German rationalizer's teaching must be hazarded, the deficiency can be marked as one which the essayist would fain have seen supplied, not for the satisfaction of his own view, but for the full glory of his friend; in whom, as it is, he has now to lament the presence of 'some specialties of Lutheranism,' some want 'of perfect consistency;' or whom he has to rebuke by the gentle reproach that on too many points 'his scepticism does not outrun the suspicions often betrayed in our popular mind,' or by the friendly hint 'that it provokes a smile to observe the zeal with which our critic vindicates the personality of Jonah.' By such literary arts as these the essayist, sheltering himself behind the burly lay figure whose limbs he moves at will, can put forward his utmost fancies through another's mouth. We will illustrate what we mean in a single instance. Baron Bunsen maintains, with Holy Scripture, the common origin of man from an ancestral pair. Dr. Williams, we gather, agrees with Mr. Wilson, the writer of the fourth Essay, that 'the descent of all mankind from Adam and Eve is rather a form of narrative into which, in early ages, tradition would easily throw itself spontaneously, than an undoubted historical fact.' Such a weakness as Baron Bunsen shows for so antique an idea as the common parentage of the human race, if exhibited by an orthodox divine, would probably have roused up that scornful invective which is never very far absent from the pen of the Vice-Principal of Lampeter; but in the congenial Baron it is thus characteristically dismissed: 'He could not have vindicated the unity of mankind if he had

not asked for a vast extension of time, whether his petition of 20,000 years be granted or not,' whilst the reader is reminded a little further on, that 'we are bid to notice in the half-ideal, half-traditional notices of the beginnings of our race, compiled in *Genesis*, the recurrence of barely consistent genealogies.'

Without great care the reader of suggestive remarks of this kind might easily be led into the mistake of attributing to Dr. Williams as his own view what he is merely describing as the tenets of another. But we do not believe that we have been betrayed into such an error, or that we in any degree misrepresent him when we describe Dr. Williams's theory to be much of the following kind:—He deems the established view of 'Revelation' to be 'a repressive idea,' which is put over against conscience as an adversary, which represents 'Almighty God as having trained mankind by a faith to whose miraculous tests their pride must bow,' and which 'involves so signal a departure from the channels which His Providence ordained, that comparative distrust of them ever afterwards becomes a duty.' This established idea then of Revelation is, of course, not to be maintained; nor indeed, it is intimated, could it be, even if we would consent to 'bow' our souls to its 'repression.' For 'these questions of miraculous interference do not turn merely upon our conception of physical law as unbroken, or of the Divine Will as all-pervading, but they include also inquiries into evidence,' the verdict of which it is plainly intimated would be against us. Miracles, that is to say, are first impossible under the law of physical order, and because they are 'incompatible with the all-pervading presence of the Divine Will,' and, further, the alleged proof of their occurrence breaks down.

But the received Scriptures plainly assert their presence, both in direct exceptional acts and in a whole system of

prophecy, of which the distinctive feature is an ever-present miraculous element. How, then, is the evidence of Holy Scripture to be set aside? For this we have several canons provided:—(1.) 'Criticism' will help us to 'reduce the strangeness of the past into harmony with the present.' And this is to be largely applied; for 'we cannot encourage a remorseless criticism of Gentile writing and escape its contagion when we approach Jewish annals'; or, as Dr. Jowett, with a tenderer spirit towards those who hold the ancient faith, words it:—'Criticism has far more power than it formerly had. Whether the habit of mind which has been formed in classical studies will not go on to Scripture; whether Scripture can be made an exception to other ancient writings now that the nature of both is better understood; whether, in the fuller light of history and science, the ideas of the last century will hold out—these are questions,' &c. The result of this remorseless application of criticism (as to the conduct of the experiment we must say something hereafter) is summed up by the Vice-Principal in a few pregnant words. 'On the side of external criticism,' we are told, 'we find the evidences of our canonical books and of the patristic authors nearest them are sufficient to prove illustration in outward act of principles perpetually true, but *not adequate to guarantee narratives inherently incredible, or precepts evidently wrong*;' and with such 'incredible narratives' and such 'evidently wrong precepts' we find afterwards that the Bible abounds. Criticism, therefore, is to act here as a universal solvent. A vast deal of Scripture, and especially its prophecies so far as they are predictive, so tried breaks down altogether; and 'the few cases' which remain 'tend to melt, if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry.' Being left, then, thus at large by the action of the first canon, we are prepared for the introduction of the second. This, too, is a general favourite with our Essayists. It is thus stated

by Dr. Williams :—‘Hence we are obliged to assume in ourselves a verifying faculty, not unlike the discretion which a mathematician would use in weighing a treatise on geometry, or the liberty which a musician would reserve in reporting a law of harmony.’ Here we have arrived at the great principle of this school. The idea of this ‘verifying faculty’—this power of each man of settling what is and what is not true in the Inspired Record—is THE idea of the whole volume, the connecting-link between all its writers.

Thus Dr. Temple, with the mystical and varying fancy which characterises his often beautiful but somewhat feeble contribution to this volume, tells us that the form of the Bible releases us from considering it as an ‘outer law’ either of doctrine or of practice to which we owe ‘subjection.’ The ‘doctrinal parts are cast in an historical form, and are best studied by considering them as records of the time at which they were written, and as conveying to us the highest and greatest religious life of that time.’ Does Dr. Temple really hold what these words, if they have any meaning, must necessarily imply, that no doctrinal statement of Scripture commands our ‘subjection’ to its verity, or need, because we find it there, be true?—or that its appearance in Scripture may only be the ‘historical record’ of what was, but has passed away? How then on this view is it possible to know whether any doctrine, the very highest as it has long been thought, such for example as the divinity of our blessed Lord or the personality of the Holy Ghost, is true, or whether, on the other hand, it is only the record of a past religious life? Merely, is the reply, by our own internal consciousness, by the ‘verifying faculty’: for we are ‘to use the Bible not to override but to evoke the voice of conscience.’ To avoid its being to us in anything ‘a yoke of subjection’ we are ‘by virtue of the principle of private judgment to put conscience between us and the Bible, making conscience the supreme

interpreter, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it never can be a duty to disobey.' Thus 'conscience,' aided by 'private judgment,' that is to say, every man's own private conviction of what befits God and what befits himself, is for every man to override the Bible, and the 'verifying faculty' of the theologian is to have in weighing God's Revelation the discretion of a mathematician who is weighing a treatise on geometry. This is our possession, it seems, because, as he tells us again, 'At this time, in the maturity of man's powers, the great lever which moves the world is knowledge, the great force is the intellect.' Strange that one used to the government even of boys should be, as it seems to us, so utterly misled by words and speculations! The conscience deciding for every man upon the truth of doctrine and the historical value of facts! and that, because 'intellect is the force which moves the world,' therefore conscience, which certainly has no direct connexion whatever with mere intellect, being 'evoked by Scripture,' is to sit in final and irreversible judgment upon the truth of that by which it has been evoked. Many good men are infinitely above their own theories; we trust earnestly, and we believe, that the Head Master of Rugby is above the theories of the essayist Dr. Temple, or we should tremble, not only for the faith, but for the morals of his pupils, who, if he were consistent with his own principles, would be taught to substitute at will for the letter of the Divine command so shifting and uncertain an arbiter. Strange again it is that such a man should not perceive to what conclusions such a theory as this must inevitably lead. For such a power of dealing with the Bible as he here proposes, and which is the same power as is named by Dr. Rowland Williams 'the verifying faculty,' must belong to the most highly developed intellect of the age. What is to become of people who are below this mark? gifted with less than the highest natural power, or the highest cultiva-

tion? Is not the tendency of the theory to subject mankind to a sort of intellectual hierarchy? But all this by the way: our object here was only to show that, so far as we may gather his views from this Essay, Dr. Temple thoroughly symbolises with Dr. Williams in what we maintain is the keystone of this whole theory; for by this reasoning, instead of subjecting man, as to his faith and duty, to an external revelation, he subjects the revelation itself to man's internal consciousness.

So, as is clearly implied throughout his Essay, did Professor Baden Powell; especially when he speaks of 'the palpable contradictions disclosed by astronomical discovery with the letter of Scripture;' so, in language which it is painful to quote, does the Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson, when he says the meaning of the Sixth Article of the English Church may be 'expressed thus:—The Word of God is contained in Scripture, whence it does not follow that it is co-extensive with it.' . . . 'Those who are able to do so ought to lead the less educated to distinguish between the different kinds of words which it contains, between the dark patches of human passion and error which form a partial crust upon it, and the bright centre of spiritual truth within.' To such a faculty Mr. Goodwin, in fact, appeals, when, as to the special subject of his own Essay, he recommends, for the credit of other parts of God's Word 'the frank recognition of the erroneous views of nature which it contains.' Not other appears to be the view of Mr. Pattison, who, in his Historical Essay, speaks of the belief, that 'Reason, aided by spiritual illumination, performs the subordinate function of recognizing the supreme authority of the Church and of the Bible respectively' as a 'hardy but irrational assertion,' from acknowledging the authority of the first of which the Reformation—of the second, 'time, learned controversy, and abatement of zeal, drove the Protestants generally.' The same principle runs

all through Mr. Jowett's Essay. 'What remains,' he says in it, 'may be comprised in a few precepts, or rather in the expansion of a single one—*Interpret the Scripture like any other book.*' All is, as he says, involved in this rule: mystical meanings—the prophetical character of types—the double meaning of many prophecies—propositions hitherto received with reverent submission, because, on matters beyond our experience, they have been believed to speak the revealed Wisdom of God—all depart together. But the need and the room left for the play of 'the verifying faculty' is indeed large. The Bible, in fact, according to these writers, abounds in statements which render such a faculty absolutely necessary to its true interpretation. For it contains 'attributions to the Divine Being of actions at variance with that higher revelation which He has given of Himself in the Gospel'—it exhibits 'imperfect and opposite aspects of the truth'—'variations of fact and inaccuracies of language. For these are all found in Scripture.' Nor, according to this writer, need the interpreter have any scruple or reserve in the free and critical employment of his 'verifying faculty.' There is no reason why he should not treat 'Scripture like any other book.'\* It can plead no ground for exemption. 'There is no foundation in the Gospels or Epistles for any supernatural views of inspiration. There is no appearance in their writings that the Evangelists or Apostles had any inward gift, or were subject to any power, external to them, different from that of preaching or teaching, which they daily exercised; nor do they anywhere lead us to suppose that they were free from error or infirmity. St. Paul writes like a Christian teacher . . . . hesitating in difficult cases, and more than once correcting himself—corrected too by the course of events,' &c.

Here then is the great principle of the essayists. Holy

\* See on this subject Dr. Robert Scott's University Sermons, pp. 253, 4; 325-9; 344, 5. London, 1860.

Scripture is like any other good book. 'It is,' says Dr. Williams, 'before all things the written voice of'—do any of our readers still expect him to say God? No, but of—'the congregation.' The sacred writers acknowledge themselves men of like passions with ourselves, and we are promised illumination from 'the Spirit which dwelt in them.' The opposite and abandoned theory he somewhat quaintly but very indicatively defines as that which 'prefers thinking the sacred writers passionless machines, and calling Luther and Milton uninspired.' 'Scripture,' re-echoes Mr. Jowett, 'is to be read like any other book,' not only, as we have seen, because it embodies the same errors as other books, but also because it is not to be held to have meanings deeper at least in kind than they possess. For 'it is not,' he thinks, 'a useful lesson for the young student to apply to Scripture principles which he would hesitate to apply to other books; to make formal reconcilements of discrepancies which he would not think of reconciling in ordinary history; to divide simple words into double meanings,' &c.; and again, 'The apprehension of the original meaning of Scripture is inconsistent with the reception of a typical or conventional one. The time will come when educated men will be no more able to believe that the words "Out of Egypt have I called my Son" (Matt. ii. 15, Hosea xi. 1) were intended by the prophet to refer to the return of Joseph and Mary from Egypt than,' &c.

This then is the great principle of their Hermeneutics; and, this once admitted, the least reflection will enable any one to see how far it may extend. Yet there is something beyond even this. By what Mr. Wilson calls 'the application of ideology to the interpretation of Scripture,' the already well-nigh unlimited power of explaining away the letter of the Word of God is increased to the uttermost. Mr. Wilson's very words upon this subject are well worth noticing:—

'The application of ideology to the interpretation of Scripture, to the doctrines of Christianity, to the formularies of the Church, may undoubtedly be carried to an excess—may be pushed so far as to leave in the sacred records no historical residue whatever. On the other side, there is the excess of a dull and unpainstaking acquiescence, satisfied with accepting in an unquestioning spirit, and as if they were literally facts, all particulars of a wonderful history, because in some sense it is from God. Between these extremes lie infinite degrees of rational and irrational interpretation.

'It will be observed that the ideal method is applicable in two ways, both to giving account of the origin of parts of Scripture and also in explanation of Scripture. It is thus either critical or exegetical.

'An example of the critical ideology carried to excess is that of Strauss, which resolves into an ideal the whole of the historical and doctrinal person of Jesus. . . . . But it by no means follows, because Strauss has substituted a mere shadow for the Jesus of the Evangelists, and has frequently descended to a minute captiousness in details, that there are not traits in the scriptural person of Jesus which are better explained by referring them to an ideal than an historical origin; and without falling into fanciful exegesis there are parts of Scripture more usefully interpreted ideologically than in any other manner—as, for instance, the history of the temptation of Jesus by Satan, and accounts of demoniacal possessions. And *liberty must be left to all as to the extent in which they apply the principle.*'

Now, is it possible that anything can be more utterly indefinite, or, at the same time, more self-contradictory than this? For, if liberty must be left to all to apply the principle to any extent they please—and, if the principle is true, undoubtedly such liberty must be left—what legitimate limit is there as to its application? If the Temptation may be explained away, why not the Incarnation? if the casting out of devils, why not any other recorded fact of the life or ministry of our Lord? and, if liberty must be left to all, why is Strauss to be blamed for using that universal liberty, and 'resolving into an ideal the whole of the historical and doctrinal person of Jesus'? Why is Strauss's resolution an excess? or where and by what authority short of his extreme view would Mr. Wilson himself stop? or at what point of the process? and by what right could he consistently with his

own canon call on any other speculator to stay the ideologizing process?

Here then we have the critical and exegetical rule, as it seems, in its completeness. There is but one point further needful to enable our readers to judge of its full power, and that is to show them not what might be, even according to our essayists, its abuse, but what is actually its use in their own hands.

To begin then at the beginning. The Mosaic narrative of the Creation becomes 'the speculation of some Hebrew Descartes or Newton, promulgated in all good faith as the best and most probable account that could be then given of God's universe;' and to the objection that, 'taking this view of the case, the writer asserts solemnly and unhesitatingly that for which he must have known that he had no authority,' it is replied as a sufficient answer that the objection 'arises only from our modest habit of thought and from the modesty of assertion which the spirit of true science has taught us.'

Surely it is scarcely possible to employ words which more completely shut out the notion of every kind and degree of inspiration than this supposition of the speculation of a Hebrew Descartes, justified (!) from the charge of the moral guilt of falsehood by the allegation that he but partook of an unscientific immodesty of assertion, which was the universal tendency of his age.

Take next the history of the first beginning of our race upon this earth, and see how it is dealt with:—

'Some may consider the descent of all mankind from Adam and Eve as an undoubted historical fact; others may rather perceive in that relation a form of narrative into which in early ages tradition would easily throw itself spontaneously. Each race naturally—necessarily when races are isolated—supposes itself to be sprung from a single pair, and to be the first or the only one of races. *Among a particular people this historical representation became the concrete expression of a great moral truth*, of the brotherhood of all human beings, of their community, as in other things so

also in suffering and in frailty, in physical pains and in moral corruption ; and the force, grandeur, and reality of these ideas are not a whit impaired in the abstract, nor indeed the truth of the concrete history as their representation, even though mankind should have been placed upon the earth in many pairs at once or in distinct centres of creation.'

Now let us clearly understand how large a part of all revelation is swept away by this one ideological interpretation. First, there is of course the whole narrative of the Creation : with this must go every vestige of the Temptation, the Fall, and its consequences to the race ; for with the 'many pairs at once,' and the 'distinct centres of creation,' all of these are absolutely irreconcileable. So the coming in of sickness, disease, and death as the consequence of sin, are resolved into the legendary history of their origin, which belongs to all separate tribes, but which (how is not explained) becomes amongst the Hebrews the concrete expression of the truth that corruption and suffering are found, in fact, to cleave to man's nature. This is no slight resolution of Scripture into legend ; and yet how much more than this is implicitly sacrificed ! what place is there for the Incarnation, as that mighty central event is spoken of in Scripture, if the gathering of the race into one ancestral head is blotted out ?—what becomes of the whole argument and revelation which is summed up in the blessed words, 'For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive ' ? All surely pass away together amidst the mists of this rationalizing ideology.

This is no single instance of the way in which, over and above the direct destruction of the value of the Sacred record, the greatest truths are incidentally sacrificed in this volume. Thus, for instance, in Dr. Temple's laboured similitude between the youth and maturity of the individual and the race, in like manner, the first creation of man in God's image, the loss of that image by the fall, the Incarnation, and the restoration of that image through it to the race of men, are

all implicitly but inevitably excluded from the history of our race. For by the first necessities of this figure, as it is propounded in this Essay, man, the reclaimed savage, is raised mainly by intellectual processes inherited from age to age by successive generations, until, from the feebleness in which he was created, 'the colossal man' at last passes to his slowly developed maturity of greatness. There is no room here for the Incarnation and Redemption. Such a break in the identity of the colossal man is fatal to the whole figure, which sets before us one gradual process from original weakness to developed might—the very opposite conception from that of Christianity, in which we have man created as the son of God—beginning with glorious communings with his Maker, then falling to a low estate, and then lifted up again by the marvel of Redemption, through the Incarnation of the Lord and the atoning sacrifice which as man He offered for man, and the communication of himself through the Church to the race whose nature He had taken into union with his own Divine Personality.

But we must proceed with our examination of the amount of our supposed Revelation with which the essayists are ready to part.

We have dismissed at present the well-intentioned fables of the 'Hebrew Descartes.' We have a world which has existed with the human race, proceeding probably from various centres, and slowly struggling through the infantile weakness of their immature beginning, for an almost endless series of years. At the end of this long vista, as the eye ranges doubtfully up its dreary length over the shapes of unknown men, beginning to rise out of an almost, or perhaps absolutely, irrational existence into a slowly-developed humanity, is there at last seen clear and visible the august form of a Personal Creator? If we understand Mr. Baden Powell's words aright, there is none. For he tells us (misrepresenting,

as we hold, utterly the meaning of that true philosopher, Professor Owen)—

‘It is now acknowledged, under the high sanction of the name of Owen,\* that “creation” is only another name for our ignorance of the mode of production: and it has been the unanswered and unanswerable argument of another reasoner, that new species *must* have originated *either* out of the inorganic elements *or* out of previously organised forms; *either* development *or* spontaneous generation *must* be true; while a work has now appeared . . . . which must soon bring about an entire revolution of opinion in favour of the grand principle of the *self-evolving powers of nature*.’

These words, ‘the self-evolving powers of nature,’ convey no meaning to our mind if they do not intentionally resolve the notion of a Personal Creator into the misty hieroglyphic of the Atheist. Unhappily this passage does not stand alone:—

‘The particular case of *miracles*,’ he tells us, ‘as such, is one specially bearing on purely *physical* contemplations, and on which no general moral principles, no common rules of evidence or logical technicalities can enable us to form a correct judgment. It is not a question which can be decided by a few trite and commonplace generalities as to the moral government of the world and the belief in the Divine Omnipotence, or as to the validity of human testimony or the limits of human experience. It involves and is essentially built upon those grand conceptions of the order of nature, those comprehensive elements of all physical knowledge, *those ultimata ideas of universal causation*, which can only be familiar to those thoroughly versed in cosmical philosophy in its widest sense. In an age of physical research like the present all highly cultivated minds and duly advanced intellects . . . . have . . . . learned . . . . to recognise the *impossibility . . . . of any modifications whatever in the existing conditions of material agents unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally-impressed consequences following in some necessary chain of orderly connexion*.’

And again, deriding the notion of ‘moral laws controlling physical,’ he speaks of ‘the universal self-sustaining and self-evolving powers which pervade all nature.’ Whilst, as we have said, we must maintain the joint responsibility of all the

\* British Association Address, 1850.

writers of this volume for its whole effect, and whilst it is impossible to separate from that whole effect the influence of these extreme assertions, yet we trust and believe that more than one of the Essayists would start back from such inferences from their common theory. Whether these inferences are not the legitimate and even necessary consequences of their theory we will examine presently; for the present it is our object to ascertain how far they themselves carry consciously their own principle of remodelling the common creed of Christendom.

We pass on then from the earliest records of our world and of our race to the immediately succeeding period. These are dealt with chiefly by Dr. Williams, who, sometimes following, sometimes outstripping Baron Bunsen, finds, with the Baron, our Deluge taking its place among geological phenomena, no longer a disturbance of law from which science shrinks, relegates with him the early history of man to 'half-ideal, half-traditional notices of the beginning of our race compiled in Genesis,' and 'the long lives of the first patriarchs to the domain of legend or of symbolical cycle;' and suggests, with a regret that it had escaped the German critic, 'the puzzling circumstance that the etymology of some of the earlier names seems strained to suit the present form of the narrative.'

The inspired records of the earlier period having been thus summarily evaporated into legend or symbols, we come to the time of Abraham, with which we are told that Bunsen reasonably conceives the historic period to begin. But even into what we might suppose would be an age of greater fixedness and certainty, legend and symbol accompany us still. They are ever at hand, ready to be summoned up to explain away any miraculous interposition, whether it be 'the passage of the Red Sea,' which is sublimed unto 'the latitude of poetry;' or the spoiling of the Egyptians and the conquest of Canaan, as to which we are told that 'there are signs *even in the Bible*

of a struggle conducted by human means ;' or the slaying of the first-born, as to which it is suggested that 'the avenger may have been the Bedouin host, akin nearly to Jethro and more remotely to Israel.' This last is surely a remarkable instance of the ideologic power. For it were almost a greater miracle that a 'Bedouin host' could have slain all the first-born in Egypt, or that slaying them they should have spared the rest, than to believe the simple record of Scripture that He in whose hands are the issues of life and of death should have walked in that night of terror as an avenger through the doomed land.

There is one other instance of this treatment of Holy Writ on which we must for a few moments stay our readers. If there be one fact in the Old Testament which reappears oftener than another in the Sacred Volume, on which in every sort of connexion more, so to speak, hangs than another, it is the great trial of Abraham's faith in the command given him by God Himself to stretch forth his hand and slay the beloved son of his old age, the seed so long waited for, the heir and centre of so many promises. All this, however, is set aside ; set aside too as hardly deserving a formal abrogation, but by a mere passing notice, as of some unquestionable and unquestioned verity. 'When,' we are told, 'the fierce ritual of Syria, with the awe of a Divine voice, bade Abraham slay his son, he did not reflect that he had no perfect theory of the Absolute to justify him in departing from traditional Revelation, but trusted that the FATHER, whose voice from heaven he heard, at heart was better pleased with mercy than sacrifice : and this trust was his righteousness.' For a 'response to principles of reason and right is a truer sign of faith than such deference to a supposed external authority as would quench these principles themselves.'

After this, no further example seems to us necessary to

exhibit the degree to which the principle of the verifying faculty is applied by Dr. Rowland Williams to get rid of any inconvenient facts recorded in the Scripture, or to substitute almost silently a different theory for its foundation-principles. The notion that *faith* consists in 'principles of reason and right,' and in disobedience to God's external authority, in order that we may by that disobedience more completely obey what we consider our own reason, can hardly be exceeded. But there is another class of miracle, the presence of which is so intertwined with the whole text of Scripture, that a few words are needful as to the mode in which it is treated. It is to the miraculous element in the prophecies of Holy Scripture that we here allude.

The prophet's office, according to these writers, was that of a preacher of righteousness. In this sense the prophets were to their contemporaries 'Witnesses of the Divine Government.' This of course no one denies. Their very name implies so much. But in denying them the power of miracle and of prediction, the essayists rob them of their credentials with their contemporaries, and reduce them for all ages to the level of ordinary moralists. According to these writers, the moral power of their writings is fearfully interfered with by dwelling upon their supposed 'predictive' character. No scorn can be too withering for those who believe in such a faculty as pervading these writings. The belief that their words expressed, as a supernatural sign of their Divine mission, so much of that which lay always open to the Divine foreknowledge as God saw fit to impart by them to men, is described as the 'modern' tale that 'history is expressed by the prophets in a riddle which requires only a key to it.' No writer who has advocated this escapes Dr. Williams's lash, administered, often both in the text and notes, in words which we do not think it becoming to quote. Suffice it to mention two by way of example. Of Bishop Butler, then,

we are told that he 'foresaw the possibility that every prophecy in the Old Testament might have its elucidation in contemporaneous history' (as Dr. Williams gives no reference, we cannot say to which of Bishop Butler's words he alludes, or examine the faithfulness of their application); 'but literature was not his strong point, and he turned aside, endeavouring to limit it, from an unwelcome idea.'

Our readers may form in fancy some idea of the critic's own skill in his art when he can lightly dismiss this venerable name with such a sneer. Butler turning away from an unwelcome idea! the philosopher whose whole life was a calm taking into his grand system of every possible consideration which by way of allowance checked or interfered with other parts of it, that he might certainly reach that truth which must of necessity be the combination of all,—his turning from an unwelcome idea is like suggesting that Sir Isaac Newton was on the edge of some great mathematical discovery, which he missed through the unwelcome apprehension of its interfering with his Principia. In like manner 'Davison of Oriel' is dismissed with the sneering assertion that 'with admirable skill he threw his argument into a series as it were of hypothetical syllogisms, with only the defect that his minor premiss can hardly in a single instance be proved; yet the stress which he lays on the moral element of prophecy atones for his sophistry as regards the predictive.'

The canons by which all prophecy is explained away are mainly these, and they are repeated at large through the whole volume:—1. That Scripture can have but one meaning, so that a second application of a prophetic utterance, or the idea of its being intended to convey 'a double meaning,' is simply absurd. 2. That if therefore the prophet's language can be applied to any event which occurred during the prophet's lifetime, it must be limited to this contemporary event. 3. That, unless the prophet who uttered the

prediction himself consciously intended in uttering it the remotest sense it is supposed to bear, it is trifling with language to call it prophecy, the fact being that he who so applies the prophecy 'stands behind' the prophet and palters with his words.

Having laid down these principles, criticism comes in, and reasons are given for supposing that even as to their first sense these utterances were no predictions, but moral, poetical, and historical effusions upon events past or passing at the time. Sometimes the theory is worked out into detail, as it is by Dr. Williams; sometimes it is simply assumed as incapable of doubt, and merely reasoned from as universally admitted. Thus Mr. Jowett, amongst his complaints of the misinterpretation which the Scriptures have undergone from not being treated as any other book would be, remarks quite incidentally of the prophecy of Cyrus, Isaiah xlvi. 1,—'The mention of a name later than the supposed age of the prophet is not allowed, as in other writings, to be taken in evidence of the date.' We know not that we could point to such an instance as this in the writings of any other author of any credit. Of course Mr. Jowett knows as well as we do the distinction between history and prophecy, and that the mention in any document of the name of one who was unborn at the time fixed as the date of the writing would be at once a complete disproof of its accuracy as a history of the past, and a proof of its accuracy as a prediction of the future. Of course he also remembers that the point he has to *prove* is that this passage is history and is not prediction; and his mode of proving is this: he assumes that it is a history of the past, advancing as a charge against the believers of Revelation, that they do not, as they would in any other history, reject the genuineness of the passage because it embalms a future name in a past history. This audacious, for we cannot use a weaker word, assumption of what he has to prove, per-

vades his Essay. He has, for instance, for his purpose to prove that Holy Scripture is in kind like other books, and he pretends to do so by inveighing against those who treat it differently; as if it was not transparently the same logical error, if God be speaking directly through it, to assume that it has no more meaning or prescience than another book, as it would be to presume that it had these characteristics if it were the mere work of man. Such a liberty of assuming as proved the matter he has to prove, would of itself be destructive of the philosophic character of any writer upon any subject.

We shall hereafter show what weight we think should be given both to these canons and to the criticism which points their application. For the present our purpose is to see the limits which this mode of dealing with prophecy reaches in these writers' hands. One or two sentences may well express it. 'The book of Daniel contains no predictions except by analogy and type.' 'When so vast an induction,' we are told, 'on the destructive side has been gone through, it avails little that some passages may be doubtful, one perhaps in Zechariah and one in Isaiah capable of being made directly Messianic, and a chapter possibly in Deuteronomy foreshadowing the final fall of Jerusalem. Even these few cases, the remnant of so much confident rhetoric, tend to melt, if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry.' We know how little store our writers set by any seeming authorisation of any passages in the Old Testament by their quotation or adoption in the New, through their solution that 'many narratives of marvels and catastrophes in the Old Testament are referred to in the New as emblems without either denying or attesting their literal truth, such as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire from heaven, and the Noachian Deluge.' And yet, even bearing this in mind, we cannot forbear, in order to fix the exact measure of deflection

which the essayists have reached, to put here in the sharpest contrast to these speculations the very words of Him who on the evening of the Resurrection-day joined his mysterious companionship to two of his first disciples, and upbraided their slowness to apply to what they had just witnessed this condemned double sense of the ancient Scriptures, in the appeal, 'O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken; ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in *all the Scriptures* the things concerning himself.'\* Surely a contrast can hardly be conceived more perfect than that which exists between such an opening of the Scriptures and the theory of our essayists.

Nor is this treatment confined in any degree to the Scriptures of the Old Testament. The New Testament is subjected to the same handling. This we have already seen in stating their doctrine of its non-inspiration, and we may therefore be very brief in our further description of it. The Evangelists, according to them, give us, at best, the report of ordinary bystanders, or perhaps the gathered rumours of the time, 'like many others whose writings have not been preserved to us;' and the result is in accordance with the simple profession and style in which they describe themselves; there is no appearance, that is to say, of insincerity or want of faith, but neither is there perfect accuracy or agreement, 'these disagreements being instances of the differences which arose in the traditions of the earliest ages respecting the history of our Lord.' On this hint Mr. Wilson improves with the remark, drawn from the supposed discrepancies in the aspects of the Saviour as presented to us in the three first Gospels, and in the writings of St. Paul and St. John, that 'at any rate there were current in the Primitive Church very distinct Christolo-

\* St. Luke xxiv. 25, 26, 27.

gies ;' and Dr. Williams repeats and apparently agrees with Baron Bunsen's explanation of 'the numerous traces characteristic of a traditional narrative in the three first Gospels,' by the suggestion that 'they are three divergent forms of a once oral tradition ;' whilst Mr. Jowett tells us that it is 'most probable that the tradition on which the three first Gospels were based was at first preserved orally, and slowly put together and written in the three forms which it assumed at a very early period, those forms being in some places perhaps modified by experience.' From this origin he argues, to the utter destruction of all notion of inspiration, that dissimilarities arose between them.

Again, it is suggested to us that the four Gospels need not be supposed to be 'entirely the composition of the persons whose names they bear,' or to be 'without any admixture of legendary matter or embellishment in their narratives ;' whilst it is hinted further that 'the remarkable unison of the three first Gospels, when they recite the Lord's words, notwithstanding their discrepancies in some matters of fact, compels us to think that they embody more exact traditions of what he actually said than the fourth does, as to which there is no proof that St. John gives his voucher as an eye and ear-witness of all which is related in it.' Not, indeed, so far as we can gather from his words, that, if it had this voucher, it would possess any peculiar weight with Mr. Wilson, for he esteems the Apostle a man of rather contracted habits of thought: 'The horizon which St. John's view embraced was much narrower than St. Paul's,'

‘Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbea.’

To reconcile us, however, to this presence of 'legendary matter' in what we had hitherto received as 'the Word of God,' we are taught by Mr. Wilson of how little real importance such a substitution is :—

'We do not apply the term "untrue" to parable, fable, or proverb, although their words correspond with ideas, not with material facts. As little should we do so when narratives have been the spontaneous product of true ideas, and are capable of reproducing them. . . . For relations which may repose on doubtful grounds as matters of history, and as history be incapable of being ascertained or verified, may yet be equally suggestive of true ideas with facts absolutely certain. The spiritual signification is the same of the Transfiguration, of opening blind eyes, of causing the tongue of the stammerer to speak plainly, of feeding multitudes with bread in the wilderness, of cleansing leprosy, whatever links may be deficient in the traditional record of particular events. Or let us suppose one to be uncertain whether Our Lord were born of the house and lineage of David or of the tribe of Levi, and even to be driven to conclude that the genealogies of Him have little historic value; nevertheless, in idea Jesus is both son of David and son of Aaron. . . . So again the incarnation (sic) of the Divine Immanuel remains, although the angelic appearances which heralded it in the narratives of the Evangelists may be of ideal origin, according to the conceptions of former days.'

Little can be added to this; and yet something is added when Mr. Jowett tells us that 'we cannot readily determine how much of the words of *our Lord* or of St. Paul is to be attributed to Oriental modes of speech,' for that 'expressions which would be regarded as rhetorical exaggeration in the Western world are the natural vehicles of thought to an Eastern people.'

Here we think we may stop this most distasteful part of our duty, the showing from their own words what the theory of the Essayists as to the Holy Scripture really is. We believe that it may be summed briefly up with the view that the Bible comprises within itself,—embedded in the crust of earlier legends, oral traditions, poetical licences, and endless parables,—a certain residuum, which may be considered, in a certain sense, as the record of a revelation; whilst what is legend, and what the more noble residuum, must be determined for himself by every man; for that in this adult age of humanity every one who will, may possess the needful intellectual power by his own inherent 'verifying faculty'; yet

that there are certain broad lines which may be taken for granted by all, and without, or on the sceptical side of which, only, the verifying faculty can reasonably act; that these lines necessarily exclude from the Revelation all the earlier and much of the later history of the Old Testament; all miracles, whether in the Old or New Testament, as things contrary alike to the unbroken order of causes and effects, the universality of which modern science has now established, and also really incompatible with all pure Theism; that prophecy, in the sense of prediction, whether secular or Messianic, must likewise be abandoned, and be read only for its moral instruction; finally, that this residuum of Scripture is not to be regarded as in any peculiar sense the result of God's presence, or of any special inspiration of His Spirit; that it is the record of the religious life of past ages; that it is of the most valuable quality when it may be considered as the 'voice of the congregation,' since that which is written by individuals is always liable to be injured by the infirmities which its writers are the first to admit, or, as in the case of the writings especially of St. John, to be cramped and distorted by the narrowness of his own mind and his deficiency in the true spirit of Love.

This, we believe, is a fair and a tolerable complete statement of the views they have laid down concerning Holy Scripture, and, after reviewing it carefully, we think that no man will be astonished by the admission of Mr. Wilson, that 'the ideologian may sometimes be thought sceptical'; or that, as to its authority as to matters either of belief or of practice, Mr. Jowett should tell us that it is not 'easy to say what is the meaning of proving a doctrine from Scripture.' For 'when we demand logical equivalents and similarity of circumstances; when we balance adverse statements, St. James and St. Paul, the New Testament with the Old, it will be hard to demonstrate from Scripture any complete system either of doctrine or practice.'

From this treatment of Holy Scripture it would not be difficult to prognosticate how the doctrines of the Church would be handled. If they do these things in the green tree, what will they not do in the dry? But whatever may be our readers' expectations on this subject, they will, we believe, be exceeded by the reality. The definite dogmatical teaching of the Church is the object of the essayists' peculiar animosity. 'The career of dogmatism in the Church,' Dr. Temple tells us, 'was in many ways similar to the hasty generalizations of early manhood.' 'It belongs to a later epoch to see "the law within the law" which absorbs such statements into something higher than themselves . . . . At the Reformation an entirely new lesson commenced—the lesson of toleration. Toleration is the very opposite of dogmatism. Its tendency is to modify the early dogmatism by substituting the spirit for the letter, and practical religion for precise definitions of truth.' We will not pause upon these words now, because to do so would lead us from our main purpose here, and yet we must call special attention, even in passing, to their want of philosophy and want of truth. For they imply, if they mean anything, that precision in holding the true doctrines of revelation is in some measure opposite to practical religion. Whereas the one must be built upon the other. The whole central idea of Christianity is that it is a revelation of God's truth, which is not a philosophical abstraction capable of leading men away from holy living, but is the very power of God unto salvation, which, brought home and applied by the covenanted aid of the Holy Spirit, is the efficient cause of the Church's holiness—the central power of attraction which holds in its own separate orbit every reconciled Christian will. Such, however, is not, it seems, Dr. Temple's view; and so he laments the imperfection with which, even so far, this lesson of toleration has been learned; that it is too often timid, too often rash, sometimes sacrificing valuable religious elements,

sometimes fearing its own plainest conclusions. 'The recurrence to the Bible,' and so 'to the childhood and youth of the world, has of course retarded the acquisition of that toleration which is the chief philosophical and religious lesson of modern days.' Every one of Dr. Temple's suggestions for dissolving in a general halo of goodness all distinct doctrinal truth, Mr. Jowett takes up and carries further. It is specially as to what he does hold as true in Christian doctrine that we find the oppressive presence of that mistiness of which we at first complained. His general notion seems to be that we are under a 'progressive revelation;' that 'a world of understanding comes in between Scripture and the Nicene or Athanasian Creed;' that the language of the creeds is therefore incommensurable with Scripture. 'That it had a truth suited to its age,' and that 'its technical expressions have sunk deep into the heart of the human race;' but that 'it is not,' therefore, 'the less unfitted to be the medium by the help of which Scripture is to be explained.' For that 'the greatest difficulties would be introduced into the Gospels by the attempt to identify them (quære, to represent them as agreeing?) with the Creeds. We should have to suppose that our Lord was and was not tempted, that when he prayed to his Father he prayed to himself . . . How could he have said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" These simple and touching words have to be taken out of their natural meaning and connection to be made the theme of apologetic discourses if we insist on reconciling them with the distinctions of later ages.' Still he does not discard the creeds—'They are acknowledged to be a part of Christianity.' A record, we suppose he means, of one phase of the Christian mind. 'Nor can it be said that any heterodox formula makes a nearer approach to a simple and Scriptural rule of faith.' A strangely liberal concession surely to his own Church to be made by one

of her clergy—and this is repeated as to the special heterodoxy of the Socinian. For we are told that 'the substitution of the Unitarian rule of faith would not be more favourable than the orthodox to the interpretation.' Again, in words which have the same sound, it is hinted to us 'that, when maintaining the *Athanasian doctrine of the Trinity*, we do not readily recall the verse "Of that hour," &c. (Mark xiii. 32).

It is this remarkable indifference to all doctrine which is everywhere apparent in the writings of Mr. Jowett. He looks 'backward with a kind of amazement at the minuteness of theological distinctions, and at their permanence. It is, perhaps, true that the decision of the Council of Nicæa was the greatest misfortune that ever befel the Christian world; yet a different decision would have been a greater misfortune. . . . A veil was on the human understanding in the great controversies which absorbed the Church in earlier ages; the clouds, which the combatants themselves raised, intercepted the view.' His hope for the future is, that 'these distinctions of theology are beginning to fade away.' 'The lessons of Scripture,' he thinks, 'may have a nearer way to the hearts of the poor when disengaged from theological formulas.' 'The truths of Scripture, again, would have greater reality if divested of the scholastic form in which theology has cast them. The universal and spiritual aspects of Scripture might be more brought forward to the exclusion of . . . . exaggerated statements of doctrines which seem to be at variance with morality.' Those of our readers who are acquainted with Mr. Jowett's other works will see at a glance what these immoral doctrines are; they will understand that the cardinal doctrine of the Atonement, with all which it involves, and all which flows from it, is this exaggerated statement of doctrine from which Mr. Jowett would set us free.

If we turn to his more outspoken brethren, the selfsame abandonment of all Christian doctrine meets us without the aid of that softening haze of Christian sentiment in which Mr. Jowett has involved it. Mr. Wilson tells us boldly,—‘It is a stifling of the true Christian life, both in the individual and in the Church, to require of many men a unanimity in speculative doctrine which is unattainable, and a uniformity of historical belief which can never exist.’ And up to what fundamental parts of the whole Christian revelation he would carry this licence of doctrinal speculation, the following pregnant words sufficiently inform us:—‘Forms of expression, partly derived from modern modes of thought on metaphysical subjects, partly suggested by a better acquaintance than heretofore with the unsettled state of Christian opinion in the immediate post-apostolic age, may be adopted with respect to the doctrines enumerated in the first five Articles, without directly contradicting, impugning, or refusing assent to them, but passing by the side of them, as with respect to humanizing of the Divine Word, and to the Divine personalities.’

So much as to the great objective truths of the Christian revelation. Can any humble believer in them feel any astonishment that this apparent absence of all fixed and definite views as to God’s revelation of Himself should be accompanied by an equal indefiniteness as to the eternal future of mankind? Yet what words can be sadder from the lips of one who must so often have met the mourner at his churchyard-gate with those words of calm unfathomable power and beauty, ‘I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,’ than those with which Mr. Wilson’s essay terminates? where, after having dwelt in thought on the doubtful struggle between good and evil, he closes all his speculation with the words,—‘We must . . . . entertain a hope that there shall be found after the great adjudication receptacles

suitable for those who shall be infants, not as to years of terrestrial life, but as to spiritual development—nurseries, as it were, and seed-grounds, where the undeveloped may grow up under new conditions, the stunted may become strong, and the perverted be restored. And when the Christian Church in all its branches shall have fulfilled its sublunary office, and its Founder shall have surrendered His kingdom to the Great Father—all, both small and great, shall find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent, *to repose* or be quickened into higher life in the ages to come according to His will.' Can the knell of all Christian truth sound more distinctly or more mournfully than this? 'The peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord,'—the way opened into the Holiest through the blood of Jesus—the 'entering with boldness'—the sure hope of the 'resurrection of the body' and of 'life everlasting'—changed into the dreamy possibility of 'a *repose* in the bosom of the Universal Parent'—the poor Buddhist dream of re-absorption into the Infinite, of the drop of life peacefully swallowed up into unconsciousness in the slumbering ocean of being. Here, alas! as in Mr. Jowett's Essay, there is an absolute lack of all perception of what sin is, and so of what atonement is—a dreamy vagueness of pantheistic pietism, which is but the shallow water leading on to a profounder and darker atheism. Nor, if we turn to Dr. Rowland Williams, shall we find any improvement of tone as to the greatest realities of Christian doctrine. As in the pages of Dr. Temple, Mr. Jowett, and Mr. Wilson, that fixing of the expression of Christian doctrine in creeds and symbols which the rise of various heresies forced upon the Church is represented as the up-growth of the doctrine itself, and as its deflection at the same time from the purer standard of the Gospels. But in Dr. Williams's pages the picture is at once freer, darker, and more intense. Free we might indeed

expect to find it in one who, as he intimates, with his great master Bunsen, 'believes St. Paul,' when stating Christian doctrine, 'because he understands him reasonably.' The reasonableness of this belief being one which sublimes into symbol and poetry the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, man's justification with God through faith in Jesus Christ, and the resurrection of the body. But the lines in which Dr. Williams draws his picture of the early Church are dark as well as free. With him, 'The Church exhibits the turbulent growth of youth: a democracy with all its passions, transforming itself into sacerdotalism, and a poetry, with its figures partly represented by doctrine, and partly perverted. Even the text of Scripture fluctuated in sympathy with the changes of the Church, especially in passages bearing on asceticism and the fuller development of the Trinity.' 'That awful doctrine became,' he says, 'in ruder hands a materialism almost idolatrous, or an arithmetical enigma.' In some sort—as Arians, and Sabellians, and even Socinians have always professed to do—Dr. Williams professes to maintain it as 'a profound metaphysical problem.' But how little this implies of the definiteness of the Christian creeds may be measured by his scoffs at the Atonement, the doctrine of which he describes as the 'shifting salvation from evil, through sharing the Saviour's spirit, into a notion of purchase from God through the price of his bodily pangs;' by his view of man's future state as indefinite as Mr. Wilson's, for he, it seems, with his master, 'recoils from the fleshly resurrection . . . . of Justin Martyr, and shares *the aspiration*—not, observe, the Christian faith, mounting up to assurance, but—*the aspiration* of the noblest philosophers elsewhere, and of the *firmer believers* amongst ourselves, to a revival of conscious and individual life in such a form of immortality as may consist with union with the Spirit of our eternal Lifegiver.'

We have drawn out thus at large the real teaching of these essayists for more than one reason. First, we felt it our duty to state fully, and as far as possible in their own words, what their views are; because, as honest men and as believers in Christianity, we must pronounce those views to be absolutely inconsistent with its creeds, and must therefore hold that the attempt of the Essayists to combine their advocacy of such doctrines with the retention of the status and emolument of Church of England clergymen is simply moral dishonesty. Next, we believe that nothing can more tend to prevent the spread of these views than the clear and distinct apprehension of what they really are. Like all other taints and corruptions, such evils as these spread the most readily and widely in the congenial atmosphere of mist and fog. They lay hold of the young and the ardent and the generous by their show of liberality, of reasonableness, of candour, of calmness, and by the specious glow of pietism with which they are invested. But let those who are tempted to adopt them see from the first to what they of necessity lead, and many will start back at once from paths, however flowery they may seem at the outset, the end of which is so evidently death. If we can but force up the prophet's veil, and show the foul deformity which it covers, half our task will have been accomplished. It is impossible honestly to combine the maintenance of such a system and the ministry of the English Church. This grave question is dealt with by Mr. Wilson, and how, we think our readers ought to know. He is not altogether easy in his position. He wishes that 'the freedom of opinion which belongs to the English citizen should be conceded to the English Churchman, and the freedom which is already practically enjoyed by the members of the congregation cannot,' he thinks, 'without injustice, be denied to its ministers. . . . It is a strange ignoring of the constitution of human minds to expect all ministers . . . .

to be of one opinion in theoreticals, or the same person to be subject to no variations of opinion at different periods of life.' Mr. Wilson, as we shall see, has special personal reasons for urging this peculiar plea. He proceeds, accordingly, 'to consider how far a liberty of opinion is conceded by our existing laws, civil and ecclesiastical.'

The result of his consideration is as follows:—That, as no one can be questioned as to his opinions, the teacher may think what he pleases, provided only he teaches as is prescribed; 'as far,' are his own words, '*as opinion privately entertained* is concerned, the liberty of the English clergyman appears already to be complete.' With most men educated, not in the schools of Jesuitism, but in the sound and honest moral training of an English education, the mere entering on the record such a plea as this must destroy the whole case. If the position of the religious instructor is to be maintained only by his holding one thing as true, and teaching another thing as to be received, in the name of the God of truth, either let all teaching cease, or let the fraudulent instructor abdicate willingly his office, before the moral indignation of an as yet uncorrupted people thrust him ignominiously from his abused seat. But such are not the thoughts of the Vicar of Staughton. 'Still,' he says, 'though there may be no power of inquisition into the private opinions . . . of ministers . . . in the Church of England, there may be'—what do our readers suppose? some conscientious difficulty in professing one thing and holding another?—no such thing—but 'some interference with the expression of them.' Into the amount of interference then he proceeds to inquire, and in his judgment it appears to reach to this:—First, there is the interference of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, as to which he rightly says 'that the strictly legal obligation is the measure of the moral one.' It is really refreshing, in the midst of the Jesuitry of this dis-

cussion, to meet with ever so small an admission that there is any necessity for at all considering the 'moral obligation.' It is, however, little more than a spasm of the conscience. For at once the discussion subsides from the moral standard into an investigation whether the words of the formularies can possibly be evaded; and this inquiry is entered on with the significant intimation 'that subscription may be thought even to be inoperative upon the conscience by reason of its vagueness.' Just as, a little further on, we are told that 'the meshes of the law are too open for modern refinement.' And then follows a really humiliating series of verbal equivocations. First the fifth and thirty-sixth Canons of 1603 are employed with a view to extracting from them the amount of the legal obligation. The first of these, sentences to excommunication any 'who affirm that any of the Thirty-nine Articles, &c., are in any part superstitious or erroneous, or such as he may not with a good conscience subscribe unto.' Here room is found for a twofold quibble. First, there is the suggestion that something might be made out of 'the consequences of excommunication.' Secondly, that an article may be 'inexpedient, unintelligible, or controversial,' without being 'erroneous,' and that, 'without being superstitious, some of its *expressions* may appear so.' Though how an article, that is a set of expressions, can be superstitious without its '*expressions*' appearing so, or how its *expressions* can be superstitious without the article being so, our casuist does not stop to inquire. But with this help he comes to the conclusion that without breaking the canon he may pronounce an article inexpedient, unintelligible, and 'superstitious in its *expressions*,' without 'impugning it.' The words that it is 'such as he may with a good conscience subscribe unto,' he prudently drops as not being worthy of consideration. The 5th canon thus disposed of, he takes up the 36th. In this he has to deal with the words, 'he *alloweth* the books of

articles, &c., and that he *acknowledgeth* the same to be agreeable to the Word of God.' Here the first attempt is upon the word 'alloweth.' Old Samuel Johnson, we see, sets out its meaning somewhat rudely, as 'not to contradict,' 'not to oppose;' but we have improved since then in the use of language, and so we are told 'that we allow' many things which we do not think wise or practically useful, as the 'lees of two evils,' &c.; that 'many allow, acquiesce in, submit to, a law as it operates upon themselves, which they would have been horror-struck to have enacted.' The allowance, therefore, of the articles is, he thinks, satisfactorily explained. Yet every fair moralist will at once say that the meaning of the word when the articles were framed must be the meaning still so far as regards the articles, and that meaning was then plainer and stronger than in the time of Johnson. In earlier English it must have meant direct approbation of, that is agreement with, the propositions they contained.\*

But there is yet another clause in the declaration, 'he *acknowledgeth* the same to be agreeable to the Word of God.' Where are the 'wide meshes' here? First, 'acknowledgeth,' like 'alloweth,' is capable of a latitudinarian sense. Again, the old moralist and lexicographer does not help us. He explains the word, 'to own the knowledge of, to own anything in a particular character.' This would be here 'to own to the knowledge' that the Articles are 'in the particular character of' agreeing with the Word of God. Not so our casuist. He finds that a man may 'acknowledge what he does not maintain, nor regard as self-evident, nor originate as his own feeling, spontaneous opinion, or conviction;' mean-

\* "To allow,"—from the French "allouer," and, through it, from the Latin "allaudare"—had once a sense, very often of praise or approval, which may now be said to have departed from it altogether.—Trench, *Select Glossary*, ed. 1859, cites Cotgrave's French Dictionary; *Homilies*; *Against Contention*; Matt. xxiii. 28; *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 2; Hacket's 'Life of Williams,' part ii. p. 211.

ing only that he is not prepared to contradict: and then, further, he escapes on 'agreeable to the Word of God.' 'They must,' he says, 'if they are biblical terms, have the same sense in the Articles that they have in Scripture, and, if they are not, they must not contradict the Scripture.' And this is relaxation enough. For we have been already taught that, 'under the terms of the Sixth Article, one may accept literally or allegorically, or as parable, poetry, or *legend*,' what we will in God's word, and be 'free in judgment, . . . as to the reality of demoniacal possession, the personality of Satan, and the miraculous particulars of many events.' As then the Word of God in the Article must be at least as elastic as the same Word in the Scripture, we may with a clear conscience acknowledge anything concerning it; because if, at last, it contradicts our view too bluntly, we may, with the freedom of an 'ideologist,' remit it to the region of legend and ideas, and so be free of its obligation.

Beyond this Mr. Wilson inquires into the obligations incurred by the 'assent' to the Articles enforced by 13 Eliz. c. 12. Here the age of the enactment is his first shelter. It is 'three hundred years old; like many other old enactments, is not found to be very applicable to modern cases, although it is only about fifty years ago that it was said by Sir William Scott to be in *viridi observantiā*.' Then the word 'assent' to the Articles is got rid of, as 'allow' and 'acknowledge' have been melted down before; and for the rest the vagueness of all Scriptural declarations must answer.

Here Mr. Wilson conveniently abandons his inquiry; forgetting that over and above these he has given his 'unfeigned assent and consent to the Book of Common Prayer,' and with it to all the great amount of positive teaching which the Church of England has notoriously inherited from the Church of the Apostles. Now we believe that no proposition is more universally admitted in this land by every educated person

who professes any regard to morals than this, that every promise, subscription, or engagement entered into voluntarily by any person whatsoever, whether for any valuable consideration or not, is to be considered as binding the conscience of the promiser to the fulfilment of that which he believes the imposer of the obligation to intend. How far then, upon this universally admitted explanation of the moral obligation of a promise, does Mr. Wilson's explanation satisfy the demands of an honest and well-instructed conscience?

Let us suppose the Vicar of Great Staughton making his subscription before he takes possession of his benefice. The Ordinary says to him on the Church's behalf, 'Before committing to you the cure of the souls of these parishioners, I am required to ascertain that you will teach them the Christian faith, as this Church and realm has received the same. This teaching is defined amongst other things in these Thirty-nine Articles of religion. I ask you if you can subscribe them with a clear conscience as your rule of teaching, and if you give your unfeigned assent and consent to the Book of Common Prayer and to all things therein contained?' What is the intended vicar's meaning when he subscribes his required assent? If he spoke out, he would say much as follows:—'I consider these articles very inexpedient, with expressions in them which appear to be superstitious. I consider them an evil, irremediable, at least by me, for that I am too young or too old to seek to reform them without becoming absurd. I should be horror-struck to have enacted them; they are not my own spontaneous opinion or conviction. I only submit to them; but as to declaring them agreeable to the Word of God, I have no difficulty in doing so, because I employ my verifying faculty in accepting that, and know that whatever I disapprove of there is to be accepted allegorically as poetry, or legend, or true in idea, though false in words, for "literalism kills the soul."'

We could wish nothing more than that the ingenuous and highminded young men to whom Mr. Jowett so touchingly alludes, should give their own moral instincts fair play in helping them to form a right estimate of views which have brought such a man as Mr. Wilson into the condition of this stammering, equivocating subscriber. For that in his case this is the result of having adopted these views we have the clearest and most convincing proof, as we think every one will allow who will look back with us into the religious movements of the last few years.

On the 27th of February, 1841, was published the since celebrated No. 90 of 'The Tracts for the Times'—the tract which led, on the strong advice of the Bishop (Bagot) of Oxford, to the discontinuance of those 'Tracts.' On the 9th of March, 1841, within, that is to say, ten days from the publication of No. 90, appeared 'The Letter of the Four Tutors to the Editor of "The Tracts for the Times;"' and so successful was that letter in stirring up the feeling of the University against any attempt to tamper with subscription to the Articles, that so soon as the morning of Tuesday, March 16th—the very day week from the publication of the 'Letter of the Four Tutors'—were circulated the resolutions of the Hebdomadal Board, which, amongst other matters, declared—

'Resolved, that modes of interpretation such as are suggested in the said Tract, *evading* rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object, and are inconsistent with the due observance, of the . . . Statutes.\*

The letter states that—

'The tract has,' in the apprehension of the four tutors, 'a highly dangerous tendency . . . that it appears to have a tendency to mitigate

\* 'Certain Documents connected with Tracts for the Times,' No. 90, Oxford, Baxter, 1841.

beyond what charity requires, and to the prejudice of the pure truth of the Gospel, the very serious differences which separate the Church of Rome from our own. . . . We readily admit the necessity of allowing that liberty in interpreting the formularies of our Church which has been advocated by many of its most learned bishops and other eminent divines; but this tract puts forward *new and startling views as to the extent to which that liberty may be carried*. For if we are right in our apprehension of the author's meaning, we are at a loss to see what security would remain, were his principles generally recognised, that the most plainly erroneous doctrines . . . might not be inculcated . . . from the pulpits of our churches.\*

Now we are not about to justify No. 90. So far from it, we consider it to be a singularly characteristic specimen of that unfortunate subtlety of mind which has since led its author into so many assertions and contradictions and acts, which with the largest judgment of charity a plain man must find it hard to justify from the charge of moral dishonesty, except upon what we believe to be in this case the true plea—to use the lightest word which we can employ—that of intellectual eccentricity. But giving up No. 90 to the charge that it 'puts forth new and startling views as to the extent to which the liberty of subscription may be carried,' and admitting that under cover of these views 'the most plainly erroneous doctrines might be inculcated,' we must still ask our readers to contrast the amount of latitude conceded by these condemned views with those which are advocated in the Essays and Reviews. The latitude claimed in No. 90 amounted to this,—that the condemnation by the Church of England of certain Romish doctrines and practices was to be construed strictly as applying to the doctrines and practices common in the Church of Rome at the time when the Articles were framed, and not to every mode of holding those doctrines or observing those practices; the purpose of the writer being to reconcile subscription to the

\* 'Letter of the Four Tutors.'

Articles with what he held to be a pre-Roman holding of doctrines and observation of practices which had only grown in their developed Roman form into what our Articles emphatically condemned. The principle was explained as follows by the most eminent defender of No. 90. 'The sense of the imposers' can only mean 'the sense in which they intended to allow subscription;' plain and obvious where the words of the formulary admit but of one interpretation; in other cases, doubtful at first reading, yet capable of being fixed with any degree of certainty by comparison of different passages, by the declaration of the parties, or, as in the case now supposed, by an authoritative rule of exposition super-added to the original formula. We obey then the sense of the imposers, not only when we happen to agree with them in each particular interpretation, but also when our disagreement, known or unknown, extends not beyond the limits which they in their discretion are willing to allow, when we make no 'open questions' beyond what they permit. Now from the Reformation downwards English churchmen have had at least so much warrant as this for interpreting the Articles in the Catholic sense, *i. e.* 'that sense which is most conformable to the ancient rule *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—so as may best agree with the known judgment of the primitive and as yet undivided Church—so as to cast the least unnecessary censure on other portions of the existing Church. These we take to be the grounds and principles of the mode of exposition of late so severely censured.'\* So the liberty then claimed was justified. We believe that the first great burst of unpopularity which fell upon the party identified with the 'Tracts for the Times' arose from the imputation of dishonesty raised by the four tutors against these principles of subscription. And we have

\* 'The Case of Catholic Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles considered in a Letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge.' By the Rev. J. Keble. Pp. 20, 21.

rejoiced to think so; because we consider this fact to be a striking proof of the honesty of the English mind. Morbidly alive as it sometimes has shown itself to the mere imputation of a tendency toward Rome, the Tract writers had maintained their position against no very nicely-moderated imputations of this tendency. But so soon as they seemed to be sapping by the most distant approaches the foundations of honest subscription, well-nigh all England rose against them. And yet what, we ask, was the claim of liberty put forward by the writer of Tract 90, compared with those advanced by the authors of the 'Essays and Reviews'? We admit that the writer of No. 90 applied with a dangerous subtlety his favourite aphorism, that the Articles were patient of a Catholic interpretation; and for doing this, the Tutors declared, that, 'were his principles recognised, we are at a loss to see what security would remain.' What would these gentlemen have said if they could have read the principles of subscription now laid down for us?—if the subscribers' 'opinions privately entertained' might at will contradict all the Articles—if 'allowing' them and 'acknowledging' them to be agreeable to the word of God—if giving to them, 'ex animo, an unfeigned assent and consent,' meant only that the subscriber would have regarded 'their enactment by himself with horror,' but felt himself too old or too young to seek, without absurdity, to reform the inevitable evil?\*

Our readers will anticipate the horror with which the orthodox four—the propugnators who stepped with many apologies out of the ranks, urged by the greatness of the issue, to defend the vital cause of honest subscription—would have read such sentences as these. How would the conviction of absolute insecurity have shaken their hearts! how

\* See Bishop Sanderson de Juramenti Obligatione, Praelec. vi. § 9; with his quotations from S. August., Epist. 224-5 (Epp. 125, sect. 4; 126, sect. 13, ed. Benedict); and Waterland's Case of Arian Subscription, cap. iv., Works, vol. ii. p. 288, Oxf. 1843.

deep upon their faces would have been the indignant hue of righteous anger with which they would have repelled such an immoral paltering with subscription! How strange, how sadly instructive is the fact then, that the second name upon the orthodox scroll which withered up No. 90, and that which claims the paternity of this fourth essay, in which are provided with such a vaunting forwardness all modes of justifying dishonest subscriptions, is one and the same! The name of H. B. Wilson, B.D., Fellow and Junior Tutor of St. John's College, on the roll of orthodoxy—of H. B. Wilson, B.D., Vicar of Great Staughton, on the scroll of latitudinarian subscription! Certainly the Rev. H. B. Wilson has great inducements to endeavour to convince all men that it is 'a strange ignoring of the constitution of the human mind to expect the same person to be subject to no 'absolute and extreme 'variations of opinion at different periods of life.'

This then we would entreat all who see anything attractive in these views distinctly to contemplate—that, whether right or wrong, they are essentially and completely at variance with the doctrinal teaching of the Church of England, and cannot even under the shelter of any names be advisedly maintained by honest men who hold her ministry.

But beyond this, another inference of the deepest moment follows we think directly from a clear comprehension of these views. Those who hold them are in a position in which it is impossible to remain. The theory of Mr. Jowett and his fellows is as false to philosophy as to the Church of England. More may be true, or less, but to attempt to halt where they would stop is a simple absurdity.

They deny, for instance, the possibility of miracles, and so they ideologically suggest that, when it is asserted that our Lord miraculously fed the multitudes in the wilderness, or opened the eyes of the blind, no more is meant than that in the wilderness of this world He fed the souls of thousands

with edifying moral discourses, or unsealed the eyes of their spirit to the better contemplation of heavenly and earthly things. Now in passing just let us remark that in this, as in many other things, the latest pretensions to illumination in our own time are but a revival of notions which were broached and were condemned centuries ago; for the same principle of explaining away the miraculous narrative was applied by the Cathari of the middle ages.\* Suppose, however, for a moment that we accept this gloss; but if so, how can we stop with them, having dissolved these phantoms, and yet retaining what others, with more learning than they profess to have acquired, assure us need but the touch of Ithuriel's spear to manifest equally their own fallaciousness? By what right, we again ask, does Mr. Wilson tell us that Strauss carries ideology to excess in resolving into an ideal the whole of the historical and doctrinal person of Jesus, when he himself resolves into an ideal the temptation of Jesus by Satan and the accounts of demoniacal possession? How, we ask again, is it possible to stop when once such a principle has been admitted, or why should not the 'verifying faculty' of Voltaire or Thomas Paine be as good an authority as the same faculty when exercised by Rowland Williams?

But, again, it is not merely that once in the land of shadows all apparitions must of necessity be equipollent, but this treatment of miracles implies a charge of falsehood, of conscious fraud, not only against the writers of the Gospel, but against our blessed Lord himself. Against them, for they solemnly record as professed eye-witnesses what they must on this hypothesis have known to be untrue. Our essayists have been too clear-sighted not to discover this, and they have made some attempts to escape from the conclusion. They are such as these:—‘The possibility of imagina-

\* See Lucas Tudens, iii. 2, in Bibl. Patrum, Lugdun., t. xxv.; disput. inter Catholicum et Paterinum. c. 16, ap. Martene, Thesaur. v.

tion allying itself with affection should not be overlooked.' 'Good men may err in facts, be weak in memory, mingle imagination with memory;' or perhaps the after impression of his miracles, his transfiguration, his prophecies, and the like, may be resolved into a result of the degree in which 'the awful figure of the Son of Man could scarcely fail, as it became dimmed by the haze of mingled imagination and remembrance, to be at length invested by affection.' Miserable attempts surely are such as these to reconcile the character of the witness with the alleged falsehood of his testimony: and yet we are not sure that they are not better than Mr. Jowett's passing suggestion that the youth of the world was 'pleased by marvels and had vague terrors'; or than Mr. Baden Powell's view, that, miracles being physically impossible, and no 'testimony able to reach to the supernatural,' the fact of the Evangelists having believed the miracles they record must be traced to their ignorance of physical causes: the fact, in his own words, of their not being 'unbiased, educated, well-informed individuals.'

But this is far from all. For the more we exaggerate the ignorance of the Evangelists, the more directly do we in fact point against their Master the charge of conscious fraud. There is no escape from the conclusion; if they were deceived, he was a deceiver. For he himself again and again appeals to these works as the proof of his own mission, and so the condemnation of those who rejected him. So he says, in direct answer to the question 'Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?' 'Tell John again the things that ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up' (Matt. xi. 4, 5); or, as he says again, 'Though ye believe not me, believe the works' (John x. 38); and again, 'I have greater witness than that of John: for the works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same

works that I do bear witness of me' (John v. 36); and again, 'If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin' (John xv. 24).

There is no escape from this: if He wrought the works, the whole rationalistic scheme crumbles into dust; if He wrought not the works, claiming as he claimed to work them as the very proofs of His mission, he was, in truth, the deceiver that the chief priests declared Him to be. Dr. Williams makes a miserable effort to escape from this dilemma. 'By appealing,' he says, 'to *Good Works*' (*sic*), 'however wonderful, for his witness, Christ has taught us to have faith mainly in goodness'; as if the appeal of Christ was mainly to the inherent goodness, and not to the manifested power of the works—a fallacy so utterly transparent that it is needless in exposing it to do more than enunciate its terms.

The position of these writers, if we must except the third, who, alas! seems to have been contented to sit down with Spinoza on the frozen mountains of a metaphysical atheism, is both philosophically and religiously pitiable. They believe too much not to believe more, and they disbelieve too much not to disbelieve everything. They are themselves, indeed, in the position in which Dr. Williams tauntingly depicts those amongst us who, not being absolute bigots, have yet stopped short of his own more advanced post. 'The attitude,' he says, 'of too many English scholars before the Last Monster out of the Deep' (what, one vainly asks, can such words mean out of his mouth by whom a Sceptical Rationalism would seem to be esteemed rather as an effluence from the Heavenly Truth than a Monster from the Deep?) 'is that of the degenerate senators before Tiberius. They stand balancing terror against mutual shame. Even with those in our Universities who no longer repeat fully the required Shibboleths, the explicit view of truth is rare. He who assents

most, committing himself least to baseness, is reckoned wisest.' It would seem, however, that all, except these Essayists themselves, can estimate aright the position which they occupy. The vulgar American lecturer who is making a tour of blasphemy through the busy haunts of our manufacturing population writes home in ecstasy at the support of such unexpected allies. 'The Essays,' he writes,—'a book published by six very influential clergymen and one influential and learned layman of the Established Church—is a work of the greatest importance and significance. It sets aside the old Theology entirely, and propounds the rational views of Paine and Voltaire, with just that mixture of cloudiness which you might expect from persons who, while they see the folly of the old superstitions, yet remember that they are clergymen, and feel that they are but partially independent and free.' We beg to call the special attention of Dr. Williams to these words. Amidst all his taunts for other 'tremblers,' his own attempts to 'assent most, committing himself least to baseness,' are seen by more experienced travellers along the same road with a clearness, and are anatomically exhibited to the gazing class, if not with a skill, yet at all events with a boldness, equal to his own. 'We are on the eve,' continues our lecturer, exulting in the sight, 'of a great religious revolution. But few of the high and mighty ones speak so freely as we do, but they think freely. . . . Many of our great writers cling to the doctrines of God and of a future state, but they have no more faith in the Divine authority of the Bible, or in the supernatural origin of Christianity, than I or you. The works of Baden Powell, . . . Professor Jowett, &c., are doing a world of good. . . . The Oxford Essays are creating quite a sensation. . . . The good time seems to be really drawing nigh!'

\* \* National Reformer, Nov. 24, 1860.

Now, disbelieving utterly the American writer's estimate both of the wide spread and of the future progress of his views, we cannot deny his right to claim as his allies these unhappy clergymen, and we would most earnestly call their attention to his words. Nowhere is the 'noscitur a sociis' more true than here. And they are claimed as brethren by infidels of every shade. The only fault found with them is, that they do not follow out to the legitimate end their openly-proclaimed principles. How can they put aside this universal estimate of their position, held alike by believers and by infidels? How, with such words as these in their mouths, can they reply to the flags of truce which are sent to them by friendly messengers from the infidel camp to which they are so near?—

'No fair mind can close this volume without feeling it to be, at bottom, in direct antagonism to the whole system of popular belief. . . . In object, in spirit, and in method, no less than in general design, this book is incompatible with . . . the broad principles on which the Protestantism of Englishmen rests. The most elaborate reasoning, to prove that they are in harmony, can never be anything but futile, and ends in becoming insincere. . . . Is the crumbling edifice of orthodoxy to be supported by sweeping away the whole of its substructure, and Christian divines taught cheerfully to surrender all the most exacting criticism assails? The mass of ordinary believers may well ask to be protected from such friends as their worst and most dangerous enemies. Is it reasonable to suppose that at this time of day the Christian world will consent to reconsider the whole of its positions, to develop its cardinal doctrines into new forms, and to remodel the whole structure of belief upon an improved theory? Has it been all a mistaken rendering that men have been believing so long? Of one thing we may be quite sure, that the public will never be brought to believe that the Bible is full of "untruths—that it does not contain authentic or even contemporary records of facts, and is a medley of late compilers, and yet withal remains the Book of Life." Yet all this our Essayists call on them to admit, &c. The men and women around us are told that the whole scheme of Salvation has to be entirely rearranged and altered. Divine rewards and punishments, the Fall, original sin, the vicarious penalty, and salvation by faith, are all, in the natural sense of the terms, denounced as figments or exploded blunders. The Mosaic history dissolves into a mass of ill-digested legends, the Mosaic ritual into an Oriental system

of priestcraft, and the Mosaic origin of the earth and man sinks amidst the rubbish of rabbinical cosmogonies.'\*

Then follows a declaration of the folly of 'forcing the simple believer to unlearn his well-conned creed for another, and to take for his old one an expurgated Bible.'

It is not often that we can agree with our outspoken contemporary, least of all on matters touching the Christian faith; but undoubtedly he is here altogether in the right. It is not indeed a 'neo-Christianity,' but it is a new religion, which our Essayists would introduce; and they would act more rationally, more philosophically, and, we believe, less injuriously to religion, if they did as their brother unbelievers invite them to do, renounce the hopeless attempt at preserving Christianity without Christ, without the Holy Ghost, without a Bible, and without a Church.

If, as we are assured that it is, this is the true character of their doctrine, it ought to be to all who still believe in a revelation a convincing proof of the duty of giving no audience to the voice of such sophistry. For, if they admit the fact of a Divine revelation, they must admit, as a necessary consequence of that fact, that the right reception of it forms a part of their spiritual trial; and, if this be so, to answer to their spiritual trial, they must guard themselves against the first approaches of everything which it can be shown tends to shake their faith in that revelation, the reception of which is so great a part of their probation. The words of our blessed Master have here an universal application (John vii. 17): 'If any man will do [orig. willeth to do] his will [the will of Him that sent me—v. 16], he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' The tenderness of early belief especially must be sheltered by those who would keep it fresh and green from blasts which manifestly tend to

\* Neo-Christianity, 'Westminster Review,' No. 36.

wither up its life. If, then, it can be shown to the young believer that the system offered to him, full as it is of appeals to the pride of his reason, which tend to captivate his mind, must by logical necessity end in Atheism, he is bound, as he values his salvation, not to listen to the syren's voice. The fact that his teachers halt for the present where they do, ought to be no ground of assurance to him that, if he listens to them at all, he shall stop there also. All experience shows the reverse. Almost every successful heresiarch has been a man of blameless life, of attractive qualities, and with a firm hold of some truths from the revelation which he corrupts. In the firmness of that hold the pupil seldom fully shares. He starts from the place at which his master ends; he carries to their legitimate conclusion his master's principles, and so the spiritual child of the Rationalist develops into the Atheist.

Yet, even in saying this, we must guard ourselves from one possible mistake of our meaning. When we warn the pupil of the danger of exaggerating his master's error, it is rather to the conscious maintenance and avowal of error than to its infection that we look. For, deeply as we grieve to say it, never, so far as error itself is concerned, can the disciple here exceed his teacher. For what is left to be given up, save the consciousness of the abandonment? Mr. Baden Powell, if there be meaning in words, gives up the very being of a God. Mr. Wilson gives up all reality and certainty of doctrine as to God and man, here and hereafter. Dr. Rowland Williams resolves the Incarnation into a set of misty words. It is 'illustrated by the realization of the Divine will in our thoughts.' It is the 'embodiment of the Divine mind,' and he 'who abides in love, abides in God and God in him,' and so the 'Incarnation becomes purely spiritual. The Son of David by birth, is the Son of God by the Spirit of Holiness.' The Trinity is explained through 'the identity of thought

with being.' Dr. R. Williams fears that 'all this has a Sabellian or almost Brachmanical sound.' To us it has a sound purely Hegelian. But is it his real ignorance or his inability to think or to express himself clearly which makes him write thus? His explanation may claim certainly some alliance with the shadowy wordiness of the Brachmanical Triad. But there is but one point of resemblance in it to the Sabellian heresy, and that, one which he would scarcely claim. The Sabellian has been termed a Socinian in a fog. In a fog we admit this writer to be, and, so far, to agree with Sabellius—but so far only; for Sabellius, at all events, stated plainly a definite idea which he held and taught distinctly—namely, that the one Godhead existed not in three Eternal Persons, but was represented in three relations to mankind. But Dr. Rowland Williams represents no definite idea, but simply one of the evanescent shapes of an intangible cloud-land. The heresy to which he seems to be the nearest is the Arian; the formal expression of which he all but adopts in the words, 'The Divine wisdom *becoming* personal in the Son of Man.' With this denial of the fundamental articles of the Creed, it is almost needless to say again that, as to the Atonement, Justification, Regeneration, and the whole work of the Divine Spirit, Dr. Williams seems to believe in nothing but words. We wish that we could set off against all this anything in Mr. Jowett's Essay which showed that he holds anything definite or positive as to these great foundations of all Christian Truth. But we cannot find it in his pages. If he does believe, in the simple and unsophisticated sense of the word, the Godhead of the Co-Eternal Son, we think it almost impossible that he should have said in this Essay what he has, and should have said no more.

It may not be too late to bring these considerations before these writers themselves. Even to them the sight of the legitimate end of their course ought to be a convincing

argument against the truth of their views. For they have no intention of abandoning Christianity. With some of them, no doubt, the object before their own eyes, which they see as clearly as the haze cast by vanity, love of novelty, and the pride of intellect allows them to see anything, is the desire to place Christianity upon a better footing. Now, if it can be demonstrated that the position they are seeking to occupy with their new form of Christianity is untenable,—that to advance so far implies the necessity of advancing farther,—then, so long as they profess to occupy the post of Christian teachers, so long we would add as they do indeed love Christianity better than their speculations, they are bound to abandon these speculations, and to seek to re-occupy their old position. Whether they will do so or not is the point of their spiritual trial. Now, the consent of all men on both sides to which we lately referred ought to bear, to the convictions of every man who is capable of admitting any reasons contrary to his own prepossessions, the weight of an argument approaching to demonstration; for this is exactly one of those cases in which the accumulated weight of the bystanders' judgments ought to make a man distrust his own view of his own position. And there is this accumulated weight of judgment here. All unbelievers of all classes, and all believers of all shades, see plainly enough that the essayists are simply deceiving themselves in their impossible attempt to surrender all the objective truths of Christianity and yet to retain its subjective powers.

Nor is this all. The path on which they have entered is no new one. To say nothing of our old English deists, who were the true fathers of French atheism and German unbelief, the whole history of German rationalism lies open before them, and they are bound as honest men to read its lessons. In Germany the same attempt has been made; and what has been its issue? The attempt to rationalise

Christianity ; to remove the supernatural from that which is either a system of supernaturalism or a falsehood ; to bring down to the utterance of the voice of man's heart, and of his internal consciousness, that which challenges attention, because it claims to be a revelation from God of that which it had not entered and could not enter into the heart of man to conceive ;—all this has failed, as it ever must fail. It has issued as its direct result in a wide-spread pantheistic atheism ; it has sent souls, wearied out with perpetual speculations, torn by distracting doubts, and feeling that they must have something certain upon which to rest the burden of their being, into the deep delusions of the Roman system ; and the few who have escaped even as by fire have come back as worn and weeping penitents to the simple belief of primitive truth, the bright blessedness of which they had been seduced to forsake for the darkness and intricacy of these now abandoned speculations.

And this is no accidental consequence of such a course. There can be no religious system which is not founded upon definite teaching as to God, and as to His relation to us. The very name of a theology testifies to man's universal sense of this truth, even where it is held unconsciously and instinctively, and not reasoned out into a proposition. Even a false faith, if it is to be effectual at all, must rest upon a theology. To attempt to retain the Bible, as in this system is attempted, as a rule of life ; as giving moral precepts ; as expressing high and ennobling sentiments ; and yet to deprive its voice of the authority of inspiration, and to silence it as to the great doctrines of Christianity,—is to endeavour to maintain unshaken a vast and curiously constructed edifice, when you have deliberately removed all the foundations upon which it is built. The articles of the Christian creed are in truth as much the basis of Christian morals as of Christian faith. The creation of man in the

image of God; the supernatural gift of His indwelling presence; the marring of that image, and the losing of that precious gift through man's rebellion; the eternal counsels which planned, and in the fulness of time wrought out, his redemption; the Incarnation; the Cross; the Atonement; the Personal presence with the Church, of God the Holy Ghost, and His utterances through prophet and evangelist, in promise and prediction, of the redemption of the race and its restoration; with the new and blessed light which all these cast on man, on his life, on his death, and on his resurrection; in these are all the strength of the creed for moral instruction, all the sublimity of its spiritual teaching. Remove the theology, and you take away the morality. You may feed man's intellectual pride, and gratify the morbid appetite of his fancy with the husks of an empty rationalism, but you will leave him the slave of appetite and the bond-slave of passion: you promise him liberty, and you make him anew and hopelessly subject to vanity.

To suppose that it can be otherwise is not only to contradict the experience afforded to us by every religious system which ever has exercised any real control over man, but it is also by its very suggestion to rob man of his highest faculties. For not hereafter only, when the ransomed shall be perfected, in the full vision of God's countenance, and amidst the un-created light, is the soul of man capable of communion with his Maker; but here upon earth, in spite of all his remaining infirmities, this may be his portion, and for this his spirit longs. The want of this is the secret of that fevered restlessness which makes, where it exists, the most fully furnished outer life so empty, and the highest intellectualism so poor. It is man's truest greatness that he can acquaint himself with God and be at peace. But for this communing with God to be real, there must be a definite revelation of Him after whom the soul seeks. The mists which hang around

'the Infinite' and 'the Absolute' must roll away, and manifest to the believer the revealed countenance of God in Christ; the weary wrestling of the long night of empty speculation must be over, and the angel of the everlasting covenant must reveal his name to the child of dust, whom He Himself hath upheld to struggle with Him until the day break. To tell the sorely tempted soul, to whispor into the already deafening ear, when the pains of dissolution are upon every nerve, shaking the strong man in his citadel of life, that he may perchance 'find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent in the ages to come,' is only to mock the thirsty lips with the illusive water of the driest desert mirage. No, there is indeed no rest for man's spirit in anything but distinct and definite revelation as to himself and as to his God.

Here, then, is one answer to the first great class of arguments by which our 'new Christians' seek to establish their system. Their promise to reconcile Christianity with the requirements of a remorseless rationalism involves in its primary conditions an essential falsehood.

Yet this is one of their very chiefest arguments in favour of their system. It is probably the one which is the most attractive, and therefore the most dangerous, because it is that which appeals to the highest qualities of those whom they are seeking to induce to accept them as teachers.

This essential falsehood is not the only fallacy with which this argument is chargeable. There is a perpetual and most delusive exaggeration of the amount of the difficulties which they profess to remove. It is not true that the highest intellects revolt hopelessly against the old simple Christianity, and that it must either forfeit their adherence or submit to the reconstruction of the rationalist. The greatest, the most comprehensive, and the acutest intellects have received, and daily do receive, even as little children, without abatement and without doubt, the whole Christian revelation. The

difficulty is created for the solution. The patient is instructed by the tender sympathy of the would-be physician in the unsuspected existence within him of a lamentable sickness, in order that he may the more readily accept the treatment offered to him. More or less this fallacy runs through every Essay. The supposed opposition between the revelations of instructed science and the written Word of God is full of this fraud. It may be quite true that Christian philosophers have been too eager to invent theories to reconcile what Nature was understood to utter with what Revelation was supposed to declare; and that, as Nature's voice was better understood, the different theories of reconciliation were one after another found to fail. But how could this affect the actual fact? We see in the history of every science that some theory has prevailed for a time which was supposed to give the true law of the phenomena for which it was necessary to account. Problems have been solved by it, and mysteries explained. But the further discoveries of science have proved the incompleteness of the theory, and it has passed wholly away. But did the failure of the theory affect the phenomena of nature? Not a whit more are the certain harmonies which exist between God's voice in nature and God's voice in revelation disturbed by the discovery that the particular theory which professed to exhibit their agreement has proved, on further inquiry, inadequate to the solution of the mighty problem which it promised to reduce. How wide a chasm is there between such a failure in a proposed solution and the representation of our Essayists that science therefore convicts the author of the Book of Genesis of fraudulently putting forth his own speculations as the result of a revelation from on high!

For how many other and easier solutions of the supposed opposition between Science and Revelation might have been found if the object of the writer had been to remove and not

to enhance difficulties! Here is, for instance, a sufficient answer to this whole family of objections,—that, the results of physical science not being the purpose of the revelation, its written record must, to be intelligible, speak the ordinary language of the time; and that all, therefore, which can be reasonably looked for where Revelation touches the domain of Science, is that it should not profess to instruct us concerning science, and then instruct us falsely. Tried by this rule, where is the difficulty to which our essayists so continually recur, that there is any contradiction between the Bible and the science of astronomy? Let us suppose that such an event were to happen at the present day; and might we not ask in what other words than those of the ancient book would the Joshua of the nineteenth century cry to heaven, or the contemporary historian record the answer given to his prayer? Are astronomers believed to renounce their scientific creed, or to propagate an imposture, every time that they speak of the phenomena of sunrise and sunset? Undoubtedly Joshua, believing with his age in the reality of the sun's apparent motion, in the fulness of his faith in the God of Israel, called on it to stop in its course, and that call of his, in his own language, the inspired historian records as a fact, and also the marvel in the heavens above him which answered to his cry. But is not the truth of God's thus signally listening to the prayer of Faith the plain object here of the Revelation? and is the fulness and reality of that truth one whit shaken because the standing still of the light-giving luminary upon Gibeon was accomplished by the God to whom His servant cried, by any of the thousand other modes by which His mighty power could have accomplished it, rather than by the actual suspension of the unbroken career of the motion of the heavenly bodies in their appointed courses? And it is but to apply to other cases this same principle, and their difficulties vanish.

All Mr. Goodwin's cavils against the Mosaic cosmogony disappear under the same treatment. For the object of the Revelation recorded in the first chapter of Genesis was to declare, against such speculations as those of Mr. Baden Powell, that the world had a beginning, and that its beginning was from the act of Creation by God. This idea pervades the whole account; it dictates the record of the fashioning of the vault of heaven, strangely asserted by Mr. Goodwin to be pictured in Genesis as a solid permanent vault; it traces up the light of Heaven and the stars which spangle the skies to the same creative hand; it sketches majestically out the progression and order of the material creation; and in spite of Mr. Goodwin's minute special pleading, we assert, first, that in all this there is a marvellous agreement with the record with which the science of geology is daily furnishing us; and, secondly, that it does in truth involve a far higher difficulty to suppose that the writer of the book of Genesis, without Divine enlightenment, rose so far above his age as to invent the cosmogony which he is hinted to have fraudulently palmed upon mankind as a revelation, than to suppose that higher discoveries of science will manifest to all the essential truthfulness of the Mosaic account of the Creation.

For an instant we must here interrupt our argument, to ask how it is possible that our Essayists can, as mere moralists, speak as they do with reverence of Scripture, or of the writer of this book, whilst, at the same time, they assert that the writer invented, and that it embalms, so monstrous a falsehood as that of claiming for 'the speculation of a Hebrew Descartes' the character of a Revelation from God Himself. Surely such approbation makes those who express it morally accomplices in the crime which they so lightly describe.

But to return. As it is with these supposed difficulties, so

it is with all. Those supposed to be created by the alleged 'remorseless' exposures of Scripture by criticism will as little stand a careful examination; yet this is the stronghold of our writers' position. To examine such a question in detail would, in these pages, be manifestly impossible. But it will be well to take one or two of the leading charges, and, by sifting them, see what we may conclude the remainder to be worth.

Now, in entering upon the subject of criticism we must notice, first, a fallacy of the class we are now exposing which pervades, so far as we are aware, the whole critical portion of the volume. This consists in representing the supposed danger from which Christianity is to be rescued as the result of the vast increase of critical power in the present generation. The alarming question is stated thus—whether the old solutions will endure, now that such new lights are thrown upon them—whether Holy Scripture can withstand the assaults of the remorseless criticism now turned upon it—or, whether the human mind, which with Niebuhr has tasted blood in the slaughter of Livy, can be prevailed upon to abstain from falling next upon the Bible.

Now all this assumes and is intended to suggest that the new system is no development of scepticism, but is, on the contrary, a defensive movement forced upon the faithful by the way in which criticism has suddenly turned their flank. But what is the truth? First, as to our Essayists: *their* whole apparatus is drawn bodily from the German Rationalists, and we may therefore transfer our inquiry as to the real source of these difficulties from our Essayists to the Germans; only first let us remark that the language of the former seems to imply that they think they may presume upon finding those for whom they write entirely ignorant of the German literature of the last hundred years. Nothing but such a state of ignorance could justify the vaunting insolence which

contrasts Baron Bunsen and the Germans with ourselves in such terms as these: 'Knowing these things, and writing for men who know them, he has neither the advantage in argument of unique knowledge nor of unique ignorance,' or could have led our Essayists to deal with this whole subject as if they 'had the advantage in argument of unique knowledge.' Yet so they assuredly have done; for they quote unblushingly from these German sources arguments which every scholar acquainted with the history of German opinion knows to have been so completely refuted that they have been abandoned by those who first invented them. Nay, even further, in more than one instance criticisms have been gravely advanced as unanswerable, which the later and deeper researches of the critic himself have led him to retract. The same 'freedom of handling' pervades the representation they give of the whole present state of the controversy in Germany; for their language would lead us to believe that in that land Rationalism was now marching absolutely triumphant along its 'pathway beaming with light,' whereas the very opposite is the case. The utter weariness of spirit which this unresting scepticism has bred in most minds of the highest order of thought; the deep study into which it has driven the noble reactionists who have arisen there; and the unanswerable demonstrations of the shallowness of the views lately prevalent to which it has given birth, have entirely altered the whole tone of religious feeling amongst our Teutonic brethren. But of this not one word is breathed by the eloquent essayist who, rejoicing in 'his unique knowledge,' pictures to himself his great theological hero 'drowning himself in the Neckar to escape the ridicule' of his countrymen if he had dared to occupy the ordinary position of English Scholars or Divines. So as to our present special point; we should gather, as we have seen, from our Essayists that rationalism was the devout attempt of the

faithful to rescue Christianity from the fatal defeats of an unbiased criticism, not the lately prevalent phase of scepticism seeking weapons of offence out of the critic's armoury. Yet what suggestion can possibly be less true to history? We can but glance here at the real parentage of the evil brood; but even a glance may suffice. We believe that to our own Deists in the last century belongs the real shame of originating this attack upon the faith. Toland, and Chubb, and Bolingbroke were rationalists of no common order. They found in Voltaire one who joyfully transplanted to the Continent the infection of their unbelief. The little courts of Germany drew at that time their inspirations from Paris, and thus the evil was at once spread widely throughout Germany. Then came the great influence of Frederick II., which wrought powerfully in the same direction, and so the German mind, predisposed by its lack of the great internal safeguard of a duly organised church, yielded fatally to the disease. German literature having thus been tainted, its great qualities of labour, research, and ingenuity, as well as its great defect of a mystical self-consciousness, helped on the spreading of the evil; until rationalism and Rome well nigh divided the religious mind of Germany. What then we really have to deal with is not an unbiased criticism threatening Christianity, and compelling us in self-defence to occupy some new position, but the almost passive adoption by our own countrymen of weapons forged in the workshops of German criticism against the faith, and seized by these new assailants with such a blind greediness that they often come to the attack with weapons which have been already shattered upon German battlefields of theological discussion.

So is it in Dr. R. Williams's assaults upon the prophecies. Of these the first that we would notice is that drawn from that treatment of 'the later Isaiah,' which he considers 'the most brilliant portion of Bunsen's prophetical essays.' The

object of this 'treatment is to show that the 53rd chapter of Isaiah contains no prophecy of the Messiah: that according to Baron Bunsen it is no prophecy at all of any one, but an historical song of triumph over the final deliverance, after long rejection, of a contemporary prophet.' The Baron thinks Jeremiah, Dr. R. Williams suggests that Baruch is the more likely prophet if it be one single prophet who is designed; but he himself prefers from 'the general analogy of the Old Testament, the oldest interpretation, and the truest,' namely, that it is 'the collective Israel' which is here described. Now we greatly desire to avoid wearying our readers under this head of criticism, and we will promise to be very brief in dealing with it. But to this instance, as exhibiting in a striking light most of Dr. R. Williams's peculiarities, and so enabling them to judge for themselves of his treatment of other passages, we earnestly invite their attention. They have now the explanation of the passage before them. We beg them to notice concerning it, first, its introduction as a purely critical argument, next the bold tone of positiveness which marks his assertions. 'These arguments,' he says, 'are no slight illustration of the historical sense of that famous chapter *which in the original is a history.*' Words which are a simple and gratuitous assumption of the whole point in question. Next, the insulting jubilations of his paean. 'We must not,' as if this was some novel Christian gloss, 'distort the Prophets by refusing to believe that the collective Israel is here meant to prove the Divine word incarnate, and then from the incarnation reason back to the sense of prophecy.' 'The cause of Christianity itself would be the greatest gainer if we laid aside weapons the use of which brought shame.'

Lastly, we grieve to say it, the unscrupulousness of his assertions. 'If already the vast majority of the prophecies are acknowledged by our best authorities to require some

such rendering in order to Christianize them, and if this *acknowledgment has become uniformly stronger in proportion as learning was unfettered*, the force of analogy leads us to anticipate that our Isaiah too must require a similar interpretation.' Now, bearing in mind these distinctive specimens of our Essayist, we beg our readers to set side by side with them the following considerations: that Professor Hengstenberg has so completely answered every one of these points, that in the judgment of all but the most prejudiced their refutation is complete; that, as is suggested by Hengstenberg, not one sure analogous instance can be quoted in favour of the suggested personification of 'the collective Israel'; that in verse 3 the subject is spoken of by a word applied in the Hebrew language only to a person; that in verses 10 and 12 a soul is ascribed to him; that 'the grave' and 'death' are used so as to imply a subject in the singular; that the second proposition is the bare assertion of the matter to be proved; and that, so far from the objection being, as he would have us believe, suggested by a newly acquired critical power, it was one first invented by the Jews when they were pressed by Origen with the unanswerable witness borne by this chapter to our Lord as the promised Messiah: so that, instead of being the result of a colourless but more exact criticism, it was a suggestion originally conceived in the spirit of deadly hatred to Christianity, and only borrowed by the Rationalist from the Jew. For seventeen centuries only two non-Jewish commentators, one a professed and total unbeliever, are known to have applied the prophecy to any but our Lord. These two conceived that, in its primary application at least, it pointed to Jeremiah. 'It was reserved,' says Professor Hengstenberg, 'for the last quarter of the last century to be the first to reject the Messianic interpretation. *At a time when naturalism exercised its sway it could no longer be retained.* For if this passage contains a

Messianic prophecy at all, its contents offer so striking an agreement with the history of Christ that its origin cannot at all be accounted for in the natural way. Expedients were therefore sought for ; and these were so much the more easily to be found that the Jews had in this matter already opened the way. All that was necessary was to appropriate their arguments and invest them with the semblance of solidity by means of a learned apparatus.\*

We shall not load our pages with quotations to establish these several points. In Professor Hengstenberg's Christology of the Old Testament may be found as complete and exhaustive a demolition of Dr. R. Williams's whole theory as it is possible for sound learning and critical skill to effect ; and as the English reader may study this article in Messrs. Clark's translation, we shall go no further into it ourselves. Here then we have discovered a measure of the real learning, critical acumen, and trustworthiness of the assertion of our Essayist ; and so far as he is concerned we do not think that with such a measure in their hands the most timid will think that Christianity has much to fear from the remorseless criticism of Dr. Williams.

To one other of his criticisms only would we call attention. 'If,' he says of the Baron, 'he would follow our version in rendering the second Psalm, "*kiss the Son*," he knows that Hebrew idiom convinced even Jerome the true meaning was "*worship purely*.'" The passage of St. Jerome referred to is in his answer to Ruffinus, where he is defending himself against attacks on his translation and commentary. The objection was, that he had translated the words commonly rendered 'kiss the Son,' by the words 'worship purely.' His reply is, that, the 'kiss' being the kiss of adoration, and the Hebrew *Bar* capable of either rendering (*filius*, or *purus*), he,

\* Christology of the Old Testament, by E. W. Hengstenberg. Clark's edition, vol. ii., p. 321.

to avoid being understood grossly ('putide'), had used a lawful liberty of translation. 'How then,' he asks, 'does it hurt the faith of the Church, if the reader be taught in how many ways one verse of Hebrew may be explained?'\* Yet in the face of this clear declaration, and though St. Jerome translates verses 6, 7, and 8 according to the ordinary rendering, which points, as clearly as language can express it, directly to our Lord, Dr. Williams asserts that 'even Jerome, convinced by the Hebrew idiom,' thus gave up the Messianic interpretation of the Psalm. We trust that the discovery of thesee gross critical misstatements will have no tendency to induce Dr. Williams 'to drown himself in the Neckar,' or in any other river; but we certainly think that they must deprive his critical objections to the Bible of any weight whatever with all who are capable of forming a right judgment upon unquestionable evidence.

This censure, however, must not be limited to Dr. R. Williams. We should rather say that so blinded are the whole party, through their love of naturalism, to the plainest rules of fair critical inquiry, that he is but a type of the rest —*ex uno discit omnes*. What else can account for the Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford venturing to use such words as these?—'No one would interpret Scripture as many do, but for certain previous suppositions with which we come to the perusal of it. "There can be no error in the Word of God;" therefore . . . the failure of a prophecy is never admitted, in spite of Scripture and of history' (Jer. xxxvi. 30; Isaiah xxiii.; Amos vii. 10-17). He does not consider that so much as one word is necessary to establish the truth of his statement. He seems to expect that no one will refer to the passages that he has bracketed, or that all will be too ignorant to know the utter groundlessness of his assumption. If there are in the whole Scripture two past prophecies

\* Hieronymus adv. Russinum, i. 19.

which were signally and remarkably fulfilled, they are the two first which he has selected as instances to be dropped down without a remark of the failure of Scripture prophecies. And as to the third passage, surely it implies an 'incuria' which might be deemed 'crassa' to have asserted that it contained an instance of the non-fulfilment of prophecy; for it implies that Mr. Jowett has read the verses to which he refers with so little attention as not to have discovered that the prediction which failed of its fulfilment was no utterance of Amos, but was the message of Amaziah, *the priest of Bethel*, in which he falsely attributes to Amos words he had not spoken. Surely such slips as these are as discreditable to a scholar as to a divine. Example—the argument runs, more or less, through all, that we in our present enlightened condition should not now accept the Gospel as it was accepted by those to whom it was first preached. This is advanced sometimes, as by Dr. Temple, to bear out his notion of the growth of the colossal man; sometimes to invalidate miracles; sometimes the value of all external evidence: and yet, parallel with this assertion, appear everywhere two others absolutely destructive of it, namely, that all real evidence for a revelation must be moral, and that we are those who are capable of comprehending moral evidence. What shall we say of the mere literary worth of a volume full of such inaccurate criticisms, and such loose philosophy? But this is Mr. Jowett's mode of dealing with the Bible. Thus, by way of proof of the inaccuracy with which, in a passage we have already quoted, he charges the Evangelists, he lets fall quite casually the following list of errors:—'One' (Evangelist) 'supposes the original dwelling-place of our Lord's parents to have been Bethlehem;\*' another Nazareth.† They trace his genealogy in different ways. One mentions the thieves' blasphemy; another has preserved to after-ages

\* Matt. ii. 1-22.

† Luke ii. 4.

the record of the penitent thief. They appear to differ about the day and hour of the crucifixion,' &c. Now, to every one of these objections a complete answer has long been given, and may be found in the commonest critical and exegetical writers. It is impossible to suppose Mr. Jowett ignorant of these solutions; and yet how can we absolve him from ignorance, without finding him guilty of the far graver fault of gross critical unfairness—of suggesting as acknowledged discrepancies, variations in the common narrative which he knew admitted of the easiest reconciliation? This is surely a most serious charge. It affects the fairness, the depth, the scholarship, the philosophy, everything in a word which could constitute the authority of the whole volume. There is not, so far as we know, one new argument, objection, or difficulty contained in it; nor one, however confidently it is used as unanswerable, which has not been answered repeatedly and completely. Nothing has astonished us more than the shallowness and staleness of its sophistical suggestions of doubt. There is, with a somewhat obtrusive display of learning, an audacity in accumulating even paltry difficulties which have been long since explained; and laying again trains of German doubts which even the last generation saw exploded,—which speaks in the clearest tones of the shallow philosophy and indifferent scholarship of the writers. Dr. Rowland Williams's Hebrew objections are those of a mere tyro in the language; and Mr. Jowett's New Testament difficulties are continually such as might be answered by scholars read in 'no deeper learning' than the 'Family Expositor' of Dr. Doddridge, or the Commentary of Matthew Henry. Take only one of these last as an example; who is so ignorant as not to know that the reconciliation of his exaggerated difficulty about the two thieves is 'solved at once' by the simple suggestion that, as regards them, the one Evangelist records the beginning of the crucifixion, when

both 'cast the same in his teeth ;' the other the later stage, when one had been brought to a penitent belief by the patience, love, and power which he witnessed in the Crucified Redeemer ?

Here then we leave the critical argument, merely suggesting this as the probable cause why no general refutation of the Essays has yet appeared, that they are in fact but a stringing somewhat loosely together of the current and already abundantly repelled objections and fallacies of German rationalism.

There is but one other argument in favour of their system with which we need trouble our readers. It is that which continually reappears throughout the volume, the impossibility of believing in a miracle. Now this impossibility is rested upon two grounds : the first of theory ; the second, as it is alleged, of experience.

First, it is suggested that it is inconsistent with an enlightened Theism to suppose an All-Wise and Almighty Being, who could need to interfere by interruptions and suspensions with His own creation. We simply ask by way of rejoinder, Why is it so ? Supposing for an instant that the visible creation around us was framed to be the dwelling-place and realm of such a reasonable creature as we know man to be ; and that—for the very purpose of preventing his falling under the power of outward things, through the power which they would naturally gain over him from his daily seeing instances of what seems the iron law of their unbroken order—occasional or periodic suspension of that order were a part of the plan on which the universe is governed,—who shall dare to say that there is in such a marvellous arrangement any disparagement of the wisdom, power, or love of Him who laid the foundations of the earth, and it abideth ?

The second argument lays down that, through the great

advance of physical science, we are now able to say that there exists in all nature's wonders an unbroken and undeviating series of causes and effects; from which follows the inevitable conclusion that no interruption of that eternal order could ever have been possible. Now, we admit that for the absolute Atheist this argument possesses considerable weight. Such an one has his own difficulties; difficulties into which we will not now enter, but which are so insurmountable that those of revelation sink into nothing when compared with them. But, for any position short of Atheism, the argument seems to us to offer no shelter whatever. For, once grant that there was at any epoch whatever of this series of causes and effects a Creator and a Creation, and the whole argument breaks down. If Will called matter out of non-existence into existence, if Will began by its Almighty fiat the whole order of causes and effects from which we reason, then there is no force whatever in the argument which from its existence would infer its necessary immutability. For, fix the beginning of the series where you please, the existence of that on which we trace the law of order stamped is itself the greatest of all miracles. He who then interfered may interfere at any other point in the series, and, before we can pronounce that He has not and will not do so, we must be able to comprehend all His ways, and to fathom all the secret purposes of His all-wise but often most mysterious will.

We see, then, nothing contrary to right reason in admitting the possibility of the mysterious interference of the Maker with His work; nor in admitting the alleged fact of any actual miracle upon such evidence as would be sufficient to establish beyond doubt any other alleged fact.

The answer to the canons, by which, as we have said above, these writers seek to set aside the predictive power of prophecy, is nearly the same. The in-dwelling of Prophecy in the Church, on the orthodox view, is the presence, with its

daily life, of, and the impenetration of its whole being, by, a miraculous power. In it, God, who might have spoken by a voice from Heaven, used instead the Prophets' organs to address His words to men. Thus there has ever, doubtless, been about very many of the prophetic utterances that moral and spiritual comment upon the events then happening, to which our Essayists would limit their function. But beyond this moral office there was also, we maintain, in them, from God's immediate revelation, a predictive power. The proof of this rests on the applicability to what claims to be such prediction, of such criteria as these:—That the prophecies were definite, and so incapable of the accidental fulfilment which has, ere now, obtained credit for ambiguous oracles; that they were such declarations of the future as could not have been the mere results of man's natural sagacity forecasting the probable issue of events; and then that, not being thus capable of being simply human guesses or fore-castings, they should be certainly and with distinctness fulfilled.

Now, that predictions which satisfy these required criteria pervade the Old and New Testament, we hold to be capable of the easiest proof. Such prophecies as those of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans and the scattering of the Jews; such prophecies as those which foretell the suffering and triumphant Messiah, and the spread of the Church, are alone sufficient to satisfy all these requirements. What, then, in the face of this positive proof, becomes of the canons and doubts by which our Essayists would set them aside?

Why should such words have only a single meaning? Why, for example, should not a type, which is only an acted prophecy, have been appointed by God, first to bring to the mind of the Hebrew worshipper through visible sacrifices the truth that without shedding of blood was no remission, and then to reach on and show to the Christian that, from the

first, the offering of Christ's blood upon the Cross had been the, as yet only darkly-revealed, counsel of God for man's redemption? If this be true of a type or acted prophecy, why not of spoken prophecy? How is it against God's truth or God's wisdom that the prophecy should have received a first fulfilment in some event which happened to the Jews, and its full accomplishment in the Christian covenant? And if, thus examined, the first canon falls, the second falls with it; nor is the third of any greater force. For the true strength of the prophecy lies not in its being the expression of the human instrument through which it is delivered, but of the Divine mind which is revealing it. The human instrument might be, more or less, conscious of the full meaning of his words; because it is not his meaning, but the meaning of God who speaks through him, which gives to the prophecy its essential character. From which it follows that we do not, as the Essayists suggest that we do, when we read these double meanings, place ourselves behind the prophecy, and, paltering unfaithfully with words, draw from them a sense they were not intended to bear, but, by faith, we place God as the true speaker behind the words spoken, and receive as their truest meaning what He meant by them, whether the man who actually delivered them to us knew or did not know the message which he gave. So that here as to prophecy, as before with regard to miracle, the assumed difficulties of these writers vanish utterly away so soon as we examine closely into their real worth. Wonderful indeed it would be, if constant experience had not taught us the fact, that men so incredulous as to real and well-attested marvels should be so credulous as to unreal and mere apparent wonders; and that Baron Bunsen should disbelieve in the predictions of the prophecies of Scripture, and yet believe in the existence of 'foresight by vision of particulars, or a kind of clairvoyance as a natural gift.' Yet so it is. Unbelief, with all its boasts

of bravery and freedom, is the most credulous weakness to which the human understanding can be bowed.

So much then for this book, and but one word more as to its authors; as to their present position, and the probable effect of their theories. We have felt bound to express distinctly our conviction that, holding their views, they cannot, consistently with moral honesty, maintain their posts as clergymen of the Established Church. We see more danger in the shape of wide-spread suspicion and distrust likely to arise from their continuance as teachers of that Church, whilst clearly disbelieving her doctrines, than from their lucubrations themselves. They may indeed,—especially those who are charged with the education of the young, by their cruel use of the art of suggestion and by venturing on such matters as these,—be able, ‘spargere voces ambiguas,’ to sow doubts in minds which but for them would never have been haunted by such spectral shapes, and to shake the foundations of what might have been built up into a firm belief: they may incur the awful guilt of placing stumbling-blocks in the way of unwary feet, and destroying the weak brother for whom Christ died: but we cannot believe that they will exert any wide-spread influence in the Church of our land, or amongst our people. The English mind is too calm, too sound, too essentially honest to be widely or deeply affected by such speculations as these—and more especially from such mouths. The flattering appeal which they make to unassisted human reason, and the gratification which they afford to the natural pride of the human heart, may win for them a certain following, but the great body of Church-of-England men will stand aloof from them. Three of the Bishops (Winchester, St. David's, and Oxford), representing in some measure different schools of thought within the Church, have, we observe, already spoken out plainly in condemnation of them. The Bishop of St. David's, in his letter

to Dr. Williams, which for temper, wit, acuteness, fairness, and sound learning is well nigh a perfect specimen of what Christian controversy ought to be, is led to announce, in language which none who have read it will forget, the opinion which a long and deep acquaintance with German theology has led him to form on the value of rationalistic criticism. All the schools, then, of theological opinion amongst us are opposed to the Essayists. On the one side stand in their way the recent growth of higher views of the authority of the Church and a juster value of all the great dogmas of the Catholic faith; on the other, the fact that the special points assailed by them are those which are the dearest to the school which has been least affected by the Church movement, such as the doctrines of original sin, justification by faith, and, above all, that of the Atonement. It may be that He whose attribute it is to bring good out of evil may, through this assault upon the common doctrines of the faith, draw together minds which have hitherto been far too widely separated, and heal divisions in which is at this moment the main danger of the Church of this country. The thunder-cloud, which, with its electric presence, has stirred up into unusual activity these buzzing interruptors of our peace, may thus burst upon our land in a refreshing shower of precious and invigorating influences.

Here we gladly leave the Essayists and their Essays; but before we conclude we wish to say a very few words on that momentous subject of inspiration, on which, as we said at first, is the brunt of their whole attack. It is a favourite mode of assault with all who wish to lower the authority of inspiration to require those who believe in it to define with exactness wherein it consists: 'Where,' they ask, 'is your own theory of inspiration?—either admit ours, or substitute another. This finding fault with what is proposed, and yet proposing no substitute, is the very helplessness of a miserable

obstructiveness.' Now this we entirely deny. We maintain that this craving for 'a theory of inspiration' is itself a part of the disease we have to treat. In this sense of the word, Holy Scripture has never laid down any theory of inspiration; the Church has never propounded one; and there are plain and we think sufficient reasons for this reticence. A doctrine concerning inspiration indeed that Word does contain, and that doctrine the Church Catholic received at first, and according to her office has guarded ever since. But this doctrine which Holy Scripture distinctly asserts concerning itself, which the Church has always repeated, and which has satisfied believers of the deepest thought and of the most commanding powers of reason, is really inconsistent with any such theory of inspiration as the sceptic desires. For what does Holy Scripture claim to be? The Word of God, 'The oracles of God'—Θεόπνευστος\*—God-breathed; and what must this imply? Surely that there is a mighty and mysterious presence of God in this His Word. This is why there is so great a difficulty in saying in all cases whether, when 'the Word of God' is spoken of in its pages, it is the Incarnate Word or the written Word which is designed. For as the Incarnate Word, the divine Λόγος, the Word who was in the beginning with God, is to all created being, even, it seems, to the angelic hierarchy, in whom it exists in its highest and purest form, the coming forth of the unapproachable glory of the Everlasting Father, so the written Word is the manifestation to man of the selfsame hidden glory of the Father. Thus there is a divine presence in the Word; and even as in the Word Incarnate there is a true union of the divinity with the manhood, both natures being uncommingled, though both eternally united in the person of the Son, even so in the written Word there are present evermore the human element and the divine, each acting according to the perfect

\* 2 Tim. iii. 16.

law of its own nature, neither interfering with the other. The Divinity, restraining or enlarging its communications, as is required for the perfectness of God's revelation of Himself, never annihilating Humanity, nor ever giving possible place for the entrance into the Revelation which is the proper subject of the divine acting, of that infirmity, error, or corruption, which are natural to man save in so far as the presence of the Higher Power holds him up and keeps him free from their dominion.

So much God's Word declares : so much the Church has received : so much every faithful man believes. But, if curiosity seeks for further insight, or captiousness begins to question, or unbelief to stumble,—if the flesh asks to have the dividing line between the operation of the Divine and the Human in the inspired Word marked sharply out so as to meet all objections and answer all questions ; if it asks, that is to say, for such a perfect 'theory of inspiration' as the Rationalist craves,—the answer must be the same as if the same temper sought to criticise the great doctrine of the Incarnation itself ; namely, that no perfect theory is possible unless we could first fathom the infinite and reduce to definite proportions the hidden nature of the unfathomable Godhead. So that the fact, that in this great gift of the written Word there is that which defies the philosophic skill which would have a perfect theory for everything, so far from being a presumption against its truth, is an argument for it. So far as we can conceive, a written revelation must for man be communicated through man, whilst it must, for its knowledge of much, for the certain accuracy of all, the revelation, depend upon God as the revealer. There must, therefore, be combined in it the action of the two natures ; and, if the two natures are both present and both in action, it must be beyond our power to have a perfect theory for that which is thus the united action of two powers,—seeing that of the

higher of those powers we know only what has been revealed to us, and as to its law and mode in combining its action with the lower nature (which we do know), since nothing has been revealed to us, we can know nothing.

The spirit which raises these difficulties, and prompts the asking of these questions, is the very spirit which, working with the subtlety of the scholastic temper, framed and fashioned for the Sacrament of the Eucharist the unwarranted and dangerous logical hypothesis of transubstantiation. In that Sacrament, as in the written Word, the early Church believed simply, with ourselves, that God was present. But questions arose. How was He present? what were the limits of the presence, its mode, its consequences? where was it possible to draw the sharp line between the elemental matter and the presence of Deity? Unhappily, a large portion of the Church listened to the tempting whisper, that by logical definition it might satisfy questions which piety never would have asked, and reverential wisdom never would have endeavoured to answer. The sad result ought to be a lesson to us here; and to teach us that we are surrounded by mysteries of God's presence and working, which reveal themselves sufficiently to satisfy a humble faith of their undoubted reality; but which are impenetrable barriers against that proud curiosity which evermore leads men on to seek to be as gods, knowing good and evil.

## THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.\*

(July 1862.)

THE wide extent, over which that peculiar race which has been called the Malayo-Polynesian is spread, forms one singular fact concerning those picturesque islands which gem the bosom of the great Pacific Ocean. Instead of their insular position, scattered as those islands are through a vast expanse of waters, parting adjacent peoples into distinctly-marked tribes, a most unusual similarity may be traced through the whole mass. 'Disjoined and widely separated,' says Prichard, 'these insular tracts are found to contain races of inhabitants more nearly connected with each other, and at the same time much more widely scattered, than any of the families of men who occupy the continuous lands of Asia and Africa.'† Close observation has apparently established the fact that three separate tribes of the great human family inhabit this wide district of the globe: 'the dark-coloured, lank-haired prognathous-headed Australians,' the 'crisp-haired Pelagian negroes,' and the 'Malayo-Polynesians,' who form the nobler stock in all these islands.

The Sandwich Islands, as in honour of his patron they were named by Captain Cook; the Hawaiian Islands, as they are now commonly called; the Hawaii Nei—United Hawaii—as since the reign of the great island-conqueror Kamé-hameha I. they are termed by their own people—exhibit

\* 1. 'Hawaii: the Past, Present, and Future of its Island-Kingdom: an Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands.' By Manley Hopkins, Hawaiian Consul-General; with a Preface by the Bishop of Oxford. London, 1862.

2. 'History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands.' By James Jackson Jarvis. Boston, 1847.

3. 'The Island World of the Pacific.' By the Rev. H. T. Cheever. Glasgow.

4. 'Life in the Sandwich Islands.' By the Rev. H. T. Cheever. London, 1851.

† 'History of Man,' p. 326.

one of the fairest forms of this race, and it is to them especially that we call the reader's attention. The work of Mr. Manley Hopkins, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, is a creditable compendium of all that has been written of late years upon the subject, and, in spite of some faults of style, does great credit to the spirit, diligence, and ability of the Hawaiian Consul-General in London.

The wise courage of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer in founding the colony of British Columbia (already advancing with giant strides to wealth and power) gives a new value to these natural halting-places in the vast Pacific Ocean. In themselves they possess unusual attractions. Their very presence in those deep seas is a problem which our philosophers have not yet been able to solve. The strange contrast of depths between the shallow lagoon within—and the ocean, which our sounding-lines refuse to fathom, without—the circular reefs which are the breakwater of many of these islands, has perplexed the most daring speculators. Upon the whole, we believe the best solution of their strange presence is to be found in the suggestion that to the submerged peaks and ridges of old mountains, themselves the fruit of probably submarine volcanic eruptions, the reef-building polypes originally fix their works, and that these are lifted aloft by subsequent volcanic action, to form the sudden heights of those island groups. The vast machinery of animal life which is thus at work is beautifully described by Captain Maury :—\*

‘Oceans of animalcule that make the surface of the sea sparkle and glow with life, are secreting from its surface solid matter for the very purpose of filling up those cavities below. These little marine insects are building their habitations at the surface, and when they die they remain in vast multitudes, sink down and settle upon the bottom. They are the

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\* ‘Physical Geography of the Sea,’ § 758, quoted by Hopkins.

atoms out of which mountains are formed and plains spread out.' . . . 'As to the immensity of life and the power of converting inorganic material, we have now had specimens from the bottom of the "blue water," in the narrow Coral sea, the broad Pacific, and the long Atlantic, and they all tell the same story, namely, that the bed of the ocean is a vast cemetery.'<sup>\*</sup> . . . 'The ocean especially within and near the tropics swarms with life.'<sup>†</sup>

As soon as these new-born rocks are lifted from the waters, all the varied atmospheric influences begin to play upon them; with the changes which these work, the chance 'jetsam and flotsam' of the restless waters, and the sea-fowl, their first denizens, soon combine to form a *humus* into which the seeds which the drifting currents, the birds of the air, or even the high currents of the air, so sedulously transport, can strike their roots, and a new flora thereupon springs up. Then in due course, by design or accident, comes man, for whose life and industry this new sphere has been prepared. So Mr. Hopkins tells us that ancient traditions peopled Hawaii.

'One of them relates to a man and woman arriving at Hawaii in a canoe, bringing with them a hog, a dog, and a pair of fowls. These persons became the progenitors of the Hawaiian people. By another story, prevalent among the inhabitants of Oahu, a number of persons arrived in a canoe from Tahiti, and, perceiving that the Sandwich Islands were fertile, and were dwelt in only by gods and spirits, they asked and obtained permission to settle there.'

It was a place, indeed, in which it was most certain that such wanderers would petition to remain; for it abounded in all natural beauty, whilst its genial climate and its fertile soil provided almost without toil all that the mere physical life of man requires for its support. Of its climate Mr. Hopkins tells us:—

'There is scarcely a place on the globe which has a temperature so equable as that of Honolulu, one of more desirable register, or where the

\* 'Physical Geography of the Sea,' § 789.

† lb. § 761.

elements are kindlier mixed. So *invisiblē* is the subject of weather to the islanders, that Mr. Jarvis remarks their language has no word to express the general idea. The diurnal range of the thermometer in Honolulu is twelve degrees. During twelve years the extremes of temperature in shade were 90° and 53°; the entire range during that long period not exceeding 37°. . . . . The leeward side of the islands basks in the "bright sunny lapse of a long summer day," inducing by the very beauty of the weather some degree of emervation in the human system, and a corresponding "lotus-eating" condition of mind. A more bracing air may be obtained by ascending the mountains. A mere ride from the capital up the Nuuanu Valley will give a cooler climate in an hour. Lahaina, and some other leeward spots on the shore, possess the refreshing influence of a regular land and sea breeze.'

Whilst for its fertility, he says:—

'Regions of fertility lie at the bases of the mountains and in the valleys, where abrasion and disintegration have proceeded for untold years, and rich deposits of vegetable mould have accumulated.'

And again:—

'Amongst its indigenous vegetables are the sugar-cane, the bread-fruit, plantain, banana, cocoa-nut, candle-nut, calabash, and other palms; tree-ferns, having the stem fifteen feet in height, and cycas. Valuable timber trees grew in the forests on the flanks of the mountains; the *Kou* tree (*Cordia*), and others of hard and heavy wood with a handsome grain. Sandal-wood abounded on the heights.'

'Amongst its vegetables, too, is found the "Taro" (*Arum esculentum*). It formed the staple of food, and is still very generally used. This succulent root was sometimes cooked, but was more generally pounded into a semi-fluid mass, and allowed partially to ferment, when it was called *poi*. Among the reasons which made some Hawaiians object to visiting England was that *poi* could not be obtained here. It is so productive that it has been said, a *taro* pit a few yards in length will supply food for one man throughout the year.'

Under this climate, and with this lowland fertility, there is no lack of the grander features of natural beauty. Again we quote from Mr. Hopkins:—

'On approaching the group from certain directions the first objects which meet the sight are the two lofty peaks on Hawaii, each 14,000 feet in height,—two miles and a half,—one of them capped with perpetual snow, which contrasts with the deep blue of the tropical sky above, and with the

darkness of the lava forming the sides of the mountains. A rude and irregular outline of high lands then presents itself; and on the north side are seen, on a nearer view, the dark forests which clothe the lower region of the mountains; whilst giddy precipices front the sea, of from 1000 to 3000 feet in perpendicular height, against whose walls the waves beat, and surge, and thunder through the caverns which they have hollowed for themselves in their ceaseless war. In some places, streams which have united their waters on their way, rush together over one of these pali, or precipices, into the ocean. Still nearer, the white foam is seen pouring in sheets over coral reefs, of which there is sometimes an outer and inner ridge. The islands are generally lofty.'

Of such a land we may understand the description waxing poetical, even in a king's speech, that driest of all documents, which Mr. Pitt, we are told, could utter at will. We need not therefore wonder to find King Kaméhameha IV., at the opening of the 'Native Hawaiian Agricultural Society,' in 1866, ask:—

'Who ever heard of winter upon our shores? When was it so cold that the labourer could not go to his field? Where among us shall we find the numberless drawbacks which in less favoured countries the working classes have to contend with? They have no place in our beautiful group, which rests on the swelling bosom of the Pacific like a water-lily.'

But not more certain is the action of such a climate as this upon the vegetable world, which springs into exuberant being under its smile, than upon the race of man which is planted in such a garden of delight. Fallen man at least, with no teaching higher than that of nature, must have his energies braced by labour, and self-restraint taught him by the daily discipline of external trials, if the humanity within him is not to be softened into luxury or to be degenerated by sensual indulgence. No doubt the progenitors of the Hawaiian people came to their islands of beauty direct, or at most with some intermediate haltings, from what we know as the burning East. No doubt they brought with them the vehement internal fires which mark their race—itself a high one in the human family—in their ancestral homes. Nor

have the strong traces of their blood died out amongst them. Physically many of their chiefs are a noble race.

'The Hawaiians are strong, well-made, and active; in height rather above the average of our own country. . . . . From the remarkable height and bulk of the chiefs, both males and females, the dominant class has been considered by some writers to be a distinct and conquering race. . . . . The women are attractive from their cheerful, smiling, and lively expression; whilst their merry laugh and pleasant *aloha*, or welcome, show the face to be an index of their mind.'

And with these physical features many of their moral characteristics correspond.

'Courage—stronger than battering-rams—is the basis of every fine character. The Hawaiians possess the virtue in an unquestionably high degree. It was shown in the old warlike times by their open, standing-up fight. Their bodies were unprotected by armour or even by clothes; their weapons were the spear, the dagger, the club and stones. They did not resort to artifice or stratagem in war. They are now as peaceful a people as any upon earth; they are more free from crimes of violence than almost any nation that can be named. Their natural courage crops out in their love of, and daring in, riding; in their delight in swimming among the heavy breakers rolling over the reefs; their descent of precipices, and even in their games.

'One of their amusements was to attack a shark, and, after having goaded and taunted him, to kill him with a dagger carried in the maro or girdle.

'The women no longer follow their husbands to the battle to staunch their wounds or fight beside them; but they endure long journeys, and bear heavy burdens, swim through the raging surf, and plunge down the waterfall into the ocean, when the leap is forty feet and upwards in height.'

Nor are they wanting in those spontaneous bursts of poetical imagery which mark the presence of the inward light of unextinguished genius. We know few barbarous myths more striking than that current amongst the Hawaiians which, in a great measure, led, first to Captain Cook's reception being marked almost with worship, and then, through the humiliating stages down which his allowance of that worship conducted him, to his tragical end.

'*Lono*,' we read, 'the Hawaiian Hercules, was one of the major gods.' In a fit of jealousy he killed his wife; but, driven to frenzy by the act he had committed, he wandered through the islands, boxing and wrestling with all he met: his answer to every astonished inquirer being, "I am frantic with my great love!" Having instituted the athletic games known as the *Mahakiki*, in honour of his wife's memory, and which were held annually, he sailed from the islands in a triangular canoe, for a foreign land; but ere he departed he uttered this prophecy: "I will return in after times on an island bearing cocoa-nut trees, swine, and dogs." Cook's two ships, so much larger than any floating objects the natives had hitherto seen, appeared to them, not unreasonably, islands, the masts being trees; and now *Lono* was returning to his own country. From *Lono* were supposed to have proceeded the thunder and lightning of the ship's guns which were fired.'

The same temper breaks out in many of their expressions. The Hawaiian name for their popular Minister *Kalaimoku* was one worthy of the great statesman whom they supposed him to resemble; for no worthier name could have been given to William Pitt himself than that of the 'Iron Cable of his country.' So, too, when the unworthy attempt of Lord George Paulet, in 1843, to destroy the independence of the islands by annexing them to Great Britain, had been disowned by Admiral Thomas, and the King announced to his people the recovery of their rights, the grateful tidings were conveyed by him under the expressive figure that 'the light of the land had been restored to him.'

A love of poetry and simple music pervaded the place.

'Poetry by turns melted and inflamed its native hearers. The people were fond of fabulous tales and songs, and formerly spent much of their time in telling stories, and crooning their *mélés*, or songs, to the accompaniment of the small drum or the musical stick. Indeed the Hawaiians equalled the Marquesans, the most lively natives of the Pacific, in the number of their songs, and exceeded in that respect the Society Islanders.'

But in spite of these better symptoms, we fear we must admit that fearful marks of degeneracy are stamped upon this interesting people. From the time when they were first

known to us, they were marked by an extraordinary sensuality, and we dare not hope that the evil is yet subdued.

Indolence, we are told, is one grand fault attributed to the Hawaiian race.

'It is very true that the delicious, equable climate engenders in those constantly within its influence a lotus-eating habit, a love of the *dolce far niente*. Their absolute wants were few; and as the chiefs would have pounced down on any little surplus the people could have acquired by labour, they lost the powerful stimulus of a desire to accumulate.'

And beyond indolence grosser forms of sensuality disfigure the fair picture.

'The fatal gift of beauty, a delicious climate, which rendered clothing unnecessary—except the flowery wreath, which both sexes wore, partly from innate taste, and partly to shade the eyes—an indolent and pleasure-loving constitution, abundant opportunity, their houses small and undivided by partitions, and the absence of adverse public opinion,' have led to 'a general absence of chastity among the Hawaiians. Till taught otherwise by the missionaries, the natives had no conception that such conduct was 'wrong or hurtful: they had not even a word to express chastity in their language.'

The meeting of Christianity with such a people is a sight of the deepest interest. How much has the faith to accomplish in purifying so deeply-stained a race! Will it work on them its regenerating work? Will it show itself, indeed, capable of vanquishing these long-established habits of indulgence? In many respects there were fewer impediments to its reception than in other parts of heathendom. There was, indeed, here an elaborate system of heathen worship, with priests and sacrifices and idols in vast abundance. But there was no strong attachment to it in the popular mind; and its rites were singularly oppressive to its votaries. Most irksome was the whole practice of 'tabu'—that strange instrument of priestly and of regal tyranny, which seems to be so inveterately present in all the heathen tribes of Malay origin,

oppressing the Dyaks of Borneo\* as well as the dwellers in the Polynesian seas—by which any object or person or period of time might arbitrarily, at the will of the priests, be declared to be consecrated, and so be guarded from touch or use or action. Thus the whole commercial life of a district might at once be suspended for an indefinite period, and absolute stagnation succeed to the busy marketing of the whole sea-board population. Nor did the tabu suspend commerce only: when its strictest note was proclaimed, lights and fires must be extinguished; all amusements were at an end; no one might enjoy the needed refreshment of casting himself into the waves in which they loved to sport; silence must reign everywhere; nor even the voices of the domestic animals might be heard. This religious system, moreover, was the great instrument of maintaining the power of the chiefs, which was absolute and oppressive. Its special victims were the women, whom it tended, by all its regulations, to depress. They were inhibited, under pain of death, from sharing the better kinds of the ordinary food of the country. Amongst these altogether forbidden to them Mr. Jarvis enumerates pork, turtle, shark, bananas, and cocoa-nut.† To mix in the social meals of the men, or even to eat under the roof which covered their apartments, was visited certainly with the same extreme penalty.

Under this bondage the people groaned. So early as 1793, on the occasion of Vancouver's visit, the king and several of the chiefs made some movements towards casting it off. They entreated him, when he left the islands, to send them instructors in the English faith;‡ a prayer which Mr. Hopkins tells us Vancouver conveyed to Mr. Pitt.

No help, however, came to them from England's Minister

\* See 'Life in the Forests of the Far East.' By Spenser St. John, Esq. Vol. i., pp. 169, 176.

† Jarvis, 'History of Sandwich Islands,' p. 94.

‡ Jarvis, *ibid.*, p. 127.

or Church ; and so long as the strong hand of Kaméhaméhu held the sceptre he maintained as one great instrument of his government the old system of religion ; but at his death it was broken rudely up. The account of these changes is altogether curious. Women were leading agents in their introduction. With all the social restraints laid upon them, the women of Hawaii possessed at this time unwonted political power. At the King's right hand, and a necessary sharer in his measures of state, was one who is designated in the narrative of Mr. Hopkins as 'the Premier,' but who, from the account of Mr. Jarvis, might, perhaps, be more properly designated the Home Secretary, whose counter-signature was essential to all state papers, and who was a woman. Let no evil-minded person suggest that this is an imitation of certain Western constitutional governments, or drop a hint as to old women being elsewhere in possession of the Premiership ; for the institution was purely of Hawaii origin, and dates from the conquering founder of the island-dynasty of Kaméhaméhu I, who in his will declares 'the kingdom is Liholiho's, and Kaahumanu is his minister.'\*

The old King was succeeded by this son Liholiho,—who, with his Queen, died afterwards during his visit to England,—whilst the designated Queen, Kaahumanu, a woman of great strength of character, claimed in virtue of his will to be the coadjutor of his son. The old King had somewhat ruggedly rejected the new faith. 'By faith in your God,' he had answered his would-be converters, 'you say anything can be accomplished, and the Christian will be preserved from all harm : if so, cast yourself down from yonder precipice ; and, if you are preserved, I will believe.'† His favourite Queen had at this time no leaning to the new faith, but she had a contempt for the old. She encouraged the hesitating Prince,

\* Captain Wilkes' 'United States Exploring Expedition,' vol. iv., p. 24.

† Cleveland's 'Voyages,' vol. i. p. 299.

who had succeeded to the throne, to cast aside the restraints of its vexatious rule. He longed for his freedom with the fierceness of a savage libertine, but trembled before the threatening shadows of his old superstition. How long he might have trembled without believing, or how far, if no sudden step had been taken in some fit of sickness, the old terrors of his heathenism might have repossessed and mastered his mind, it is impossible to say. But the coadjutor Queen possessed a firmer purpose.

'She, determined, as Mr. Jarvis describes the scene,\* 'in her opposition to the priests, prepared for decisive measures. She sent word to the King, that upon his arrival at Kailua she should cast aside his god. To this he made no objection, and with his retainers pushed off in canoes from the shore, and indulged on the water for two days in a drunken revel. He then smoked and drank with the female chiefs.

'A feast was prepared, after the customs of the country, with separate tables for the sexes. A number of foreigners were entertained at the King's. When all were in their seats he deliberately arose, went to the place reserved for the women, and seated himself among them. To complete the horror of the superstitious, he indulged his appetite in freely partaking of the viands prepared for them, directing them to do likewise: but with a violence which showed that he had but half divested himself of the idea of sacrilege and of habitual repugnance. This act was sufficient: the highest had set an example which all rejoiced to follow. The gladdening cry arose, "The taboo is broken! the taboo is broken!" Feasts were provided for all, at which both sexes indiscriminately indulged. Orders were issued to demolish the heiatus and destroy the idols. Temples, images, and sacred property were burnt. The flames consumed the sacred relics of ages. The high priest, Hewahewa, who was the first to apply the torch, and without whose co-operation the attempt to revolutionise the old system would have been ineffectual, resigned his office. Numbers of his profession, joining in the enthusiasm, followed his example. Idolatry was abolished by law. Kaumualii cordially gave his sanction. All the islands, uniting in an exulting jubilee at their deliverance, presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a religion.'

It is said that as many as 40,000 idols were destroyed.

'They were hurled,' says Mr. Hopkins, 'from their places where they had been worshipped, upon every high hill and under every green tree;

\* Cleveland's 'Voyages,' p. 216.

they were contemptuously tossed aside to perish, or more contemptuously left forgotten as they stood decaying in grinning imbecility. Remains of these "despised broken idols" are still occasionally to be found in the islands; but they are regarded as curiosities interesting only as belonging to a former state of things. Then, to fancy's ear, came moaning along the rocky shores, murmuring in the passionate mountain torrents, and sighing in the winds, the melancholy wail, "Great Pan is dead!" Through the old primeval forests clothing the flanks of the volcanoes, echoing from dread precipices, and heard on the winds that rushed down smiling valleys, came the same despairing strain, "Great Pan is dead!" The Ocean, as he ran his waves hoarsely on the rude shore and into resounding caverns, took up the universal cry. "Blush, O Zidon, saith the sea," was formerly the exhortation, when vile rites polluted and human sacrifices terrified the Syrian shore: but now, as the coming tide sent in her white breakers and boomed over the coral ledges of Hawaii, the triumphant song which mingled with the roar of waters had the same burthen,—"Great Pan is dead!"\*

But such a revolution could not fail to stir up the opposition of some.

'A fierce, tyrannical sacerdotalism would not consent without a struggle to be turned adrift with the prospect before it of its members having to starve, or, still worse, of having to obtain a livelihood by the honest labour of their hands. Accordingly, a party was quickly formed to oppose the movement, and for its head was selected Kekuokalani, a priest only inferior in rank to Hewahewa, and who was also nephew to the late king. Religion was made the bait to allure him in revolt; but in addition he was to have the crown of the kingdom. The rebels were soon encountered by the Government party, and in a slight engagement gained a success. They immediately marched from their position to where the King lay, hoping to surprise and take the position. The King's troops were prepared and advanced to meet them. They formed a line on the shore, having the sea at their back, and, on the enemy appearing, drove them before them up a rising ground, till the rebels gained a shelter from a stone fence, and for a time made a stand; but they were at length driven from their position by a party of Kalaimoku's warriors. The insurgents were now in flight; but, rallied by their misguided chief, himself wounded and weak from loss of blood, they made a final stand. Kekuakalani, with the courage that belonged to his race, fought desperately; but he fainted and fell during the engagement. He revived, however; and sitting on a fragment of lava, for he was too weak to stand, twice loaded his musket and fired on the

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\* 'Sandwich Islands,' p. 181.

advancing party. He was then struck by a ball in the left breast, and, covering his face with his feather cloak, he expired, amidst friends who surrounded him. His wife, Manona, had fought by his side the whole day with dauntless courage; but as soon as she saw him lying dead, she called for quarter. As the words were leaving her lips, a ball struck her temple; and the faithful wife fell on the lifeless body of her husband, and expired.

'The engagement, which commenced in the forenoon, was continued till sunset, the idolaters fighting on, though dispirited by the loss of their leader. By evening, the King's troops were left masters of the field, their enemies having by that time surrendered or fled.

'Thus ended the last battle which Hawaiian history has to record.'\*

Thus was idolatry extirpated in Hawaii, not by the counter influence of the true faith, but by the simple weariness felt by the idolaters themselves of its intolerable yoke. Such an event is not without a counterpart. In the papers recently laid before Parliament, as to the rejection of the offer of the Fiji islanders to cede their country to the British Crown, we find it stated by Mr. Pritchard, in a letter to the Earl of Malmesbury, that 'one-third of the population has embraced Christianity, while nearly an equal number have merely renounced their heathenism without attaching themselves to any creed.'†

The destruction of the idols had taken place in August, 1819; and in the early spring of the succeeding year the first actual missionaries from any Christian land landed on the Islands. They were Congregationalists sent from Boston by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Never could the messengers of the Christian Church have found a land more prepared, in most respects, to receive the joyful message. The hand of Providence itself had swept away the old heathen provision for supplying those deep cravings for some religion which are implanted in every reasonable soul, and it seemed as if it needed but that the Standard of the Cross should be lifted up to draw all men

\* 'Sandwich Islands,' p. 186.

† 'Correspondence relative to the Fiji Islands,' p. 5.

unto it. Into the details of the Mission work thus introduced, it is not our intention to enter. We shall content ourselves by endeavouring to take a general estimate of the effects of their work, and of the degree to which it still leaves the field open to other endeavours.

With all the favourable circumstances then which seemed to promise the fullest success to the American Mission, there stood in the way of any true reception of the Gospel of purity the huge obstacle to which we have above alluded. Nor are we disposed at all to undervalue its power. We do not forget the fearful words in which Salvian finds a reason for the permitted ravages of the West by the incursions of the barbarians, in the impossibility of cleansing degenerate Christendom by any lighter discipline from such fleshly sins.

Nor do we for an instant lose sight of the shameful fact, that the sin of Hawaii has been stirred into a fiercer flame by the deadly contagion of Christian vice. English vessels of war, American ships, the reckless crews of whalers, and escaped convicts from Botany Bay, have all aggravated the evil; and seemed to the heathen to establish the terrible conclusion that Christianity itself, whatever great words its teachers might speak concerning its might, was powerless against the raging appetite of man. All these really tremendous difficulties we allow for to the full.

Nor do we doubt that individual cases of true renewal have blessed the zealous labours of these preachers of righteousness. Some, indeed, of their converts rise even to glorious proportions in the new life. Few acts of Christian heroism can be found in any records to exceed that of Kapiolani, the wife of Naike, the public orator of the kingdom. The whole ancient religion of Hawaii was in great measure coloured by the awful volcanic phenomena of which these islands are still the theatre. Nowhere else on the face of the known

world are these so stupendous. To deprecate the wrath of the spirits of power who ruled over these fire-orgies of Nature by sacrifices of every kind, rising up to those of Man, was the object of their rude ritual. The religion thus inspired Mr. Jarvis tells us was—

‘a gloomy and fearful principle, abounding in punishment in the present life, and dark threatenings for the future. . . . The most fearful of all these deities was Pele, a goddess. Her habitation, the famous volcano of Kilauea, well accorded with her reputed character. Here with her attendant spirits she revelled in the flames. The unearthly noises of the burning mass were the music of their dance, and they bathed in the red surge of the fiery billows as it dashed against the sides of the crater.’

To the base of this vast volcano, which covers one hundred and twenty square miles, the old heathenism, driven from the rest of Hawaii, slowly retreated—gathering up its forces for the last encounter with the new religion. Hither, to confront in their very home of power the priests of the old faith, came from afar this adventurous princess. She had a journey of one hundred miles to accomplish before she reached the mountain. As she neared its side, a prophetess of the insulted goddess met her with warnings and denunciations of destruction. But she undauntedly persevered; and, upon the black ledge of the seething fire, she spoke in words of the calmest faith to the anxious company who waited to see how the wrath of the goddess would break forth—

‘Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele. But if Jehovah shall save me from the wrath of Pele, when I break through her *tabus*, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain.’

We have a description of the features of the scene in the midst of which these words of calm confidence in God were spoken; it is from the pen of that world-wide traveller the Count Strzelecki:—

'What I remember,' he says, in the 'Hawaiian Spectator,' 'as showing the mighty influence of mighty objects upon me, are the difficulties I had to struggle with before my eye could be torn away from the idle, vacant, but ecstatic gazes with which I regarded the great whole, down to the analytical part of the unparalleled scene before me. I say unparalleled, because, having visited most of the European and American volcanoes, I find the greatest of them inferior to Kilauea in intensity, grandeur, and extent or area.

'The abrupt and precipitous cliff which forms the north-north-east wall of the crater, found, after my repeated observations, to be elevated four thousand one hundred and four feet above the level of the sea, overhangs an area of three million one hundred and fifty thousand square yards of half-cooled scoria, sunk to the depth of three hundred yards, and containing more than three hundred and twenty-eight thousand square yards of convulsed torrents of earths in igneous fusion, and gaseous fluids constantly effervescent, boiling, spouting, rolling in all directions like waves of a disturbed sea, violently beating the edge of the caldrons like an infuriated surf, and, like surf, spreading all around its spray in the form of capillary glass, which fills the air, and adheres in a flaky and pendulous form to the distorted and broken masses of the lava all around; five caldrons, each of about five thousand seven hundred square yards, almost at the level of the great area, and containing only the twelfth part of the red liquid.

'The sixth caldron is encircled by a wall of accumulated scoria of fifty yards high, forming the south-south-west point; the *Hale mau mau*, to which the bones of the former high chiefs were consigned, the sacrifices to the goddess Pele offered, the abyss of abysses, the caldron of caldrons, exhibiting the most frightful area of three hundred thousand square yards of bubbling red-hot lava, changing incessantly its level, sometimes rolling the long, curled waves with broken masses of cooled crust to one side of the horrible laboratory; sometimes, as if they had made a mistake, turning them back with spouting fury, and a subterraneous, terrific noise, of a sound more infernal than earthly. Around are blocks of lava, scoria, slags of every description and combination; here elevated, by the endless number of superimposed layers, in perpendicular walls one thousand feet high; there torn asunder, cracked, or remoulded; everywhere terror, convulsion—mighty engine of nature—nothingness of man!'

Such was the scene in which stood the undaunted witness for Jehovah. All old traditions bid her believe that these throes of convulsed Nature were the direct personal acts of the present goddess whose wrath she dared. The very name by which the natives describe the vitreous flakes which flew

wildly, like gray-locks, around the vast chasm, the 'hair of Pele,' witnesses to the intensity of life with which the old superstition had invested every act of that fiery drama. Calm she stood there in the majesty of faith, cast unhurt with an untrembling hand the sacred berries into the labouring caldron, and, like the Three Children of old, left the burning furnace without the smell of fire having passed upon her—the destroyer of the last lingering dread of the long-dominant 'Tabu.'

The native character which could yield one such specimen must be capable of great things. Still, upon the whole, we cannot gather that the mighty work of national regeneration has, as yet, been successfully accomplished. Facts with which we will not stain these pages would seem to imply that the old vices of the islands have rather been varnished over than eradicated, and that deep down in the nation's heart the deadly evil still festers on unhealed. The depopulation of the islands seems to continue, and its main causes are, we fear, what they were of old—sensuality, and its ever-constant concomitant, a pitiless infanticide.

How far the American missionaries, with all their noble designs and charitable labours, have brought to bear upon this people all the healing influences of the Gospel dispensation is with us the question yet to be solved. We believe that they have not. Such a people, in the first place, needed, we believe, to have Christianity brought to bear upon them with as full a measure as she allows of all that appeals in doctrine, in worship, and in manners to the imagination and the feelings as well as to the reason and the conscience. Instead of this, in dealing with this people all has been pared down to the sharpest outline of puritanical severity. And this temper has pervaded all the dealings of the missionaries with their converts. They have, it seems to us, to a great degree sought to put down vice by coercion rather than to

raise men out of it by the glorious truths which flow from the doctrine of the Incarnation of our Lord. 'A people,' says one of their warmest admirers,\*

'that live like the Hawaiians, cannot be virtuous and pure, how far soever they may be Christianized; and yet through the rigour of the laws, the vigilance of magistrates and constables, the discipline and restraints of the Church, it is probable that there is no more licentiousness than among the same number of inhabitants in cities of England, France, or America.'

We confess that we have little faith in works of moral healing which are accomplished by the agency of the constable; and as to the relative estimate which is formed by our author of the morality of the cities of England, France, or America when compared with that of Hawaii, we must remind him of other words of his own, on which we will make no comment: 'Almost all the suspensions of church-membership have been on account of adultery,' &c. 'The people are but half-reclaimed savages.' 'There are causes at work which, if they are not soon arrested, will ensure national depopulation.'

We think that we discover everywhere traces of the American missionaries treating the people far too much as children. This tendency, mingled with much of the old severity of Puritanism, must have been most repugnant to all the natural dispositions of this remarkable race. Such is the judgment of Mr. Hopkins as to the constitutions which, under their influence, were adopted as the nation's code of jurisprudence:—

' "The Constitution" proceeds to organize laws. Perhaps, in examining these, they may appear to adhere more closely to the letter than to the spirit of God's laws under the Mosaic dispensation. Mr. Simpson pronounces them to be the Blue Laws of Connecticut, with the addition of powers conferred on officers to practise extortion and tyranny, not even possessed by a Turkish pasha. The code of laws regulates taxation, gratuitous labour of the people for the government, rent of land. It enacts

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\* The Rev. H. T. Cheever, 'The Island World,' p. 130.

curious regulations for the suppression of idleness and unchastity. If a man were found "sitting idle, or doing nothing" on one of the days when he was free from government labour, even then an officer might set him at work for the government till the evening. Thus, like the boy at school who was doing nothing, he was effectually taught not to do it again. But the inventive genius of the new lawgivers expatiated most ardently in regulations relating to the vices, crimes, and sins of unchastity. It seems as if they had spent days and nights in considering the subject, and presenting it in the most new, ingenious, and unexpected lights. The result of their deliberations was a sort of network very complex and very severe, yet unequal in its texture, and even in parts open to Bion's reproach of laws, that they caught the small flies and allowed the great ones to break through. Suffice it for the present to say, that in the "Law respecting Lewdness" distinctions are drawn which are rather fine than nice, with heavy penalties for those who possess money; while disproportionately severe punishments were affixed to irregularities which morality condemns, but about which European legislation is silent, conceiving itself concerned with crimes rather than vices, and leaving the punishment of sin to another tribunal. As an instance of this disparity, in a case where the money fine for breaking the law was fixed at twenty dollars, its equivalent was five months' imprisonment—an imprisonment in which all the days were to be spent in hard labour, and all the nights passed in heavy manacles.'

But there are, we believe, at work causes even deeper than these, which were frustrating the best efforts of these devoted men. It would be to enter upon questions too distinctively theological if we proceeded to inquire at any length whether the causes of this comparative failure in their missions are not involved in the religious system of the Congregationalists; but we cannot quit the subject without suggesting it as a matter for the gravest reflection. In some of the cities of ancient Greece, especially at Corinth, the first preachers of the Gospel had to strive against the prevalence of customs of which it was a shame for Christians even to speak. And how did they deal with them? There is no withholding of emphatic declarations of 'the wrath of God against those which do such things, or have pleasure in them that do them.' But with this there is a perpetual raising before the converts' eyes a glorious standard of regenerate humanity. Baptism

had transferred them into a kingdom of light. Christ himself and his blessed Spirit were within them. The Heavenly Kingdom had opened for them its portals. Old things had passed away, all things had become new.

Congregationalism cannot use such language. It knows nothing of the Sacramental system of the Early Church. In Hawaii too it has of late, in confronting Romanism, been driven farther from those peculiar characteristics of the Apostolic age. It remains to be seen how far our own branch of the Church may be able to supply these deficiencies, and build up in all its perfectness and beauty the Christian edifice. It is with many advantages that it undertakes the work. Romanism is the object of wide-spread hatred in these islands. Here, as elsewhere, it has most dangerously sought to transfer the ancient popular feeling in favour of idolatry to its own use of images ; and by this, and other like courses of action, has brought its own religious teaching into contempt. 'Their worship,' said Kaahana, 'is like that we have forsaken.' 'This is the kind of god we always had before we heard of the true God, I will not turn to that,' said another on being shown by the priest a bronze crucifix worn about his neck. It is moreover identified in the popular mind with French arms and French designs ; and of these there is in the islands a very lively suspicion. In spite, therefore, of the boasts of the Roman Catholics as to the number of their converts, and in spite of the real affection doubtless borne to them by those whom they have won, we do not fear any really powerful opposition from that quarter. Happily too, owing to the resistance of the Government and other causes, no Roman Catholic diocese has been formed in Hawaii ; so that, in founding the see of Honolulu, we cannot be charged with intruding our bishop into the field of another.

Meanwhile the welcome from many will be warm. The

see of Honolulu, as many of our readers no doubt are aware, has been founded on the direct application to our Queen and to the Archbishop of Canterbury of the King himself. He is, we have reason to believe, one of the most remarkable men of the day. The heir of a race of absolute rulers, whose word was law, and who possessed the unrestricted power of life and death, he has gladly co-operated in giving to his country a free constitution, and in governing it according to the laws. Of an enlightened intelligence, familiar with all the literature of Europe, an adept in all the mysteries of international law, and in manners and all bodily exercises a perfect English gentleman, if any ruler could add strength to such a mission as that which now leaves our shores, surely he would be the one. May our ardent wishes for the future be fulfilled through the wisdom and zeal of him whom our Archbishop and his assistant suffragans are sending out on this high enterprise; and may the time come when the Melanesian band which, under Bishop Patteson, is steering northward from New Zealand, may meet the southward progress of the Hawaiian Church, and all the rescued islands lift up with grateful accord their hands of thankfulness to God!

## AIDS TO FAITH.\*

(October 1862.)

THE controversy, which the publication of 'Essays and Reviews' woke up, has been running its various course since, in January, 1861, we called the attention of our readers to that disastrous volume. To many of them, we believe, the subject was then strange; and to many more, we have no doubt, the great gravity of the occasion was till then unknown. Our warmest antagonists have charged upon us the crime of waking up the slumbering garrison to the coming assault. We accept these bitter invectives as a praise, which, not in this instance first, the 'Quarterly Review' has deserved from all lovers at once of the truth, and of our time-honoured institutions.

We shall, perhaps, best fulfil the task we are undertaking,

- \* 1. 'Aids to Faith; a Series of Theological Essays by several Writers.' Edited by William Thomson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. 1861.
- 2. 'Replies to "Essays and Reviews." With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford. 1862.
- 3. 'Seven Answers to Seven Essays and Reviews.' By J. R. Griffiths; with an Introduction by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. 1862.
- 4. 'A Letter to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford on the Defence of the "Essays and Reviews." By the Rev. A. T. Russell. 1862.
- 5. 'Inspiration and Interpretation.' By the Rev. J. W. Burgon. 1861.
- 6. 'Scepticism and the Church of England.' By Lord Lindsay. 1861.
- 7. 'Preface to Sermons on the Beatitudes.' By the Rev. G. Moberley, D.D.
- 8. 'The Revelation of God the Probation of Man: Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.' By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford. 1861
- 9. 'Tracts for Priests and People.' First Series, 1861. Second Series, 1862.
- 10. 'The Philosophical Answer to the "Essays and Reviews." 1862.
- 11. 'Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.' 1861.
- 12. 'Speech of R. Phillimore, D.C.L., Q.C.' 1862.
- 13. 'Defence of Dr. Williams.' By J. F. Stephen. 1862.
- 14. 'Judgment on "Essays and Reviews." 1862.
- 15. 'Persecution for the Word.' By Rowland Williams, D.D. 1862.
- 16. 'Observations on Pantheistic Principles.' By W. H. Mill, D.D. 1861.

if, before we review the present state of this controversy, we examine some portions of the literature to which it has given birth. How large and varied this has become, the list here given—though it does not contain the titles of half which has been written—will, we think, prove. Writers of every class, and of most various merit and demerit, have mingled in the strife. Even the versifier and the maker of jokes has found a congenial theme in a warfare which has really had, as its subject, the very foundations of the Christian faith.

Midway between these lighter skirmishers and some really valuable works, which the needs of the times have called into being, stand an anomalous set of volumes as to which it is difficult to say, with perfect fairness, to which side of the controversy they belong. These are typically represented in the 'Tracts for Priests and People,' on which, therefore, we will first say a few words. The writers of these volumes are in a great measure occupied in replying to the Essayists, whilst yet their own positions are little more defensible or less remote from orthodoxy than those which they think it worth while to attack. They were begun, we are told, when 'the controversy respecting the "Essays and Reviews" was at its height;—that their writers could not sympathise with the Essays because of their negative character; nor with those who condemned them, because the condemnation also was negative;—that they felt it to be their business to 'express sympathy with the strong convictions of all parties and of all men; and not 'to tremble at the censures of mobs' or 'of Convocations,' and further, that it was 'a special object of the writers . . . . to show that opposite conclusions' reached 'by opposite processes of thought' are 'necessary to the existence of the English Church; and that, if she fall into the condition of a Church standing on opinions, she will renounce her position, and be deserted by God.'

When we add that one of the chief writers in these volumes

is the Rev. F. Maurice, we shall at once have prepared our readers to expect, what they will assuredly find, that they have to do with noble instincts, with high aspirations, with considerable subtlety and power; but, withal, with strange luminous mists which repeatedly promise us enlightenment on the deepest and most interesting of unanswered questions, whilst, instead of giving it, they are ever hiding from us, in the puzzling involutions with which their impalpable wreaths invest them, some of the greatest truths which were plain to us before.

There are notable instances of all this in the two Tracts entitled the 'Mote and the Beam,' and 'Morality and Divinity.' Sprinkled through these there are, we gladly allow, many noble thoughts nobly expressed. There is also a great deal of the hard language with which Mr. Maurice seems increasingly to treat all who differ from him. Thus, for instance,—because we urged\* upon those who are too often divided asunder as High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, that, since both perceived the importance of the great truths now in dispute, it was a time for healing animosities by a common earnest contention for the faith once delivered to the saints, we are anathematized in terms not unworthy of a legitimate descendant of the Great Lord Peter in such words as these: 'Merciful God! to what is' this writer 'leading these schools? . . . to drown them in a dead negation of other men's opinions; in a fellowship of hatred—accursed arrangement!'

The leading idea of both Tracts is the defence of Creeds and Articles; and here there gathers thickly over every well-known headland what we have ventured to designate as this writer's luminous vapour. Of course we agree altogether with him in defending Creeds and Articles against all comers; but with his mode of defence, which is most characteristic, we

\* *Supra*, p. 180.

have no sympathy whatever. Creeds, we are assured, must not be regarded as containing any dogma. They are not, that is to say, what the Church has always deemed them to be, statements of the great facts of revelation, derived partly from primitive tradition, partly from the judgment of the whole Church on questions raised by heretics; and therefore, for those who believe in the collective Church as the transmitter of the witness of the Spirit, authentic statements of those facts. No! thus to treat them, we are taught, is their most deadly abuse. 'A mere authoritative declaration of faith' carries no moral power with it. 'It demands moral slavery, prostration of heart as well as intellect, and involves all those fatal consequences which the Bishop of Oxford has pointed out in his first sermon, and which he so happily describes as a neglect of revelation.' 'When the Reformers,' we are told again, acting on this mistake, 'put forward dogmatic confutation' of error . . . . and penal sentences . . . . 'their own doctrine shrivelled into a dry, dead, cruel formula, powerful only for cursing.' So momentous does the writer think it to avoid these evils, that he consents to be 'at variance with his dearest friends, and to incur the suspicion of deliberate dishonesty,' as the price of maintaining that in the Athanasian Creed, 'in speaking of the Trinity, we *cannot* be speaking of a dogma'; whilst, if that Creed 'does canonize a mere dogma, and anathematize those who dissent from it, we should wish it to perish utterly and for ever.'

After the most patient and repeated endeavours to understand what all this means, we confess ourselves entirely baffled. The Creeds, beyond all question or dispute, are—as the Tract writers argue with a great deal of pomp of reasoning, as if persons could be found who denied the self-evident proposition—statements about the Divine Persons of the blessed Godhead, not those Persons themselves. Such statements are dogma: dogma concerning the facts which are the

most real and most important to the whole reasonable creation. They have, in every age of the Church, been used as pointing out the right faith and guarding the humble from errors concerning it. Mr. Maurice has invented for them the newest and the most marvellous use. Creeds are meant to deliver us from the worship of opinions. 'One of the blessings of having Articles' of the Faith is 'that they permit partial statements' of the truth. Surely common sense rejects such glosses as these. Mr. Maurice, it seems to us, might just as well, when seeking his way through an unknown country by the help of direction-posts, address his driver with the words, 'Signposts are all-important. Little do men who despise them know how often they themselves have profited by them. Yes; treat them with all honour, but do not turn them into an intolerable abuse by conceiving that they are to guide your course! No; they are facts. To make them guides would be an intolerable tyranny. Accursed be such slavery! Why am I to go that path because another has set up the sign? The proper use of such instruments is to protect our liberty; to witness to us that we may drive where we will, may do everything, except receive their testimony to direct our steps.' Conceive of such an address, delivered with enormous energy, and you have, we believe, Mr. Maurice's whole doctrine on Creeds full of his mystical eloquence; but we greatly doubt whether the wayward philosopher would not be benighted before he reached his home.

We have dwelt longer upon all this than it may seem to deserve. But, in truth, it is of no small moment thoroughly to understand how far in the great struggle with unbelief these writers will help us. For they offer us their service: they condemn alike the open infidel, the German rationalist, and the Essayists. They are for maintaining the Faith; whilst their names, their high moral tone, their intellectual subtlety, and, above all, their loud, and we doubt not sincere,

expressions of sympathy with the young and the tempted, must invest their writings with much that is attractive. Yet, alas! almost the whole of these two volumes is characterised by these hazy mists, amidst which the old landmarks are scarcely to be seen, and which can hardly fail to betray the wanderer to the false guidance of the bolder spirits of unbelief.

One main subject of these attacks is the second of two sermons preached before the University of Oxford by the Bishop of Oxford, and published with the title of 'The Revelation of God the Probation of Man.'\* These sermons ran rapidly through several editions, and gave rise to a controversy of which Mr. Maurice says, 'The subject is one of permanent interest. The author criticised is the most eloquent of modern Divines; the critic represents a widely-diffused lay feeling. Pamphlets have appeared in answer to the Layman. He has replied. The controversy, which has risen out of that concerning "Essays and Reviews," may continue when they are forgotten.' The main object of the Bishop's sermon is to set plainly before the young the principle that doubts about the truth of Revelation are to be met like any other temptations to evil thoughts. On the wickedness of such a doctrine the authors of the 'Tracts' are very eloquent. Mr. Maurice thinks that these 'doubts may have been cast into the soul by a gracious Spirit;' whilst one of his comrades defines doubts as 'a sacred agony of man's nature in its noblest and most typical embodiments;' claims, in words we will not reprint, our Blessed Lord as an instance of them. He then proceeds to revile, in good set terms, the Bishop as coming under the condemnation of the friends of Job, because he would deprive men of the full and innocent

\* 'The Revelation of God the Probation of Man.' Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, Jan. 27 and Feb. 3, 1861. By Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. Parkers, Oxford.

enjoyment of this 'sacred agony.' Almost the only comment we will make on all this wasted abuse is to quote for our reader's own judgment the especial passage in the sermon against which it is directed:—

'But go one step further, and see, if you would know the utter extremity of this loss, what is the doubter's death. It is always awful to meet great and unchangeable realities with which we have trifled as if they were meaningless shadows. And what a meeting with them is there upon that deathbed, when conscience, at last awake, is crowding on the astonished memory the record of a life's transgressions; when the enemy is accusing and tormenting the soul, which is all but his own; when the terrible summons to the judgment of the just God, like the low deep voices of advancing thunder-clouds, is beginning to shake the heart; when to have a firm hold on one sure promise; when to cling to the hem of the Healer's garment; when to see, as the ransom of a multitude of sins, the blood of His wounded side, would be indeed the soul's only and its sufficient refuge: then in that hour of agony to be compassed about with self-chosen doubts, to have the refinements, and the subtleties, and the questions, and the uncertainties which the man had taken to himself instead of God's sure word of promise and the atoning blood, gather in troops around him like the very fiends of the pit snatching for his soul; to have some doubt ever intervening between his eager grasp and every promise, between his wretched soul and every vision of the Lord Jesus Christ; to have all this and to find no escape from it; to have lost the power of believing, and to know, when it is too late to win it, that it is lost for ever; to have in that hour, at best, "thy life hang in doubt before thee," because only that sure definiteness of a fixed faith which thou hast thrown away can shelter thee in that shock; to have, too probably, thy doubts close in upon thee in an unutterable despair,—this is to die the doubter's death. From such a death may the good Lord of His great mercy deliver us.'

'It is from this, brethren, that I would help to save you. It is with this you are unaware trifling, when you open your soul to the first plausible approaches of the habit of doubting; it is this harvest of despair for which they are sowing who fling broadcast into the open furrows of young and generous natures the deadly seeds of doubtfulness. Oh, cruel and most fatal labour! For by no after act of his can the teacher root out of the heart of another the seed of death which he has planted in it. Surely for such, above others, was the caution written, "Whoso shall make to stumble one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." It is not from the imagination that I have drawn this warning. I can tell you of an overshadowing grave which closed in on such a struggle

and such an end as that at which I have glanced. In it was laid a form which had hardly reached the fulness of earliest manhood. That young man had gone, young, ardent, and simply faithful, to the tutelage of one, himself, I doubt not, a sincere believer, but who sought to reconcile the teaching of our Church, in which he ministered, with the dreams of rationalism. His favourite pupil learned his lore, and it sufficed for his needs whilst health beat high in his youthful veins. But on him sickness and decay closed early in : and as the glow of health faded, the intellectual lights for which he had exchanged the simplicity of faith began to pale ; whilst the viper brood of doubts which almost unawares he had let slip into his soul crept forth from their hiding places, and raised against him fearfully their envenomed heads. And they were too strong for him. The teacher who had suggested could not remove them ; and in darkness and despair his victim died before his eyes the doubter's death.'

We can easily understand that such words as these, spoken with authority to a listening crowd of undergraduates, must be as gall and wormwood to those who see but 'a sacred agony of the soul' in that deadly habit of encouraging religious uncertainty at which the preacher strikes. For it is against this encouragement of doubt alone that the preacher argues. He distinguishes directly between the 'fullest religious inquiry into Revelation from which Christianity has nothing to lose,'\* and the sinfulness of encouraged doubts. This wide distinction it is the great effort of the Tract writers to obliterate, and yet what can be more real ?- It is not that all doubt is sinful ; some minds, perhaps the deepest, must be visited by it ; it is a correlative of their greater expanse that the very breath of Heaven as it sweeps over them should break their calm into the uneasiness of a troubled swell. Doubt therefore, in itself, is not sinful ; it is the allowance and the encouragement of doubting which are sinful. It is essentially a peculiar form of temptation, and it is to be resisted as a temptation. Nor does this of necessity mean, as our Tract writers assert that it does, that we are to make the vain attempt of crushing it mechanically out of the

\* Introduction to Sermon.

soul, but that, regarding it not as a 'sacred agony' to be gloried in, but as a temptation to be resisted, we are to use all those means—and they are many—by which faith can be directly strengthened, and doubts therefore indirectly subdued. The weeds are to be acknowledged to be weeds, and are to be got rid of by draining and manuring and cultivating the soil—the exactly opposite treatment from that recommended by our writers to Priests and People.

Doubts then about God's truth being thus canonized by the writers of the 'Tracts,' we learn that it was Anselm's 'theory of satisfaction which led . . . to the notion of Christ being punished for our sins;' and further that 'the difference between the inspiration of Isaiah and Shakespeare is not expressible in words;' that 'the appeal to the hope of reward and the fear of punishment is not in Christ's Gospel;' that 'the Scriptures do not contain the modern logical notion of a Revelation attested by miracles;' that 'the evidential definition of miracles is entirely absent from them;' that 'the Scriptures do not place the acts of Christ in a class called supernatural,' and therefore that 'if one should . . . maintain that . . . through the advancing knowledge and power bestowed by the Creator upon the human race, men will be enabled, without supernatural agency, to do the very works which Christ did, no sentence could be quoted from Scripture to condemn the hypothesis.' We learn that 'we possess and use the same kind of advantages which the Apostles possessed and used in those mighty works by which their Gospel was commended;' that 'missionaries like Dr. Livingstone . . . are only too readily taken for superhuman personages;' and that 'it is a most dangerous innovation to attempt to impose miracles, as if by Divine authority, upon the faith of Man.' Nay, further: it is suggested to us, to ease our minds as to the miraculous interpositions which are recorded in the Bible, that, consider-

ing all things, their paucity rather than their presence is the marvel; for that 'in the time of our Lord even the most cultivated of mankind were victims of magic and sorcery and enchantments . . . that in Judea a peculiarly dark and irrational fanaticism prevailed . . . that our sacred books were not written by some well-known author, but were the legendary product of convictions and sentiments working in the popular mind.' But we have done. The intentions of the writers of the 'Tracts for Priests and People' are, no doubt, the best and purest; but we fear that, when the harbouring of religious doubts has become man's sacred duty; when the Creeds have been emptied of dogma; the doctrine of the Atonement brought very near to the Socinian level; the difference as to their inspiration between Shakespeare and Isaiah found not to be expressible in words, and miracles to be no longer supernatural; there will remain very little chance of defending the innermost citadel against assailants, though they be as weak as our writers agree with us in thinking the unhappy Essayists, the most remarkable feature of whose work, say the Tract writers, is 'its general intrinsic dulness and feebleness.'

We turn now to works of a very different character. So long as the heart of faith remains sound in any branch of the Church, the putting forth among its members of heretical views acts as some external violence does on the healthy body. It calls out its slumbering vitality to repair the wrong. In this way, so long as the general constitution is sound and healthful, the attempts of teachers of error are overruled, to the ultimate benefit of the Church. Truths which slept unpronounced in their unconscious possession become suddenly instinct with a new life. In the event Arius was, though the most unintentional, yet the greatest teacher of the Athanasian doctrine. The history of our own Church, true in the main everywhere to the great Catholic traditions,

may supply us with many instances of this salutary reaction. Nothing, we believe, has more tended to diffuse throughout our communion sound views on the Sacrament of Baptism, than the attacks made upon the doctrine of the Church concerning it during the whole process of the Gorham controversy. So we believe it has been already, and will be still more, in the course of the discussions to which the publication of 'Essays and Reviews' has given birth. The tendency of the human mind, in the individual and in that aggregate of individuals which makes up any community, is to be comparatively careless about truths which it holds without dispute or trouble. The attempt to steal away this possession first wakes up the possessor to its value, and, turning its maintenance into an active effort, gives consciousness and reality to what was before a mere instinctive habit.

The attack upon dogma amongst ourselves has awoke numbers to a sense of the value of dogmatic truth. It is worse than idle to represent this, as Mr. Maurice does, as the community in hatred of those who had differed from each other by being each the representative of different sides of the common truth. It is the agreement of men who have inherited jointly some vast treasure, and who in times of security have differed, it may be, something in their several estimates of the value of its various parts, to defend in a moment of danger the priceless deposit against the common robber. Their bond of union is not hatred of the assailant, but love for that which he assails. It is that which is so forcibly described in the sacred words '*striving together* for the faith of the Gospel.' (Philipp. i. 27.)

There are two distinct modes which this defence may assume. It may act by a direct assault on the assailant in defence of the doctrine threatened, or it may proceed by the more positive course of maintaining the threatened truths, and so strengthening the whole system against attack.

Each course has its separate advantages. The first is more direct in its action upon the teachers of the special error to be refuted: it exposes their fallacies, and by so doing it damages their claims to authority, and destroys their arms of offence; and it is therefore surest to attract attention and to create immediate interest. There is far more of dramatic power about it. The refutation of error—often a somewhat dull matter in the abstract—is rendered exciting by the satisfied indignation with which the sense of justice sees the individual offenders pursued, brought to trial, and condemned. But against this is to be set the negative tendency of this treatment. To condemn error is not necessarily to maintain truth; and after the satisfaction of a righteous indignation against an offender there is not seldom a reactionary slumber, as if all had been accomplished by his chastisement, although the treasure for the sake of which he was pursued has not been itself recovered. The second mode, though far less exciting, is free from this evil. It proceeds by building up against the perversion or negation of error the positive truth, and so smites the robber of our faith only incidentally. But whilst it lacks much of the strong interest of the former method, it is, in the long run, the most valuable. The work is purely positive, and its interest is enduring. The mere barricade against an enemy may at the moment of attack be the defence of all we value, but when the assault is over it is worthless. But the opening of some great military road, though rendered needful at the time of its construction by some passing exigency of warfare, is of perpetual value, by opening what remains as a permanent approach to districts closed heretofore to all necessary intercommunication.

The 'Replies to Essays and Reviews,' to which the Bishop of Oxford has contributed a Preface, and the 'Aids to Faith,' of which the Bishop (Thomson) of Gloucester and Bristol is the Editor, are good examples of these two methods. The

'Aids to Faith,' as its title signifies, proposes, upon the matters which have come recently into question, to supply detailed statements of, and arguments for, positive truth, which may so inform the reader upon the whole question that he shall be himself a match for the setter-forth of old objections under new garbs, and see at once through the subtleties which would suggest difficulties, and insinuate the charge of impossibility against that which has been received from the beginning as the voice of God in the Revelation of His Truth.

The volume is, in our judgment, worthy of its occasion and its argument. It deals with the foundations of the faith upon all the great matters which have come into dispute; and though with various power and success, in almost every instance it deals with them in a mode well calculated to confirm the faith it is intended to secure. The work consists of nine Essays, dealing respectively with Miracles as Evidences of Christianity; with the Study of the Evidences of Christianity; with Prophecy; with Ideology and Subscription; with the Mosaic Record of Creation; the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch; Inspiration; the Death of Christ; and Scripture and its Interpretation.

There is less to object to or allow for than we should have thought possible in so many Essays on such high subjects, contributed by such different writers. In the second Essay, indeed, we think that the writer sometimes pushes too far the inferences which he draws from his leading principle, that Christianity is an historical religion. He sometimes, doubtless quite unintentionally, slides into language which would appear, in exalting the historical, to undervalue the internal evidence of our Faith. This has led him, in our judgment, to condemn too sweepingly what has been called the 'Evangelical' movement in our own Church. We have never been amongst those who have closed their eyes to the many evils

which waited upon that really great awakening. But we do not think that the first loss of theological knowledge amongst us is fairly to be traced to that source. It began earlier. It was the fruit, in great measure, of that wretched policy which, under the influence of Bishop Hoadley and his fellows, discouraged the promotion to the high places of the Church of sound and learned theologians, and thought it wiser to fill our great chairs with safe men, who would be obedient to the party which promoted them, whilst it discouraged divines of powerful minds, high attainments, and holy lives, who might have proved, in the evil days which followed, leaders alike to the clergy and to the laity. This policy led, as it always must lead, to an age of cold hearts, of worldly lives, and of doubting spirits; and in this dark time these evils had spread to a fearful extent amongst our clergy as well as our laity. The Evangelical movement was the awakening reaction of the great soul of the nation against this deathlike slumber. It had not long established itself amongst us, and had scarcely reached up to the high places of the land, when the preliminary throes of the great revolutionary earthquake began to make themselves felt; and it was not long before the full consequences of such a decay of faith were written broad before our eyes as in characters of fire in the convulsions of the neighbouring continent; and especially of France; in which from many causes the sleep had been the deepest.

The immediate work of the leaders of the new movement was, it is true, far more to awaken souls, and to guide those which were just awakening, than to be great in theological attainments. But they were not a set of ignorant men amongst men of learning, who fought for unlettered subjective religiousness against a school of well furnished theologians; they were men whose hearts were warmed by the great truths of the Gospel in the midst of an apathetic generation. The evil of exclusiveness, it is true, fell upon

their party at a later period, when the followers of the first ranks narrowed all the faith to the comparatively small range of truths (mighty as those truths were) which their fathers had won, and refused to share in the increasing breadth of view which was dawning on the awakened Church. We are bound, therefore, to admit that the indignation which some statements of this Essay have aroused in those who represent the party to whose doors he seeks to lay this great reproach, is not unnatural. We cannot wonder at the aggrieved feelings with which those who know the depth and truthfulness of that hold upon the doctrine of the Atonement and the influences of the Holy Spirit, which was the sheet-anchor of the early Evangelical movement, have seen their fathers in the Christian strife here at home described as co-operating in any sense whatever with the authors of that German movement, which brought it to pass among our foreign brethren that 'religion was regarded as an affair of sentiment.'

Closely connected with this vein of thought is another tendency which may perhaps, as we have hinted, be traced here and there in this Essay—we mean a depreciation of the full weight of Authority, and of internal evidence, in the exaltation of the importance of that which is external. We quite agree with the writer, that to abandon the historical and external evidence for the truth of our faith would be alike foolish and fatal. But, in establishing this, we cannot venture to assert 'that the Gospel certainly never made its way by first recommending itself to the conscious wants and wishes of mankind.' It is true, indeed, as the Essayist says, that 'it was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness;' but that was because in them its accents were drowned by the storm of their prejudices; but wherever it broke upon an ear prepared to receive it, its voice awoke at once in the listener's heart a burst of unutterable joy. We

think, too, that he has stated with a breadth which might lead to a misapprehension of what we doubt not is his true meaning, the proposition that 'the minds of many among the humbler classes in Christian lands base their faith upon rational evidence.' We cannot doubt that he would readily admit that the Gospel has spread through its divine power of meeting 'the conscious wants and wishes of mankind,' and that to the mass of the people in Christian lands it must always be propounded by authority and received by the action of a faithful obedience. When St. Paul preached the Gospel at Athens, declaring to her philosophers the Unknown God, after whom, in their ignorance, they were so passionately reaching forth, he appealed to their 'conscious wants' and inarticulate 'wishes'; and when the Moravian brethren preached to the poor Greenlanders the doctrine of the Atonement through the Cross, and found those dull hearts melt beneath the heavenly warmth, the process in such different materials was exactly the same. Surely it is to such an inward answering to those conscious wants in the listeners' heart of hearts, which had long been craving in their dumb misery for some deliverer, and not to teaching them the evidences, that St. Paul refers when he speaks of 'commending himself to every man's conscience in the fear of God.' (2 Cor. iv. 2.) Nor amidst the hundred thousand cottages of England in which the souls of the rustic inhabitants have received the truth and been so enlightened by it as to do patiently their duty here and to know the calm peacefulness of a believer's death-bed at last—can we conceive that their hopes rested upon their having 'felt the force of evidence,' though they 'never consciously framed a syllogism;' but upon the fact that the Gospel of our Lord, propounded to them on the authority of the Church into which they had been baptized, did meet all 'the wants and wishes of their own souls.'

Of course, the Gospel ever had a whole system of external evidence on which to fall back. There were, its history, its miracles, its fulfilled prophecies—all ready to satisfy the most intelligent inquirers. But these were not its instruments of conversion—these were not the arms with which it subdued the world. They were the great Reserve of Truth on which the Evangelist could fall back, and which distinguished the present victory which the announcement of the glad tidings had won in the souls whose conscious wants it met, from the mere passing triumph of a groundless enthusiasm.

The truth is—and it is this we think which Bishop Fitzgerald has somewhat failed to notice—that whilst the great value of external evidence is in the battle with the world and the unbeliever, internal evidences are the strength of the Gospel for the listener and the faithful. Even miracles themselves were not, properly speaking, instruments of conversion to those before whose eyes they were wrought; they did but call attention to the message which was the instrument of conversion, and the strength of that message lay in its marvellous answer to all ‘the conscious wants and wishes of the hearts’ of fallen men.

With this qualification, then, we can heartily commend this volume as one valuable product, at the least, of this sad and wearisome strife. Bishop Thomson’s own essay, especially in its closing pages, rises often to the height of his great argument; and there are some quite excellent passages both in Mr. Cook’s handling of ideology and subscription, and in Mr. Rawlinson’s ‘Proof of the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Pentateuch.’

But, besides these, there are two essays which rise amongst their fellows as the loftiest peaks of some mountain range where all are giants. These two essays—Professor Mansel’s and Dean Ellicott’s—seem to us to satisfy every reasonable requirement, and successfully to fulfil their own high design.

Mr. Mansel deals with 'Miracles as Evidences of Christianity,' and his treatise dispels, like the sun upon the mountain-side, the mists and confusions with which the subtleties of doubt and error have sought to invest this most important question. It is hardly possible to give a fair sample of his mode of treating the question, because the terse conciseness of his style and the close texture of his argument will not bear compression. But we must make the attempt. We will take the point where, having shown that it is impossible to believe at all in Christ if we disbelieve the truth of His miracles—for that from the mode in which He refers to them any natural explanation of them deals the death-blow to the moral character of the teacher no less than to the sensible evidence of His mission—having demolished the plausible objection that 'no testimony can reach to the supernatural, because testimony can apply only to apparent sensible facts' ('Essays and Reviews,' p. 107), by showing that this applies only to the testimony of the observer and not of the performer of the act; having shown how entirely the improbability of miracles may be removed by the moral circumstances which may call for them and transform them from 'uncouth prodigies of the kingdom of Nature into the fitting splendours of the kingdom of Grace'; having exposed the old fallacy of treating miracles as an infraction of the laws of Nature, by showing what such a violation would really be—namely, the obtaining in two cases different resulting facts from the same antecedent causes; whereas the believer in miracles avers not this, but that there is the special intervention of a personal agent to prevent, in this particular instance, the action of these causes; he thus replies to the seemingly learned objection:—

'In an age of physical research like the present all highly-cultivated minds and duly-advanced intellects have imbibed, more or less, the lessons of the inductive philosophy, and have at least in some measure learned to

appreciate the grand foundation conception of universal law—to recognise the impossibility even of *any two material atoms* subsisting together without a determinate relation—of any action of the one or the other, whether of equilibrium or of motion, without reference to a physical cause—of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following in some necessary chain of orderly connexion, however imperfectly known to us.

‘This operation of “a series of eternally-impressed consequences” could hardly be described more graphically or forcibly than in the following words of a great German philosopher:—“Let us imagine, for instance, this grain of sand lying some few feet further inland than it actually does. Then must the storm-wind that drove it in from the sea-shore have been stronger than it actually was. Then must the preceding state of the atmosphere, by which this wind was occasioned and its degree of strength determined, have been different from what it actually was; and the previous changes which gave rise to this particular weather—and so on. We must suppose a different temperature from that which really existed, and a different constitution of the bodies which influenced this temperature. The fertility or barrenness of countries, the duration of the life of man, depend, unquestionably, in a great degree on temperature. How can you know—since it is not given us to penetrate the *arcana* of nature, and it is therefore allowable to speak of possibilities—how can you know that in such a state of weather as we have been supposing, in order to carry this grain of sand a few yards further, some ancestor of yours might not have perished from hunger, or cold, or heat long before the birth of that son from whom you are descended; that thus you might never have been at all; and all that you have ever done, and all that you ever hope to do in this world, must have been hindered in order that a grain of sand might lie in a different place?”

‘Without attempting to criticise the argument as thus eloquently stated, let us make one alteration in the circumstances supposed—an alteration necessary to make it relevant to the present question. Let us suppose that the grain of sand, instead of being carried to its present position by wind, has been placed there by a man. . . . . The most rigid prevalence of law, and necessary sequence among purely material phenomena, may be admitted without apprehension by the firmest believer in miracles so long as that sequence is so interpreted as to leave room for a power indispensable to all moral obligation and to all religious belief—the power of Free Will in man. Deny the existence of a free will in man, and neither the possibility of miracles, nor any another question of religion or morality, is worth contending about. Admit the existence of a free will in man, and we have the experience of a power analogous, however inferior, to that

which is supposed to operate in the production of a miracle, and forming the basis of a legitimate argument from the less to the greater. In the will of man we have the solitary instance of an efficient cause in the highest sense of the term, acting among and along with the physical causes of the material world, and producing results which would not have been brought about by any invariable sequence of physical causes left to their own action. We have evidence also of an *elasticity*, so to speak, in the constitution of nature which permits the influence of human power on the phenomena of the world to be exercised or suspended at will without affecting the stability of the whole. We have thus a precedent for allowing the possibility of a similar interference of a higher will on a grander scale, provided for by a similar elasticity of the matter subjected to its influence. Such interferences, whether produced by human or by superhuman will, are not contrary to the laws of matter; but neither are they the results of those laws. They are the work of an agent who is independent of the laws, and who, therefore, neither obeys them nor disobeys them. . . . .

'Substitute the will of God for the will of man, and the argument, which in the above instance is limited to the narrow sphere within which man's power can be exercised, becomes applicable to the whole extent of creation, and to all the phenomena which it embraces.

'The fundamental conception which is indispensable to a true apprehension of the nature of a miracle, is that of the distinction of mind from matter, and of the power of the former, as a personal, conscious, and free agent, to influence the phenomena of the latter. We are conscious of this power in ourselves; we experience it in our every-day life; but we experience also its restriction within certain narrow limits, the principal one being, that man's influence upon foreign bodies is only possible through the instrumentality of his own body. Beyond these limits is the region of the miraculous. In at least the great majority of the miracles recorded in Scripture the supernatural element appears, not in the relation of matter to matter, but in that of matter to mind—in the exercise of a personal power transcending the limits of man's will. They are not so much *supernatural* as *superhuman*. Miracles, as evidences of religion, are connected with a teacher of that religion; and their evidential character consists in the witness which they bear to him as "a man approved of God by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him." He may make use of natural agents, acting by their own laws, or he may not: on this question various conjectures may be hazarded, more or less plausible. The miracle consists in his making use of them, so far as he does so, under circumstances which no human skill could bring about.'

We know not where to find a finer specimen of close reasoning and happy illustration than all this; but well

nigh every page of this essay would furnish others like it, nor could we exhaust them without transferring the whole bodily to our pages.

Dean Ellicott's contribution, whilst differing in almost every characteristic of style, treatment, and illustration from Mr. Mansel's, is marked by equal excellence. There is a completeness in his treatment of the objections of the gainsayer which could be obtained only by a fulness of admission of all that is to be urged against the truth, which at first sight is sometimes positively alarming. This element of his strength is well exhibited in the manner in which he deals with the favourite objection that Holy Scripture is not treated as other books are, that different interpretations of the same passage are equally admitted until all reality of meaning is destroyed. Here, having first proved that there 'has been from the first a substantive agreement, not only in the mode of interpreting Scripture, but in many of its most important details,' he proceeds to admit 'frankly the existence of diversity of interpretation,' and then asks, 'How can we in the same breath assert prevailing unity and yet admit diversity? How do we account for a state of things which in Sophocles or Plato would be pronounced incredible or absurd?' At first sight we might almost suppose that we had got hold of one of Professor Jowett's insinuations of the fallaciousness of the Scriptures; but mark the fulness of the answer, and the wisdom as well as the safety of the most complete admission of everything the adversary can claim will be at once apparent. 'Our answer,' continues the Dean, 'is of a threefold nature. We account for this by observing: *first*, that the Bible is different from every other book in the world, and that its interpretation may well be supposed to involve many difficulties and diversities; *secondly*, that the words of Scripture in many parts have more than one meaning and application; *thirdly*, that Scripture is inspired, and

that, though written by man, it is a revelation from God, and adumbrates His eternal plenitudes and perfections.'

Each of which pregnant propositions of refutation he expands into a crushing demolition of the whole system of the objectors. Nor does this fulness in admitting all that is to be said against his argument ever degenerate with Dean Ellicott into a mawkish tenderness for the enemies of truth. So far is this from being the case, that perhaps the severest treatment of their offences against honesty is to be found in his pages. The following passage well illustrates both of these peculiarities. He is enforcing his third proposition, that Scripture is divinely inspired, and proceeds, 'In the outset let it be said that we heartily concur with the majority of our opponents in rejecting all theories of inspiration, and in sweeping aside all those distinctions and definitions which in too many cases have been merely called forth by emergencies, and drawn up for no other purpose than to meet real and supposed difficulties. Hence all such terms as "mechanical" and "dynamical" inspiration, and all the theories which have grown round these epithets, &c. &c. . . . may be most profitably dismissed from our thoughts. . . . The Holy Volume itself shall explain to us the nature of that influence by which it is pervaded and quickened. Thus far we are perfectly in accord with our opponents. . . . Here, however, all agreement completely ceases. . . . Let us observe that nothing can really be less tenable than the assertion that there is no foundation in the Gospels or Epistles for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration'. . . . which assertion—one of those well denominated in the words of Dr. Moberly 'random scatterings of uneasiness,'\*—is then contradicted by a whole pageful of direct quotations summed up with the telling conclusion, 'We pause, not from lack of further statements, but from

\* Preface to 'Sermons on the Beatitudes,' p. 11.

the feeling that quite enough has been said to lead any fair reader to pronounce the assertion of there being "no foundation" in the Gospels or Epistles for any of the higher or supernatural views of inspiration contrary to evidence, and perhaps even to admit that such assertions *where ignorance cannot be pleaded in extenuation* are not to be deemed consistent with fair and creditable argument.' And again— 'We are told that the term "inspiration" is but of yesterday . . . and that the question was not determined by Fathers of the Church'. . . . when again succeeds a pageful of crushing quotations calmly summed up by the declaration, 'Again we pause. We could continue such quotations almost indefinitely ; we could put our fingers positively on hundreds of such passages in the writings of the Fathers of the first five or six centuries ; we could quote the language of early councils ; we could point to the plain testimony of early controversies, each side claiming Scripture to be that from which there could be no appeal ; we could even call in heretics, and prove, from their own defences of their own tenets, from their own admissions, and their own assumptions, that the inspiration of Scripture was of all subjects one that was conceived thoroughly settled and agreed upon.'

We hardly know where to point to a better specimen of controversial writing than this. For fairness of admission, for completeness of reply, and for a just severity in censure, it is thoroughly admirable. Nor are these the writer's only merits ; there are occasions when, abandoning this sterner severity, he treats his adversaries with a quiet humour which sometimes tells more than even the most solemn logic. Thus in expounding the first of his five rules for interpreting Scripture, which he paraphrases thus: 'Ascertain first what is the ordinary lexical meaning of the individual words ; and next, what, according to the ordinary rules of syntax, is the first and simplest meaning of the

sentence which they make up,'—‘a threadbare rule,’ which he tells us ‘it must be clear to every quiet observer that there is a strong desire’ evinced in many quarters to evade and

‘Rectify, by the aid of our own “verifying faculty,” the imperfect utterance of the words of which it is assumed we caught the real and intended meaning! No mode of interpretation is more completely fascinating than this intuitional method, none that is more thoroughly welcome to the excessive self-sufficiency in regard to Scriptural interpretation, of which we are now having so much clear and so much melancholy evidence. To sit calmly in our studies, to give force and meaning to the faltering utterances of inspired men, to correct the tottering logic of an Apostle, to clear up the misconceptions of an Evangelist—and to do this without dust and toil, without expositors and without versions—without anxieties about the meanings of particles, or humiliations at discoveries of lacking scholarship—to do all this thus easily and serenely, is the temptation held out; and the weak, the vain, the ignorant, and the prejudiced are clearly proving unable to resist it.’

The five rules themselves, worked out in a detail of the greatest power and interest, with a refreshing abundance of texts rightly quoted, and subjected to a really scholarlike process of investigation, are so simple and complete that we print them as golden canons for all who would study the Scriptures aright. They are these: ‘1. Ascertain as clearly as it may be possible the literal and grammatical meaning of the words. 2. Illustrate wherever possible by reference to history, topography, and antiquities. 3. Develop and enunciate the meaning under the limitations assigned by the context; or, in other words, interpret contextually. 4. In every passage elicit the full significance of all details.’ Which four he gathers up into this one: ‘Interpret grammatically, historically, contextually, and minutely.’ From which he ascends through the two minor suggestions—‘Let the writer interpret himself,’ and ‘Where possible let Scripture interpret itself;’ or, in other words, ‘Interpret according to the analogy of Scripture,’—to his fifth rule, ‘Interpret

according to the analogy of Faith. We would gladly give instances of the application of each of these rules, but we must content ourselves with one by way of example. It seems to us to rise to the best of those observations of undesigned coincidences which have given such an undying value to the 'Horae Paulinae' of Archdeacon Paley. He is showing the way in which the sense of the Gospels is brought out by a faithful use of his fourth rule of 'eliciting the full significance of all details':

'Of what importance, historically considered, is the simple addition of the word *τερουσαλήμ* in Luke v. 17, as showing the quarter whence the spies came, and marking, throughout this portion of the narrative, that most of the charges and machinations came, not from natives of Galilee, but from emissaries from a hostile centre! What a picture does the *ἵν πρόγεων αὐτούς* of Mark x. 32, present to us of the Lord's bearing and attitude in this His last journey, and how fully it explains the *ἰθαμβούρρο* which follows! How expressive is the single word *καθήμενας* (Matt. xxvii. 61) in the narrative of the Lord's burial, as depicting the stupefying grief that left others to do what the sitters-by might in part have shared in! How full of wondrous significance is the notice of the state of the abandoned grave-clothes in the rock-hewn sepulchre (John xx. 7)! What mystery is there in the recorded position and attitude of the heavenly watchers (ver. 12)! What a real force there is in the simple numeral in the record of the two mites which the widow cast into the treasury! She might have given one (in spite of what Schoettgen says to the contrary); she gave her all. How the frightful *ἴα* of the demoniac (Luke iv. 34) tells almost pictorially of the horror and recoil which was felt by the spirits of darkness when they came in proximity to our Saviour (compare Matt. viii. 29; Mark i. 23, v. 7; Luke viii. 28); and what light and interest it throws upon the *καὶ ἰδε* κ. τ. λ. of Mark ix. 20, in the case of the demoniac boy! Again, of what real importance is the simple *πορευθήσεις* both in 1 Peter iii. 19 and 22! How it hints at a literal and local descent in one case, and how it enables us to cite an Apostle as attesting the literal and local ascent in the other! When we combine the latter with the *ἀνεφέρετο* of Luke xxiv. 51 (a passage undoubtedly genuine), and pause to mark the tense, can we share in any of the modern difficulties that have been felt about the actual, and so to say material, nature of the heavenly mystery of the Lord's Ascension?'

We must indulge in one more quotation, in order to show a wholly different vein of thought. How well does the deed

philosophic tone of the following remarks kindle at its close into eloquent grandeur!—

‘In the case of unfulfilled prophecy, especially, the temptation to indulge in unauthorized speculation is often excessive. Uneducated and undisciplined minds are completely carried away by it, and even the more devout and self-restrained frequently give themselves up to sad extravagances in this form of the application of God’s Word. The result is, only too often, that better-educated and more logical minds, in recoiling from what they justly deem unlicensed and preposterous, pass over too much into the other extreme, and deem Prophecy in every form as a subject far too doubtful and debatable ever to fall within the province of Scripture application. It is, we fear, by no means too much to say, that a great part of the present melancholy scepticism as to Messianic prophecy is due to the almost indignant reaction which has been brought about by the excesses of apocalyptic interpretation. The utmost caution, then, is justly called for: nay, it perhaps would be well if unfulfilled prophecy were never to be applied to any other purposes than those of general encouragement and consolation. We may often be thus made to feel that we are in the midst of a providential dispensation—that though our eyes may be holden as to the relations of contemporaneous events to the future, whether of the Church or of the world, we may yet descry certain bold and broad outlines, certain tendencies and developments, which make us wend our way onward, thoughtfully and circumspectly—wayfarers, who gaze with ever-deepening interest on the contour of the distant hills, even though we cannot clearly distinguish the clustered details of the nearer and separating plain.’

We turn to the next volume on our catalogue, constructed in the main on the same principle of different writers of high reputation undertaking to furnish replies to difficulties raised by the Essayists. For though this volume takes more distinctly the form of replies to the Essays, yet, as it is explained by the Bishop of Oxford in his preface, its purpose is ‘not so much to reply directly to error as to establish truth, and so to remove the foundations on which error rests.’ This preface is brief and purely introductory, but it contains a sketch of the whole controversy; and there is one suggestion in it of such gravity that we must place it in the writer’s own words before our readers. After having given his reasons for considering it a short-sighted explanation which saw in this

movement nothing more than a reaction from some extreme views which have disfigured the great re-awakening of the Church of England, he adds, 'The movement of the human mind has been far too wide spread, and connects itself with far too general conditions, to be capable of so narrow a solution. Much more true is the explanation which sees in it the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist. For these difficulties gather their strength from a spirit of lawless rejection of all authority, from a class of claims for the unassisted human intellect to be able to discover, measure, and explain all things.' If this view be true, and we believe that it is, it invests this whole controversy with an almost fearful importance. It is not the paltry and often answered objections of the Essayists with which we have to deal: they are but the preliminary drops which tell of the coming storm. Rather have we to call upon men to prepare for that last and mighty tempest which shall precede the blessed restoration; for 'the hail and fire mingled with the hail very grievous;' that they who 'fear the word of the Lord may make their servants and their cattle flee into the houses.'

There is throughout this volume a close and distinct dealing with the Essayists themselves, which the more general purpose of the last made impossible. And here accordingly, as in every other case where these writers have been met by men at once thoroughly honest and learned, there is the complaint which at the first we raised of the constant recurrence of that which it is impossible to account for, except on the supposition either of extraordinary shallowness or of moral defects, which it is far more painful to predicate of any man than mere intellectual feebleness or even than discreditable ignorance. Thus, by way of example, Mr. Rose charges Dr. R. Williams with 'discussing the truth and the interpretation of Scripture in a manner

which must leave an impression on the minds of those who have not leisure or opportunity to study deeply such questions, that their faith is founded on ignorance or misapprehension ; and thus a general spirit of scepticism is likely to be promoted.' Mr. Rose proceeds further to distinctly charge the writer with endeavouring to create this impression by having recourse to 'a series of misrepresentations of the most unfair and one-sided character.' With the chief of these he goes on to deal, showing that what Dr. Williams asserts 'concerning the state of opinion as to the Scriptures amongst the learned men of Germany is utterly at variance with fact.' Next, that his statements concerning 'the interpretation of prophecy in our country' and many particular passages of Scripture 'are great misrepresentations.' In how complete a manner he establishes his charges we may most conveniently show our readers by quoting one single passage which occurs under the second of these heads :—

"Bishop Chandler is said to have thought." Surely this phrase is strange in regard to a book so well known as Chandler's "Answers to Collins"! Why should not Dr. Williams have taken the trouble to ascertain what Bishop Chandler does say, before he made so loose a statement?

'We shall simply place Bishop Chandler's own words in apposition with Dr. Williams's own report of them :—

DR. WILLIAMS.

"Bishop Chandler is said to have thought twelve passages in the Old Testament directly Messianic."

BISHOP CHANDLER.

"But not to rest in generals, let the disquisition of particular texts determine the truth of this author's assertion. *To name them all* would carry me into too great length. *I shall therefore select some of the principal prophecies*, which being proved to regard the Messias immediately and solely, in the obvious and literal sense according to scholastic rules, *may serve as a specimen* of what the Scriptures have predicted of a Messias that was to come."

'It seems very clear that Dr. Williams knows even less of Bishop Chandler than he appears to know of Bishop Butler. But before we pass on to Bishop Butler, let me ask those who read this Essay what faith they

can put in any statements it contains after reading these words? The allusion to Paley is even worse. Paley was not writing a book on prophecy, but in treating of the evidences of Christianity he contents himself with quoting only one prophecy, and assigns his reason for limiting his quotation to that one, viz., "as well because I think it the clearest and strongest of all, as because most of the rest, in order that their value might be represented with any tolerable degree of fidelity, require a discussion unsuitable to the limits and nature of this work." He then refers with approbation to Bishop Chandler's dissertations, and asks the infidel to try the experiment whether he could find any other eminent person to the history of whose life so many circumstances can be made to apply. It is not that he "ventures to quote" only this as if he were afraid to meet the question, but he actually refers to the book where these questions, which lie out of his own path, are specially treated. And now, what becomes of the list of prophecies, "fine by degrees and beautifully less" as years roll on, which Dr. Williams would persuade his readers have been given up till a grave divine "ventured to quote" only one? The subject is really too sacred, too solemn, to be treated in a manner like this. On any subject such misrepresentation would be very discreditable, but in treating of the evidence for the truth of Holy Scripture it becomes positively criminal.

'But if Paley and Bishop Chandler are thus misrepresented, what shall we say to the insinuation about Bishop Butler? Instead of Bishop Butler having turned aside from a future prospect of probable interpretations, he distinctly grapples with those that have been made on this principle, and denies that they have any weight. So that in the representation of Bishop Chandler, Dr. Paley, and Bishop Butler, the author of this Essay may be said to have misrepresented every one of them, and to have interwoven his misrepresentations together into a statement which it will be difficult to parallel for its contempt of truth.'

We know not when any reputable divine of the Church of England has received, still less has justified, such charges of direct falsification of facts as are fixed here upon the Essayists in straightforward words.

Not different in fact, though more gently framed, is Mr. Haddan's complaint against the Rector of Lincoln, that he has been 'tempted' by 'the Dalilah of a neat historical formula to sacrifice Laud and his school to an antithesis;' a delicate suggestion of historical inaccuracy, which is expanded into five pages of crushing proof that 'the Caroline divines were so far from assuming either of the suppositions'

imputed to them by the Rector 'that *they unhesitatingly deny both.*'

But of all the replies no answer falls so heavily as to the charge of want of accuracy in stating facts as the blow of Dr. C. Wordsworth (that of a very *hæreticorum malleus*) on Professor Jowett. Having shown the entire want of foundation for the extraordinary assertions with regard to 'our own Scriptural literature,' which the Professor has 'hazarded,' and proved 'that his statements concerning the condition of Biblical interpretation in Germany are not more accurate,' after having dwelt on the strange ignorance or misrepresentation (first noted, we believe, in our former essay)\* with which, in his eager desire to prove that Prophecy has failed, he pretends to quote as a falsified prediction of Amos the 'message of Amariah, the priest of Bethel, in which he falsely attributes to Amos words he had not spoken;' and having shown that in all his laboured catalogue of Scripture errors the Professor has shown an inaccuracy near akin to this, Dr. Wordsworth proceeds to examine Mr. Jowett's general statements touching the great question of inspiration; and amongst other similar mis-statements he fixes the following upon him :—

'The Reformers also are cited by the Essayist as favouring his own opinions. "The word (inspiration)," he says, "is but of yesterday, not found in the earlier confessions of the reformed faith."

'The writer lays a heavy tax on the credulity of his readers—"The word inspiration is but of yesterday!" Have we not the word "*inspiration*" in our own authorised version of the Bible, and has it not stood there for two hundred and fifty years? Is not the word *inspiration* to be found in that place in the Genevan version of 1557, and in Cranmer's version of 1539, and in Tyndale's version of 1534? Is it not as old as St. Cyprian, who wrote in the third century? Does he not say that the Apostles teach us what they learnt from the precepts of the Lord, being full of the grace of the *inspiration* of their Lord? Does not Origen say that "the Holy Ghost

\* Page 173.

inspired every one of the holy Prophets and Apostles in the Old and New Testaments"? Nay, is not the word used by St. Justin Martyr in the second century, who says that the Prophets taught us by *Divine inspiration*? Does not St. Irenaeus, the scholar of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, say that the Prophets received Divine inspiration, and does not all Christian antiquity testify that the Scriptures are *θεωρητοί*, given by *inspiration of God*? And if the ancient Fathers witnessed to the *thing*, why should we dispute about the *word*?

"With regard also to the *Reformers*, it is equally certain that they asserted the inspiration of Scripture in the strongest terms in their public confessions of faith. Let the *Essayist* be requested to look again at the "earlier confessions of the reformed faith."

"The Bohemian Confession of 1535 thus begins: "First of all, we all receive with unanimous consent the Holy Scriptures which are contained in the Bible, and were received by our fathers, and accounted canonical, as immovably true and most certain, and to be preferred in all things to *all other books*, as sacred books ought to be preferred to profane, and divine books to human; and to be believed with sincerity and simplicity of mind; and that they were delivered and inspired by God Himself, as Peter and Paul and others do affirm."

Having shown that with this agreed the Helvetic Confession of 1536, the Gallican of 1561, the Scottish and the Belgic, and having quoted the doctrine of the old Lutheran divines, at least from the end of the sixteenth century, in these words:—"Inspiration is the act by which God communicated supernaturally to the mind of the writers of Scripture not only the ideas of the things which they were to write, but also the conceptions of the words by which they were to be expressed. The true author of the Holy Scripture is God,"—he sums up his argument in these words:—

"Can any language be more explicit? And yet the *Essayist* suggests that the *Reformers* laid little stress on the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible. What else is the meaning of his language, "The word" inspiration "is but of yesterday, not found in the earlier Confessions of the reformed faith"—taken in connexion with his assertion that Scripture is to be interpreted like "any other book;" and that "the question of inspiration is one with which the interpreter of Scripture has nothing to do"? Is he ready to adopt the language of those confessions to which he appeals? If

he is not, why did he refer to them? If he is, must he not retract almost all that he has said in this *Essay* on the subject of inspiration?

Surely as a matter of mere literary discredit this can scarcely be exceeded; and yet there is one element of literary shame behind, which we must say that Dr. Wordsworth fixes on Professor Jowett; for he shows, so far as it is possible to establish such an unacknowledged appropriation of other men's writings, that in all this the Professor does not deserve even the poor praise of originating error, but is content, if he can but sow the seeds of sceptical doubtfulness, to stoop to be a plagiarist also. Dr. Wordsworth first points out what we ourselves noted at the outset of this controversy, that it is not the power, or the originality, or the clearness of these writers which has given importance to their volume, for that it signally lacks every one of these qualities, but that it has owed its notoriety to the one fact that the authors of its sceptical lucubrations were not avowed unbelievers, but (all save one) clergymen of the Church of England. 'When,' he says, 'six persons dressed in academic hoods, cassocks, and surplices come forth and preach scepticism, they do more mischief than six hundred sceptics clad in their own clothes. They wear the uniform of the Church, and are mingled in her ranks, and fight against her, and therefore they may well say,—

"Vadimus immixti Danais, *haud numine nostro,*  
Multaque per caecam congressi prælia noctem  
Conserimus, multos Danaidum demittimus Orco"

and then he offers one 'general remark' on these allegations:—

'They are not original. The allegation just quoted may serve as a specimen. It is only a *repetition* of an objection which appeared ten years ago in a sceptical book (which, because it was not written by a clergyman, fell still-born from the press) called "The Creed of Christendom." . . . Let us place the passages from the two volumes side by side:—

“CREED OF CHRISTENDOM,” p. 55.

“It is now clearly ascertained and generally admitted amongst critics that several of the most remarkable prophecies were never fulfilled at all, or only very partially and loosely fulfilled. Among these may be specified the denunciation of *Jeremiah* (xxii. 18, 19; xxxvi. 30) against *Jeohiakim*, as may be seen by comparing 2 Kings xxiv. 6; and the denunciation of *Amos* against *Jeroboam* (vii. 11), as may be seen by comparing 2 Kings xiv. 23-29.”

I will not affirm that the Essayist copied from the Sceptic, but the coincidence is certainly remarkable.’

‘How,’ asks Dr. Wordsworth, ‘are we to account for such blunders?’

‘Our answer is, We have seen that the sceptical writer to whom we have referred quotes precisely the same prophecy of *Amos*, and asserts that it failed. It seems most probable that our Essayist borrowed his examples of supposed failure from that or some other similar work, but did *not stop to examine them*.’

This is severe, but, we are forced to add, it is most just criticism. It is for the sake of the highest truth, and not for what, if it were not thus made necessary, would be mere cruelty, that the great literary professions of our new sceptics are thus rudely plucked from them; and, inspired by this love of truth, Dr. Wordsworth is, indeed, without pity, both in the exposures we have already quoted, and when he resolves the dolorous dirge of the first six pages of the Professor’s Essay into ‘the effeminate effusions of a maudlin sentimentalism,’ and drily hints at the depth of his German erudition in the words ‘*Lachman*’ as the Essayist calls him, and again *Meier*, as our author writes his name.’

But Dr. Wordsworth is not content with the annihilation of his opponent. Though he refers to another of his publications\*

\* ‘Lectures on the Inspiration and on the Interpretation of the Bible, delivered at Westminster Abbey.’ Rivingtons, 1861.

“ESSAYS AND REVIEWS,”  
pp. 342, 343.

“*The failure of a prophecy is never admitted, in spite of Scripture and history* (Jer. xxxvi. 30; *Isaiah* xxiii. ; *Amos* vii. 10, 17).”

for 'establishing the truth,' his present Essay is full of valuable suggestions on this most important point; and for these and for his proofs that the calm sagacity of Lord Bacon and the impartial majesty of Bishop Butler's philosophy had preceded him in some of them, we gladly refer our readers to his pages. There is another Essay in this volume, on which we heartily wish that our limits would allow us to dwell as its carefulness, its breadth, and its power deserve. It is that in which, not as a counter-essay to Mr. Wilson's, but rather as a thorough discussion of the great subject, Dr. Irons examines the whole question of a National Church. But for this we must refer our readers to the volume itself, assuring them that they will find that Essay well worthy of the most careful study.

Here we are compelled, by lack of room for dwelling further on it, to quit what we may term the literature of this controversy, or there are other works which we would gladly examine, particularly Lord Lindsay's new volume, in which he traces the retrogressive character of Scepticism, and contrasts it with the stable and progressive character of the Church of England, with all his usual depth of thought; the Rev. A. T. Russell's 'Letter to the Bishop of Oxford,' a vigorous and original volume; Mr. Burgon's essay 'On Inspiration'; and 'Seven Answers to the Seven Essayists,' by the Rev. T. N. Griffin, to which an Introduction has been contributed by an ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Right Honourable Joseph Napier. A very few words of his, indeed, we must quote, because they add to Dr. Wordsworth's heavy charges against the Essayists, the solemn confirmation of one not himself a divine, but whose naturally great faculties have been trained throughout the professional career which seated him on one of the highest eminences of the law to the calm and dispassionate weighing of evidence. Thus he speaks:—

'It is well worthy of observation that, throughout the volume of "Essays and Reviews," there is not a new objection to be found; its scepticism is second-hand, if not stale. . . . To reproduce in an English dress the exhausted sophistry of Continental sceptics, and bring out in a modern style the old exploded fallacies of our own native Deists, to ignore the detection of the sophistry, and to disparage the authority of those who have answered and exposed the fallacies—these are perverted efforts, of which we may say "an enemy hath done this."

This charge of repeating as original, and without a hint of their staleness, the already refuted objections of others which we at first brought against these writers, is strikingly confirmed by every subsequent examination we have made as to the sources of their inspirations. Dr. Goulburn has already suggested that Dr. Temple's slight and somewhat wearisome introductory *Essay* cannot claim the merit of originality. He has pointed out more than one passage in the writings of Lessing with a most suspicious and fatherly resemblance to the colossal man of the Head Master of Rugby. We need not tell those of our readers who are acquainted with German literature that Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who was born in 1729, was one of those early Deists who, by the doubts they sowed, prepared Germany for all the long sufferings which she has since endured.

Michelet ('Hist. de France,' ii. 380, ed. Paris, 1852) says, as to the doctrine of certain people in the thirteenth century, that the reign of God the Son was at an end, and the reign of the Holy Ghost was at hand—'C'est sous quelque rapport l'idée de Lessing sur l'éducation du genre humain.' Lessing himself alludes to those thirteenth-century people. In his pages we find the following:—

'That which education is to the individual, revelation is to the race. Education is revelation coming to the individual man; and revelation is education which has come and is yet coming to the human race. . . . Education gives to man nothing which he might not educate out of himself; it gives him that which he might educate out of himself, only quicker and more easily. In the same way, too, revelation gives nothing to the human

species which the human reason, if left to itself, might not attain ; it only has given, and still gives to it the most important of these things earlier [than man could of himself reach them].\*

We leave our readers to conclude for themselves how far this disposes of Dr. Temple's claim to originality, and what is the true sequence of the theory which pervades his *Essay*.

But whilst we admit that Dr. Goulburn seems to have traced some of Dr. Temple's *Essay* to the pages of Lessing, we are inclined ourselves to believe that as a whole it was copied more immediately from the writings of Hegel. The whole idea of the *Essay* seems to us to be borrowed from his 'Philosophy of History ;' whilst in many particular passages the identity of expression is so great that Dr. Temple may almost be thought to have translated into English, with due regard for our lack of metaphysical genius, the enlarged speculations of the German philosopher. We will ask our readers to cast their eyes from one to the other of the passages which we print side by side, and decide for themselves if the similarity between them can by any laws of probability be held to be purely accidental. We quote from Mr. Sibree's translation of Hegel's work (1861), first published by Mr. Bohn in 1857 :—

#### THE EDUCATION OF THE WORLD.

'In a world of mere phenomena . . . it is possible to imagine the course of a long period bringing all things at the end of it into exactly the same relations as they occupied at the beginning. We should then obviously have a succession of cycles

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

'The changes that take place in Nature—how infinitely manifold soever they may be—exhibit only a perpetually self-repeating cycle. . . . Only in those changes which take place in the region of Spirit does anything new arise.'

\* 'Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts,' occupying pp. 308–329 in vol. x. of Lessing's Works, Lachmann's ed., Berlin, 1839. This work was published by Lessing as 'edited' by him, and it has been questioned whether he was the author : it is now, however, generally admitted that the work is Lessing's own. The question is discussed in Gervinus, 'History of German Literature ;' and some remarks on it will be found in the 'Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques,' edited by Frank, under the article 'Lessing.'

rigidly similar to one another, both in events and in the sequence of them. The universe would eternally repeat the same changes in a fixed order of recurrence. . . . Such a supposition is possible to the logical understanding: it is not possible to the Spirit.'

'To the Spirit all things that exist must have a purpose; and nothing can pass away till that purpose be fulfilled. The lapse of time is no exception to this demand. Each moment of time, as it passes, is taken up in the shape of permanent results into the time that follows, and only perishes by being converted into something more substantial than itself.'

'We are thus concerned exclusively with the idea of Spirit. . . . Nothing in the past is lost for it; for the idea is ever present; Spirit is immortal; with it there is no past, no future, but an essential *now*. This necessarily implies that the present form of Spirit comprehends within it all earlier steps. . . . The life of the ever-present Spirit is a circle of progressive embodiments. . . . The grades which Spirit seems to have left behind it, it still possesses in the depths of its present.'

'Change, while it imports dissolution, involves at the same time the rise of a new life. . . . Spirit, consuming the envelope of its existence, comes forth exalted, glorified, a purer spirit. . . . Each successive phase becomes in its turn a material, working on which it exalts itself to a new grade.'

We must exhibit to our readers one other of these parallels, which seem to us to prove a remarkable though unacknowledged borrowing from the German speculator:

'We may then rightly speak of a childhood, a youth, and a manhood of the world. In childhood we are subject to positive rules which . . . we are bound implicitly to obey. In youth we are subject to the influence of example, and soon break loose from all rules unless . . . In manhood we are comparatively free from external restraints, &c. Precisely analogous to all this is the history of the education of the early world. When the seed of the Gospel was first sown, the field which had been prepared to receive it may be divided into four chief divisions: Rome, Greece, Asia, and Judea. Each of these contributed some-

'This is the childhood of history . . . &c. Continuing the comparison with the ages of the individual man, this would be the boyhood of history; no longer manifesting the repose and trustiness of the child, but boisterous and turbulent. The Greek world may, then, be compared with the period of adolescence. . . . Here is the kingdom of beautiful freedom. . . . The third phase . . . is the Roman state, the severe labours of the manhood of history.

'The first phase . . . is the East . . . It is the childhood of history . . . We find the wild hordes breaking out . . . falling upon the countries . . . but in all cases resultlessly

thing, &c. Rome contributed her admirable spirit of order and organization. To Greece was entrusted the cultivation of the reason and the taste . . . . Her highest idea was not holiness, as with the Hebrews, nor law, as with the Romans; but beauty, &c. The discipline of Asia was the never-ending succession of conquering dynasties . . . . Cycles of changes were successively passing over her, and yet at the end of every cycle she stood where she had stood before.'

... &c. On the one side we see duration, stability . . . the states . . . without undergoing any change . . . are constantly changing their position toward each other.'

There is one other passage in another work of Hegel's between which and Dr. Temple's Essay the similarity is equally striking. According to Dr. Temple there were four great instructors of mankind in the early stage of education, viz.—Judæa, which taught Monotheism and chastity; Greece, science and art; Rome, order and organization; Asia, which contributed the mysterious element in religion, disciplining the spiritual imagination. And so, according to Hegel, 'The Jewish religion is that of sublimity; the religion of Greece is that of beauty; the religion of Rome that of organization or purpose (as we may perhaps translate the German *Zweckmässigkeit*); whilst Asia is the seat of Pantheism in its various forms (in China, in India, in Thibet); the general principle of which he regards as being an elevation of the spirit from the finite and contingent conceived as a mere negation, to the consciousness of absolute power as the one universal existence.'

We can hardly conceive it possible that these strict resemblances are the result of mere chance. We cannot but believe that 'The Philosophy of History,' in conjunction perhaps with the same author's lectures on the 'Philosophy of Religion,' was, in truth, the parent of 'The Education of

\* Hegel's Works, vol. xi, p. 308. Ed. 1840.

the World.' Nor, if we are right in this, is it worth notice only because it is another instance of the 'staleness' of these Essays, and a new proof of the degree to which they are obnoxious, as literary productions, to the grave charge of abounding in plagiarisms. There is yet another deduction to be drawn from this, over and above the literary reproach which attaches to it. It is highly indicative of the real spirit of the Essay. For it is the characteristic of the whole Hegelian theory, that whilst its propounder continually wrote as being himself a believer in the truth of the Christian Revelation, yet the inevitable conclusion of his system, as it developed itself in its completeness, was to oscillate between two results, equally inconsistent with all Revelation; either, that is, to resolve with the Pantheist all created life into a mere phenomenal mode of a higher and more absolute existence, and so to destroy, in fact, personality in God, and personality and responsibility in man; or to cut the knot of difficulty by denying altogether with the Atheist the existence of God. We doubt not that Dr. Temple would recoil as honestly as we should from either of these alternatives; but we believe that, with the seeds of Hegelian teaching, the tendency to one or other of these monstrous conclusions does really pervade what has sometimes been considered as his comparatively harmless contribution to this volume.

Besides the new volumes which we have passed under review, we must also note with pleasure that the controversy has occasioned the reprinting of the late Dr. Mill's 'Observations on Pantheistic Principles,' a work worthy of the great name of its writer, and which by anticipation supplied well-nigh all the materials necessary for exposing the recent attempts of our new sceptics to shake the ancient faith of Christendom.

We enter now upon a different branch of our subject. When we first drew attention to this subject we expressed an

opinion accordant with that which the Bishop of Oxford has stated in his preface to the 'Replies to the Essayists.' 'Two distinct courses,' he says, 'seem to be required . . . . the distinct, solemn, and, if need be, severe decision of authority, that assertions such as these cannot be put forward as possibly true . . . . by honest men who are bound by voluntary obligations to teach the Christian revelation as the truth of God. . . . Secondly, we need the calm, comprehensive, and scholarlike declaration of positive truth upon all the matters in dispute, by which the shallowness, and the passion, and the ignorance of the new system of unbelief may be thoroughly displayed.'

We have traced the discharge by several writers of the second of these duties. We now pass on to examine what has been done by authority to free the Church of England from any complicity in the strange and erroneous doctrines of the *Essayists*. Constituted as that body is, it is impossible that there should, under any circumstances, be within its pale the sharp, sudden acting of authority which may be found in other communions or in other lands. All our traditions are in favour of liberty; all are hostile to the authoritative repression of independent action, and still more, we thank God, of independent thought. Even when we were a part of that vast organic body, half spiritual, half civil, of which the Papacy was the head, the action of authority in all matters spiritual was feebler and more tardy in this land than in any other. Many were the concessions wrung by our spirit of national independence from the distant Popedom; many the acts of rebellious freedom at which that crafty power was compelled to wink, in order to preserve any dominion over the self-willed islanders. Our separation from Rome, and the full establishment of the Apostolic freedom of our own Church from the usurpations of the see which had transformed a lawful Primacy into a lawless tyranny, were

accompanied—an evil waiting as the inseparable shadow upon our many blessings—with a diminution of lawful authority in matters spiritual. This was probably inevitable. The isolated spirituality could not balance properly the great and neighbouring weight of the temporal power. The evil was increased by the unavoidable mixture of questions of property with questions directly spiritual through our system of endowments; and the ever growing jealousy of the law of England as to freehold rights raised the danger to its highest point. Soon after the Reformation attempts were made to remedy the evil. The abortive 'Reformatio Legum' stands as an abiding record of such an effort. All such endeavours as these were utterly swept away by the great flood of Puritan violence which soon afterwards broke forth upon the land. Nor was the period of the Restoration in any way favourable for the development of a well-considered and impartial strengthening of the spiritual authority of the Church. It was pre-eminently a time of reaction; and a reactionary time, full as it necessarily is of spasms and violence, is most unfavourable for the formation of those joints and bands of reasonable restraint which form the truest protection of liberty itself. There was the irritation bred by the action of that spiritual revolution on the possession of endowments. There was first the remembrance of the many grievous wrongs which had been wrought in the ejection from their benefices of the best of the clergy, under the falsest professions, in order to instal into them the ignorant and fanatical self-seekers of the Puritan predominance; and then there was next the natural but unhappy action of the spirit of retribution running into revenge, righting freely these past wrongs by new ejections. All this acted mischievously upon the mind of the Church, and made the question of the restoration of her civil rights, for which she had mainly to lean on the civil arm, rather than the

maintenance of her doctrinal purity, the great object upon which her eye was fixed.

This was not all. The temper of the whole nation was one of reaction in favour of authority. Churchmen who had been faithful to the Crown when it was trampled in the dirt under the feet of the Independents, would naturally suffer in the highest degree from the general epidemic ; and the very loyalty of the Church led to its unduly exalting the Throne, for which it had so severely suffered. The Revolution of 1688, which in so many directions strengthened and enlarged our liberties, tended only, from all its complicated operations, to weaken the free action of the Church as the spirituality of the realm. Nor, as we may find occasion to show hereafter, has recent legislation had any other tendency.

No reasonable man can shut his eyes to the benefits which have resulted from the struggles which make up this long history. The character of the Church of England resembles greatly that of men who, with wills and understandings naturally strong, have been brought up under no very fixed or definite rules of education, and have developed in that comparative freedom a firmness, an independence, and an individuality, with which more correct rules of early training must have interfered. For there is in her a marvellously tenacious grasp of fundamental truth ; an intelligent consent, amidst difference on details of a multitude of minds, as to the leading articles of the faith ; an earnest, common-sense religiousness, which could probably have been bred no otherwise than under the full and free action of her existing constitution. But it is an inevitable correlative of these advantages that the action of authority within her body, when at last it is called for, should be slow, sporadic, and somewhat feeble. We must not, therefore, expect, perhaps we need not very passionately desire, that the rise of any error within her communion should be followed at once by

the meeting of the authoritative synod, the thunder of an anathema, and the lightning shaft of summary excommunication. All this is illustrated in the history of the 'Essays and Reviews' controversy.

When, shortly after the publication of our former article, public attention had been called to the subject, and the minds of thinking men thoroughly roused to its importance, the first action of authority was the appearance of a document, bearing first or last, we believe the signature of every bishop of the United Church, and condemning many of the propositions of the book as inconsistent with an honest subscription to her formularies. This was, in our judgment, a mode of action highly characteristic of the temper and spirit which we have attributed to the Established Church. Somewhat informal in its conception and in its putting forth—struggling, we might almost say, into being, against the ordinary laws of ecclesiastical parturition, it yet manifested at once the formal slavery and the real freedom of the ecclesiastical element in our mingled constitution; our essential agreement in spite of minor differences, on all matters concerning the fundamentals of the faith; and our common-sense view of the foolish attempt to substitute the dreamy nebulosities of used-up German speculation for a simple adherence to the language of the formularies, the letter of the Creeds, and the plain teaching of the Bible.

The effect of the publication of this document was great and timely. The mind of the Church was only, perhaps, too much quieted by it, and disposed to be prematurely contented with what had been done as sufficient for the occasion. Amongst the partisans of the Essayists it produced a vast amount of indignation. By one of the warmest and most eloquent amongst them it was described as 'a document which, whilst Cambridge lay in her usual attitude of magnificent repose, about a month after the appearance of the "Quarterly," startled the world; one without precedent, as

we trust it may be without imitation, in the English Church.\* It was 'the counterpart of the Papal excommunication levelled against Italian freedom, filled with menaces borrowed from the ancient days of persecution,' &c. All this irritation was but a testimony to the real weight of the condemnation, and not less so was the curious attempt of the same writer to lessen its authority by representing the venerable Bishop of Exeter as not having joined with his brethren in their censure. There is an audacity which reaches almost to pleasantry in the attempt of the Reviewer to claim the present Bishop of Exeter as one who, when the defence of the foundations of our belief was the question at issue, could conceive it to be the course of faithfulness to the duty of his great station to 'protect,' in the Reviewer's sense of the words, 'the course of free and fair discussion from the indiscriminate violence of popular agitators.'† This is really very much like expecting the great Athanasius to have deemed it his special vocation to protect the heretic Arius from the agitation and violence of the Catholic Church. But bold as this attempt would have been in any one who knew only the principles and character of the Right Rev. Prelate, whose name he wished thus to coax off the bond, perhaps it might warrant even some stronger epithet when it is seen upon what the suggestion was really founded. On the 21st of February, 1861, Dr. Temple wrote, under a misconception, a letter, which he recalled the day following, to the Bishop of Exeter, inquiring with what fundamental doctrines of our Church the Bishop had declared his Essay to be at variance. The hasty recall of the inquiry did not save the inquirer from an answer, from which we must make one or two highly characteristic extracts:—

'The book,' continues the Bishop, 'professes to be a joint contribution for effecting a common object, viz., "to illustrate the advantage derivable

\* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 230, p. 469.

† *Ibid.*

to the cause of religious and moral truth from a free handling in a becoming spirit of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment."

'I avow my full conviction that this has a manifest and direct reference to our Creeds, our Articles, our Book of Common Prayer, and administration of the Sacraments.

'I also avow that I hold every one of the seven persons acting together for such an object to be alike responsible for the several acts of every individual among them in executing their avowed common purpose. This judgment might, indeed, have been qualified in favour of any one of the seven who, on seeing the extravagantly vicious manner in which some of his associates had performed their part, had openly declared his disgust and abhorrence of such unfaithfulness, and had withdrawn his name from the number.

'You have not done this, although many months have elapsed since this moral poison has been publicly vended under your authority, and since the indignation of faithful Christians has openly stigmatised the work as of the most manifestly pernicious tendency; above all as a work which all who are intrusted, as you are, with the momentous responsibility of educating the youth of a Christian nation in the knowledge and obedience of Christian faith, ought in common faithfulness and common honesty to reprobate and denounce.

'You, I repeat, have, so far as I am informed, refrained from taking any public step to vindicate your own character, and must therefore be content to bear the stigma of public, notorious, proclaimed complicity in an act which I am unwilling again to characterize as it deserves.

'I am, Reverend Sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'Rev. F. Temple.

'H. EXETER.'

'P.S.—In order to prevent misapprehension, I think it right to add that, while I do not regard your Essay with the same feeling of aversion as I cannot but feel for other portions of the book, I yet deem it open to very grave remark.'

After reading these sentences, published at the close of February, it is somewhat startling to find a writer two months later endeavouring to detract from the authority of the common condemnation by the Bishops through the statement that 'the name of H. Exeter is now known to have been added without his knowledge and against his wish.'\*

\* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 230 (April, 1861), p. 464.

But what will our readers say when they find, further, that the Bishop had distinctly stated, in his published answer to Dr. Temple some six weeks before this was written, the following avowal?—

‘I felt constrained to accompany my concurrence in the procedure with the expression of my judgment that the paper to which I gave my assent was conceived in terms more feeble than the occasion required. I ventured to sketch a formula which I should have wished to subscribe rather than that which had been adopted, expressing the pain which we (the Bishops) have felt in seeing such a book, bearing the authority of seven members of our Church; still more, of ministers of God’s Word and Sacraments among us—of men specially bound, under the most solemn engagements, to faithful maintenance of the truths set forth in our Articles of Religion, in our Book of Common Prayer, and even in the Creeds of the Church Catholic. That the general tenor of this unhappy work is plainly inconsistent with fidelity to those engagements we cannot hesitate to declare. Whether the particular statements are expressed in language so cloudy or so guarded as to render inexpedient a more formal dealing with them either in the courts of the Church or by synodical censure, is a question which demands and is receiving our anxious consideration.’

So that what the Reviewer transforms into a mitigation of the sentence on his clients, viz., that ‘the signature H. Exeter was added without his knowledge and against his wish,’ as it stands in its naked simplicity of fact, is this,—that the Bishop did concur in the common sentence, but conceived that it was ‘conceived in terms more feeble than the occasion required.’ Surely this is very much as if the prisoner’s counsel should calmly assume his proved innocence, because, whilst the majority of his judges were content with inflicting on him penal servitude for life, one would have deemed it far meeter punishment for his crime that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

One other attempt of the reviewer to detract from the weight of this document must not be passed over wholly unnoticed. It is a more cautious endeavour to represent the Bishop of London as having in fact withdrawn from his share in the common Episcopal censure of the Essays. The whole

treatment of the Bishop is curiously suggestive. For he is both threatened and cajoled into a silent adoption of the new position suggested for him by the reviewer. He is at once threatened with a charge of complicity in describing the early chapters of the Book of Genesis as parabolical, and flattered by being reminded of the liberality of his opinions in 'sermons preached in the generous ardour' of his 'youth,' before the University at Oxford; and this though, if we remember right, his name was one of those appended to what the reviewer calls 'Mr. Wilson's doubtless long-repenting, ungenerous act and unfortunate onslaught on the "Ninetieth Tract for the Times."'<sup>\*</sup> The sole ground for this attempt was a speech (a very unfortunate one, we admit) of the Bishop in the Upper House of Convocation, in which he was well described at the time as 'evidently straitened between his personal regard for two of the Essayists, whom he had known for some twenty years, and his own sense of duty to the Church and to the revealed truth in which he believes.'<sup>†</sup> We must allow to the reviewer that there was something of an undecided character about this speech; but we think that his exultation over it as a penitential severance of himself by the speaker from his persecuting brethren, might have been a little qualified by the recollection that the practical measure, which the Bishop proposed, as that which would best meet the exigencies of the case, was that these writers should be called upon to declare publicly their 'belief in the great truths of Christianity.'

The declaration of the Bishops was succeeded by an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, signed by more than 10,000 clergymen, condemning in the strongest terms the teaching of the Essayists. The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, too, took up the subject; and there was scarcely heard in either House the faintest whisper of agree-

\* 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 230, p. 495.

† 'Guardian,' March 6, 1861.

ment with the new unbelief. So far, indeed, from it, that those who for various reasons deprecated a synodical condemnation of the book, were as eager as any to disavow all agreement with the opinions of its authors; whilst an address of thanks to the members of the Upper House for their censure of it was adopted by the Lower House.

So far the voice of the Church through its several organs uttered no wavering or uncertain sound. But all this, in the opinion of many whose judgment was the most worthy of consideration, could not exempt the special guardians of the Faith from the duty of taking the steps belonging to their office, to obtain a yet more formal and authoritative censure of the new opinions. Their advocate in the article to which we have referred already, expresses—in a passage of singular flippancy—his ‘concurrence with the Episcopal censors’ in the ‘charges’ of ‘flippancy of style and rash partnership,’ adding ‘but there is no liturgical condemnation of bad taste except by the example of contrast: there is no *articles against joint liability unless it be the Thirty-eighth* (“*of Christian men’s goods not common*”).’ After this poor witticism, he continues in a tone of arrogance and taunt which pervades the article, ‘a dim sense . . . of the true state of the case has made itself felt at times during the controversy, chiefly in the Episcopal utterances . . . an imperfectly realized conviction that there is, after all, no opposition between the Articles and the doctrines of the book, which only has remained unassailed by legal weapons because its adversaries well know that by such weapons it is in fact unassailable.’\*

We can full well understand one in the position of the Bishop of Salisbury—intrusted, under the most awful responsibilities, with the guardianship of the true deposit, in his own Diocese—feeling that it was impossible for him to allow such challenges as these to pass unnoticed; and believing that a

\* ‘Edinburgh Review,’ No. 230, p. 494.

necessity was laid upon him of preserving by action, even under our present most unsatisfactory system of ecclesiastical law, the people committed to his oversight from the authoritative teaching of errors, which he had deliberately combined with his brethren solemnly to censure.

In his Diocese, and invested with the cure of souls, was one of the two *Essayists* whom even the liberality of the 'Edinburgh' reviewer cannot wholly exculpate. 'We cannot,' he says, 'avoid observing that the flippant and contemptuous tone of the reviewer (Dr. Rowland Williams) often amounts to a direct breach of the compact with which the volume opens, that the subjects therein touched should be handled "in a becoming spirit." Anything more unbecoming than some of Dr. Williams's remarks we never have read in writings professing to be written seriously.'\* Against him, under that form of the ecclesiastical law which is called 'letters of request,' and which brings the matter in question immediately before the Court of the Archbishop of the province, the Bishop of Salisbury proceeded. It was matter of public notoriety that he took this step with the deepest reluctance. That he did at last take it, no one can wonder who remembers those solemn words in the Consecration Service in which he who undertakes the office then conferred pledges himself 'to be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word; and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same.'—*Consecration Office*.

Dr. R. Williams shares with Mr. Wilson the special censures of the 'Edinburgh' reviewer; not so much, it is true, for what he puts forth, as for his mode of doing it. 'If he was minded to be a little sceptical, he should not at the same time have been scandalous;—he had no business to "shake the red flag" of his unbelief in the "face of the mad bull"

\* *Ibid.*, p. 479.

of Orthodoxy;—he had dealt in “assertions which even *the learned and sceptical*” (let our readers mark the ominous conjunction) “would hesitate to receive.” Such is Mr. Wilson’s statement respecting the fourth Gospel; and that the taking of Jerusalem by Shishak is for the Hebrew history, that which the sacking of Rome by the Gauls is for the Roman. This last assertion, wholly unsupported by argument, is, not only according to our humble belief but according to the whole tenor of the great work of Ewald, equally untenable in its negative and its positive aspect.”\*

Certainly these ‘assertions,’ wholly at variance with any reverence whatever for the Scriptures as the word of God, are a little difficult of acceptance to any one who is not very distinctly in the reviewer’s language ‘learned and sceptical;’ and we cannot wonder that the writer who has hazarded them was also brought before the Ecclesiastical Courts, especially as he goes on with a sort of ‘reading made easy’ advertisement to show how men called upon to give, by subscription to certain articles and formularies, a pledge of how and what they will teach, as the condition of their receiving the authority and endowments of the preacher’s office, may subscribe these documents without believing them; and, in professing their allowance of them, mean only that they endure their existence as necessary evils.

Accordingly he, too (the age probably of the venerable Bishop of Ely having prevented the suit proceeding in the name of the Diocesan), was brought before the Court most appropriately by the Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of the diocese, who must needs have a keen interest in wiping off from their body the deep and eating stain of allowed heresy amongst themselves. Through the somewhat tedious stages of the Ecclesiastical Courts, relieved by speeches of no ordinary interest, especially by that of Mr.

\* ‘Edinburgh Review,’ No. 230, p. 474.

Fitzjames Stephen for the defence, and the admirable arguments of the new Queen's Advocate, Dr. (now Sir Robert) Phillimore, these two causes have now travelled to a solemn judgment delivered in the Court of Arches by Dr. Lushington ;—a judgment which, though in form delivered only on an interlocutory appeal, was 'in fact,' as the Judge himself informs us, 'a decision upon the merits.'

The highest directly Ecclesiastical Court, then, of the Church has now pronounced its sentence upon two of these notorious Essays, upon two which are amongst the worst of them ;—for the writer of that, which travelled the farthest in error, which we forbear to characterize a second time by its true name, had been removed from the jurisdiction of all earthly courts—and for very many reasons we think it well worth while to examine closely into the judgment so delivered. Such an examination the learned and distinguished Judge in his concluding sentences seems to us rather to invite than deprecate. All through, indeed, it is manifest that he is possessed with an almost overwhelming sense of the extreme gravity of the occasion and the greatness of the interests which are at stake ; and these emotions gather themselves up into the closing utterance : 'I have discharged my duty to the best of my ability. I am aware that these judgments will be severely canvassed by the clergy and by others. Be it so: thereby it may be ascertained whether they are in accordance with law ; and accordance with law ought to be the sole object of a Court of Justice.' \*

The ruling principle of the whole judgment is expressed in these few words. In pronouncing the penalties of the law, the learned Judge repeatedly reminds us that he is condemning not the errors or the evils of the document which has been brought before him, but simply its transgression of the

\* Judgment delivered on the 25th of June, 1862, by the Right Hon. S. Lushington, Dean of the Arches, i. 44.

law; that he is maintaining not truth, but the declaration of truth contained in the Articles and Formularies of the Established Church. This must be borne constantly in mind in considering this momentous judgment by every one who would understand its real tenor and effect; and it is under the light of this guiding principle that we propose to subject it to such an examination as will, we believe, make clear its true bearings.

First, then, we have to notice that, as a consequence of this construction of the judgment, besides the direct judicial sentence as to penalties incurred or avoided in these pages, there is a moral decision on them running through the whole legal utterance, couched often in language of singular force and clearness. Thus, for example, our own complaint of a studied obscurity and evasiveness of statement is continually repeated by the Judge. 'First then,' he says, 'to ascertain the real meaning of the passages extracted; and I must say this is no easy task. If the author had studied to express his sentiments with ambiguity, I doubt if he could have been more successful. Having read and re-read the passage, I am not satisfied that I distinctly and accurately comprehend its import.' Again: 'It is very difficult, for me at least, to ascertain the true intent of this sentence.' Again: 'I am not sure that I distinctly comprehend the meaning of the next sentence.' Again: 'It is to be regretted that Mr. Wilson, in his Essay, has frequently expressed himself in language so ambiguous as to admit of opposite constructions.' 'I proceed to the next passage. I will candidly say that I do not feel perfectly certain that I comprehend its true meaning.' 'The next part of the extract is still more difficult.' 'This sentence is open to diverse interpretations, and some of its terms are self-contradictory.'

Who can read these reiterated groans of baffled judicial sagacity without sympathy for the sufferer who has to track

out amidst these 'evasions,' 'self-contradictions,' and 'studied obscurities' the golden thread of thought? To demand a judgment on them is really too like the requirement of the Babylonian king, who bid the puzzled soothsayers recall the vanished dream, of which they were to furnish afterwards the interpretation. But there are deeper evils in such a style of writing than the agonies it causes to the Judge who has to decide upon its criminalities. These obscurities of statement as to the Articles of the Faith are the readiest instruments of spreading error. Under such clouds of thought and words, the whole body of the truth may be carried piece-meal away. The most marked outlines of the Christian scheme melt away amidst these mists into the undistinguished glimmering of the surrounding fog. Obscurity, therefore, in a teacher of the Faith is close-akin to the deadly crime of pronounced heresy.

There is, too, another evil in obscurity of which this judgment supplies frequent instances. The Protean character of error so promulgated, whilst it is singularly favourable to the generation of doubts, eludes by its shadowy uncertainty the mocked grasp of justice. 'I think,' says the Judge, 'there is a doubt as to the sense in which Dr. Williams has expressed himself; and if there be a doubt, as this is a criminal case, he is entitled to the benefit of it.' 'Mr. Wilson's use of these contradictory terms . . . . might leave . . . . the impression that he doubted whether the Holy Scriptures had been supernaturally communicated, &c.' 'Without saying this impression of this passage is false, I cannot say it is necessarily the true one, especially considering this is a criminal case. . . . . On the whole, therefore, I come to the conclusion that as a criminal' charge, 'it cannot be supported.' 'Whatever may be its meaning, it is much too vague to enable me to draw any conclusion from it.' And so the teacher of error so far retains his place amongst the autho-

rised declarers of the Church's doctrine. His offence (for obscurity or ambiguity upon such subjects is an offence) is his protection. This is a second and a great evil of such a style of writing in clergymen. As we said at first, we consider the evil done by the clergy being suffered to vent such speculations far greater than any evil likely to be done by the speculations themselves. There may be few who are sufficiently weak to have their faith shaken by such empty suggestions; but the weight of the whole Order may be shaken by the permitted presence in it of such cloudy heretics. The 'Epistolæ' of these in this sense 'obscurorum virorum' are too dull to be very misleading, and might, so far as their intrinsic power of spreading error goes, have been left to perish as literary failures by their own ponderosity; but trust in all guidance may be fatally shaken if the dullest of misleaders are suffered to remain undisturbed on the roll of authorised guides.

It is not, then, as it seems to us, easy to exaggerate this primary condemnation by Dr. Lushington of these obscure transmitters of the lights of revealed truth.

But there is yet another class of censures which pervades the judgment, the full weight of which can only be estimated by those who know and bear fully in remembrance the great breadth of the Judge's own long-expressed sympathies with all fair and honest intellectual speculation and inquiry as to revealed religion, even to the verge of what many might deem rationalism itself. These are contained in the perpetually recurring distinction between the question the Judge has to decide—namely, whether 'doctrines have been promulgated at variance with the doctrines of the Church, as declared in the Articles and Formularies'? and that which he has not to decide—namely, whether 'they are inconsistent with the true doctrine of the Christian faith'? They are couched in such words as these: 'There may be much that in the private

opinion of the Court excites deep regret, and is deserving of censure or severest reprobation, and yet that the law of the Church may not reach.' 'Though I think Dr. Williams's opinion militates against one of the most important doctrines held by the most venerated divines of the Church, I cannot come to the conclusion that the Articles, &c., have been violated.' 'This may be wholly irreconcilable with that which is generally esteemed to be the orthodox teaching of the Church, but is not struck by the Sixth and Seventh Articles of Religion.'

But perhaps the severest of all these censures, as expressing the moral estimate formed by the Judge of the dishonesty of writings which yet just escaped the hold of the law, is contained in the passages which deal with Mr. Wilson's new theory of subscription. 'Mr. Wilson draws some very fine distinctions as to how the Articles of Religion may in truth be attacked and censured.' 'There is rather a long discussion upon the meaning of the words "allowing" and "acknowledging the Articles to be agreeable to the Word of God." Mr. Wilson goes the length of saying "many acquiesce in or submit to a law as it operates upon themselves, which they would be horror-struck to have enacted." The plain meaning of that is, that a man may allow\* that which he disbelieves to be true and right, or, rather, that which he deems to be wholly wrong. . . . The effect of this doctrine enunciated by any clergyman of the Church of England may be comprised in a few words: it is to affirm that a clergyman may subscribe to the Articles without any regard to the plain literal meaning thereof, and at the very same time repudiate

\* It may be well to remind our readers of the fact which we have already pointed out (page 14), that the word 'allow' in the 36th Canon does not mean, as Mr. Wilson supposes, to acquiesce in, but to 'approve.' This is not only shown by the general language of the age in which the Canons were framed, but is placed beyond all doubt by the fact that in the Latin Canon, which is of co-ordinate authority with the English, 'alloweth' is expressed by 'omnino comprobat.'—*Cardwell's Synodalia*, i. 186.

the essential doctrines contained therein.' Again, 'Mr. Wilson has conformed to the thirty-sixth canon, though he may have advised others to evade it. . . . I think that the substance of what Mr. Wilson has written is this: to suggest modes by which the Articles subscribed may be evaded, contrary to the King's declaration and the terms of subscription. . . . Mr. Wilson . . . has subscribed these . . . Articles . . . whether in the sense required by the Canon or with what qualification I forbear to inquire.'

With our old-fashioned English notions of what honesty is, and what it is worth, we can scarcely conceive of censure more biting than that which is contained in all these passages, which, so far as actual legal condemnation is concerned, are exculpatory of the accused. Surely this condemnation from the aged Judge—known through a long life for opinions verging, if to either extreme, certainly not to that of excessive orthodoxy—and whom a knowledge of the excitement the volume had created only 'induced to exercise all care and vigilance, and to preserve a perfectly equal and dispassionate mind'—surely such a moral condemnation from such a man would justify all our former notes of warning.

But this moral condemnation is not all, or anything like all. With all their sepia-like power of obscuring plain truths, and escaping in the troubled waters of controversy, the accused were far from escaping direct legal censure. The points on which they are condemned are the following:—Dr. Rowland Williams, for declaring the Bible to be 'an expression of devout reason, and the written voice of the congregation'—one of the special errors to which we called attention,\*—is adjudged to have violated the Sixth and Seventh Articles of Religion, and to have advanced 'positions substantially inconsistent with the all-important doctrine im-

posed by law that the Bible is God's word written.' Secondly. On the cardinal doctrine of Propitiation, which 'by the Thirty-first Article of Religion is declared to be the Oblation by Christ finished upon the Cross for sin,' Dr. Williams is condemned for a declaration of it 'inconsistent with and contrary to the Thirty-first Article.' Thirdly. As to Justification by Faith, he is condemned for teaching it to be peace of mind, instead of Justification for the merit of our Lord by faith—an explanation 'wholly inconsistent with and repugnant to the Eleventh Article.'

Thus, in fine, after all ambiguities and obscurations; after striking out all the contradictions of Holy Scripture as it has always been understood by the pious and devout; after subtracting all passages in which the writer is rather retailing Baron Bunsen's views than stating his own, and giving him the benefit of every doubt, he is condemned for no lighter errors than denying Holy Scripture to be the Word of God, and explaining away or contradicting the doctrine of the Propitiation wrought out for us by our Lord, and our own justification in God's sight for the only merits of our Saviour. Can there be any doubt in the mind of a reasonable man, whether the Bishop of Salisbury could honestly allow the poor parishioners of Broad Chalke to be the subjects of clerical teaching which would rob them of their Bible, of propitiation through the death of Christ, and justification by his merits?

Nor does the mode in which this judgment has been received by Dr. Williams, eminently characteristic as it is of the man, in any degree mend his case. It has led to the publication of a sermon preached at Lampeter, and put forth with an appendix, from which we must cull for our readers a few of the peculiar flowers. It contains, we venture to think, more self-praise and more abuse, direct and implied, of all who differ from him—implying a habit of mind richly furnished

with two of the most eminent qualities for making a heretic, conceit and bitterness—than, perhaps, any similar production of any other writer has ever exhibited. Here are a few of the specimens from the *Hortus Siccus* of Lampeter. It is thus that the general protest of laity and clergy against the 'Essays' is handled. 'No presumption against the religious tendencies of a book arises from its vehement condemnation by persons influential in Church and State, but rather the contrary. There is a time to convince gainsayers, and a time to awaken formalists. . . . If our eyes were purged to see as Heaven sees, we might find that the Jewish victims of the Middle Ages were nearer to the God of Abraham than the vicious idolaters who murdered them for gold in the name of Christ. . . . their worst errors [the Albigenses] were less injurious to mankind than the crimes of the hierarchy by whom they were massacred.'\*

Having dealt thus with those who condemned, he thus endorses many of his former views. As for the Bible, his views, he tells us, would leave it 'a relative sanctity for its subject's sake,' when there had been made the 'deductions from supposed infallibility which the truth of letters requires.' What these deductions may amount to we can a little understand when we find that 'the conscience of mankind revolts not only often against inhumanities and passions in ancient Jewry,' but 'sometimes against precepts or tone of narrative, by which those crimes are justified or not condemned'; that 'allowance' is to be made 'with respect to the story of the sun arrested in his course, in order to prolong a day of bloodshed'; in that 'the mode of showing a sceptical astronomer that his prejudices about the sun should yield to the contemporaneousness of the Book of Joshua has not yet been denied'; and that 'the vulgar theory of prediction' is to be got rid of; and that 'the Gospels' are to be

\* 'Persecution for the Word,' pp. 2 and 3.

'esteemed' a memorial of the spiritual impulse propagated from the life of Christ, rather than a code of legalised precepts.

Lastly, let us set side by side his estimate of himself and of those who have the misfortune to be opposed to him. Of himself and of his teaching he supplies us with the following sketches, some lines of which may, we think, at least awaken a smile on the episcopal features in Abergwili Palace :—

'To you, my friends, who . . . have observed the unsurpassed patience and courtesy to men of all ranks with which for eleven years I have occupied a highly complicated position, let me say that on the cardinal question of prophetic interpretation my performance has not belied the promise of my life; and when hereafter every citation of mine shall be proved substantially correct, my interpretations the most Christian *honestly possible*, my principles full of that truth for which Christ died suffering, and the policy of my detractors animated by a spirit neither religious nor just,' &c.

Was there ever a more perfect echo of the old self-sufficiency, 'Wisdom shall die with us—we are they that ought to speak'?

These last words give a promise of how those who differ from him are to be treated; and undoubtedly that 'promise,' at least 'of his life,' is not belied. When he finds that the Judge condemns him, he explains, 'with no great discourtesy, the miscarriage of justice.' Reflecting on the ignorance which filled the seat of judgment, he concludes that 'with no literary light, there could be no ecclesiastical justice'; whilst the general administration of the Court is thus sneered at with his usual 'unsurpassed courtesy.' 'If we imagine an Apostle—and it is easier to conceive all the Apostles—indicted in the Court of Arches, than sanctioning the proceedings of their successors there, &c.' It is, indeed against these 'successors' that he seems to rage the most angrily. He is himself the 'offspring of God, trampled into the grave by *the policy of Caiaphas*.' 'Evasion has been on the same side as violence.' 'It is equally dangerous,' he

avers, 'to suffer a bishop's injuries silently, or to refute them triumphantly.' What his personal experience of the first alternative may have been we cannot undertake to say, but his correspondence with the Bishop of St. David's makes it quite certain that from that peculiar form of danger which waits upon 'refuting a bishop triumphantly' Dr. Rowland Williams was never otherwise than in the most entire security.

We will give our readers but two more specimens of Dr. Rowland Williams. The one, his mode of referring to the volume called '*Aids to Faith*', the general character of which we have noted above. Having, as he conceives, silenced some of its reasoning, he refers in his note to the passage he is dealing with as being contained in the '*Aids to Tradition*'. The last specimen of this writer shall be his general character of the trial in which he has been so justly condemned. 'What,' he says, 'will be the result of this suit, undertaken in order to procure the falsification of literature, brought forward under untrue pretexts, supported by dislocated quotations, pleaded with rude unfairness, and painfully procrastinated beyond its natural occasion? I trust, even surrounded by all arts of chicane, to reap from the God of Justice a reward for the many years in which I have taught faithfully the doctrines of my own Church in an easy bursting of this episcopal bubble.'

Compare with this signal example of 'unsurpassed patience and courtesy' the grave, calm words of the prelate it would malign :—

'And now, my brethren, I have all but reached the end which I set before me. I have, indeed, omitted to speak to you of many things which are of deep interest to us all as churchmen; but this omission has been intentional. I felt that I should be otherwise trespassing too much on your patience and forbearance. But there is, however, one matter which I have thus passed by from very different considerations. I have felt precluded by the legal proceedings in which I am engaged from entering upon

a subject which must lie much closer to all our hearts than any upon which I have touched, and which is far more worthy of our deepest attention. You already, I am sure, understand that I am alluding to a book which professes to be the work of six clergymen and one layman, and is called "Essays and Reviews." And though I am not going, however much I may be tempted to do so, to break the rule of silence which circumstances have now imposed upon me, still I feel that I owe it to my diocese, both to the clergy and laity of it, to explain to them, in not many words, the reasons which have led me to adopt the course upon which I have now entered, and to institute proceedings against the reputed writer of one of these Essays.

'There was much indeed to dissuade me from acting as I have done. In the first place it is my belief, with regard not only to this one Essay but to the whole volume, that there is not power enough in it to exercise a permanent influence over the minds of men. This, then, was one cause for hesitation. Secondly, I am not myself free from the fear, which many feel most keenly, that legal proceedings will very possibly for a time extend and intensify that influence, whatever it may be. Thirdly, I do not think that the constitution of our courts of judicature is as well fitted as one could desire for weighing in the fine balances of truth the many questions which will through such proceedings be necessarily submitted to them.

'There are also on the same side, and so a fourth cause of hesitation, the dictates of a righteous caution lest any feelings of indignation at what has appeared to many, and to myself amongst that number, a reckless and ruthless attempt to pull down the whole fabric of Christian doctrine to its very foundations, should make me forget the claims of justice, and fair dealing, and charity. And I may further add, that I was also checked in coming to the decision which I have taken by the thought that the alarming tokens of combined action, and zeal, and earnestness might have led me, in my fears, to exaggerate the danger, and not to give due heed to the warnings of discretion, and of calm unswerving confidence in the power of truth.

'I frankly admit that there were these difficulties in the way of my determining to institute legal proceedings. But there were, on the other side, many weighty, and to my mind preponderating considerations in favour of my submitting the Essay to the Court of the Archbishop, and of thus trying to show that the Church of England disallowed its teaching.

'For example, however comprehensive may be the limits within which our tolerant Church allows her clergy to exercise their ministry, those limits must exist somewhere. Again, as a Bishop, I accepted at the time of my consecration the responsibility of keeping the teaching of my clergy within these wide limits. Thirdly, the Archbishops and Bishops of the

Church of England have testified by a public record that those limits have been in their opinion transgressed, and the Lower House of Convocation and my own clergy have given in their adhesion to this testimony ; and such united expression of opinion has helped to press the conclusion on my mind that the case was beyond the bounds of toleration, and has quickened my sense of responsibility about it.

'It is also to be noted that upon the writers of the Essays these recorded decisions have been utterly without effect. The authors of them have, by the repeated subsequent publication of their book, persisted in challenging us to show that such opinions as they have put forth are inconsistent with the position given by the law of the Church of England to her ministers. I might almost say that the writers have, by such conduct, seemed themselves to protest against informal action, and to demand, in the name of justice, the formal judgment of those Courts to which the decision of such questions in this country now belongs. Nor is it any valid answer to such an appeal from informal judgments to a formal one, to say that the instruments which the Church can use in the courts of law are not those which theologians would, in all respects, trust. This may be so, but still there is no denying that they are those with which alone God has, in his good Providence, provided us for the defence of His truth ; and the consequence of my not using them, and so of doing nothing formally and according to legal sanction with regard to this Essay, might be that our children would inherit the conclusion that such teaching, though possibly most repugnant to the religious sentiments of their fathers, was, in 1861, admitted to be not unlawful. The thought of being responsible for such impunity, and so for an admission which may be made hereafter to justify scepticism, and what is worse in members of our Church, is a very intolerable burden upon any one on whom it may fall.'\*

Mr. Wilson's greater obscurity of expression interfered even more frequently than that of Dr. Williams with legal conviction. But he, too, is far from escaping uncondemned. He is sentenced. First, for 'denying, in contradiction of the Sixth and Twentieth Articles, that the Bible was written by the special interposition of the Divine power' ; Secondly, he has 'infringed the Eighteenth Article, in denying all distinction between covenanted and uncovenanted mercy, and declaring that a man may be saved by the law which he professes.' Thirdly, he is condemned for declaring 'that all,

\* Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, 1861, pp. 61-64.

finally, both great and small, will escape everlasting condemnation'—opinions which the Judge 'cannot reconcile with the passages cited of the Creeds and Formularies.' So that on these three master propositions, to the full justification of Mr. Fendall, the Vicar of Great Staughton is convicted of contradicting the teaching of the Church of which he is a minister.

The full weight of this sentence, and the moral certainty of its being confirmed, should it be questioned, on appeal in the Superior Court, can best be measured by seeing how reluctantly the Judge arrived in any case at a conviction of the accused being guilty of a legal offence. Nowhere is the strong bias in this direction of the judicial mind more strikingly exhibited than in the mode in which he shelters both Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson from the charges brought against them of denying the genuineness of the Second Epistle of St. Peter. Had they, pronounces the Judge, denied its canonicity, they must be condemned; but as they only deny it to be genuine, and may mean no more than that it was a canonical book, but not written by St. Peter, but 'by another under Divine guidance,' I am bound to give them the 'benefit of the doubt.' Now, if ever there were a case in which the benefit of such a doubt would seem to have been reduced to the most infinitesimal grain, surely it is this: since the question of authorship is inseparably mixed up with the truth of the Epistle. For the Epistle—not only in the first address, which is an essential part of it, but in the body of the letter, where the writer distinctly speaks of himself as a witness of the Transfiguration—claims to be written by the Apostle St. Peter. To deny its authorship is, therefore, to deny its truth, and so, surely, to deny its being written under the Divine guidance. And yet, with so strong and open a bias against finding the accused guilty, these two incumbents of parishes are each pronounced by the Judge to have, on

three separate fundamental points, contradicted the very letter of the Creeds and Articles.

Here then, so far as the Court of Arches is concerned, the cause, *decided on its merits*, is waiting the end of the summer vacation for its next formal steps. We cannot doubt what those will be. It is impossible that writers morally condemned by the Court with such severity, who have escaped so narrowly on so many counts, and who have been sentenced so decisively upon such momentous charges, can, without full retractation, be allowed to hold their office of teachers in the Church they have outraged.

We do not affect not to rejoice in this decision. There were those who doubted the wisdom of bringing these men to trial; we were never of the number. The mischief—we must repeat it—which their writings could do depended, in our judgment, neither on their ability, for it was little; nor their power, for it was faint; nor their learning, for it was shallow and pretentious; nor on their novelty, for it was stale;—but upon their position. The evil of the case was not that vain men should vent their vanity, but that clergymen of the United Church should be the permitted teachers of scepticism. The censure of authority alone could redress this evil, and by authority they have been censured. The uneasy feeling, widely prevalent and working mighty harm, which arose from the belief that our Church could censure no error, has been set at rest. The concurrent cases of Burder *v.* Heath, which, to his high honour, the Bishop of Winchester carried through the Court of Appeal, regardless, in his zeal for the truth of God, alike of expense and obloquy, and the two Essay cases which have followed in the Court of Arches, have distinctly established the disputed fact that our Church not only possesses a Canon of Truth to defend, but has the means of defending it practically within her power.

Nor has the form which the judgment of the Dean of the Arches has assumed caused us any real apprehension. There was undoubtedly something startling in some of the principles which he laid down when they were first stated. But they were, we believe, essentially sound, and such as alone could, in a Church connected with the nation and the State, combine the needful safeguards at once of truth and liberty. It is of great moment that this matter should be well understood; for that uneasiness is largely entertained concerning our highest courts of judgment on doctrinal matters is indisputable, and that they do need some changes cannot reasonably be denied. What those changes are, and what they are not, we think that an examination of this judgment may greatly tend to show.

The one leading principle, then, which pervades the judgment, and is repeated, as the learned Judge says, *usque ad nauseam*, is, that the Court is not concerned with the truth or with the falsehood of the doctrinal statements which pass under its review, but simply with their agreement with, or their difference from, the Articles and Formularies of the United Church of England and Ireland. It is the consequences of this principle which are, at first sight, startling; for under its rule it is plain that no passage of Holy Scripture as Holy Scripture, and unless the Church has directly put an interpretation upon it, can be quoted in proof of the error or soundness of any doctrinal statement. Even the parts of Scripture which are incorporated in the formularies must be excepted from the matter round them in the pleadings before the Court; and thus, whilst a contradiction of the uninspired part of the formulary condemns the writer, a contradiction or an explaining away of the inspired part escapes uncondemned.

Another startling consequence is this—that whilst to deny the Scriptures to be the Word of God will subject an English

clergyman to deprivation, he may with perfect safety inform the Court that, believing it to be the Word of God, he further teaches that almost every fact stated in it is a myth, and every doctrine literally untrue, and only ideologically defensible. At first sight, it would seem that this treatment derogated highly from the Supreme Majesty of God's Word, and endangered fatally the Church's truth. But if we look more closely into it, we shall find reason to alter this conclusion. For, in truth, it is the Divine element in the Word of God which gives to it its many-sidedness and almost infinite power of yielding utterances to the soul of man. To limit this wide compass is the very error of the Essayists, who, contracting the meaning of Scripture to one single sense, bid us read it as any other book. The whole history of the Church contradicts this narrow conceit; for heretics have never wanted texts interpreted according to their own private sense with which to confirm their strange teaching. Amidst these various interpretations, it is the office of the Church, guided by the Spirit who dictated the Sacred Volume, to fix as to all fundamental questions its true sense, and so to be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ. In passages, therefore, where no such sense has been fixed by the Church, it would far transcend the power of an Ecclesiastical Judge to attempt the discharge of such a function as the fixing its true meaning. This, in language of most appropriate reverence, is the exact declaration of the Dean of the Arches: 'Were such a task imposed upon me, the want of theological knowledge would incapacitate me from adequately performing it.' And he calls attention to the fact that, as even in reading the Epistles and Gospels the Church is not defining doctrine, no really maintainable line can be drawn between them and the lessons, and thus that, if any portion of Scripture were admitted, he must admit, and so undertake to fix the sense of all.

So far then as concerns the reverence due to the Word of God, we think it clear that the letter of Scripture must be excluded in our Ecclesiastical Courts, both from the accusation and defence. But, further, we believe that this is at the same time the safeguard both of our freedom and our truth. Of our freedom it is certainly the protection; for if, instead of being tested by this agreement with fixed and unvarying standards of doctrine, any statements of theology were to be compared with the shifting interpretations which different Ecclesiastical Judges might affix to the Word of God, we should soon groan under an intolerable tyranny. No opinions would be safe if measured by such a leaden rule, and the appointment of a new Dean of the Arches might involve the sentence of a generation of sound divines to the pains and penalties of heresy. For the very same reason would such a state of things be most dangerous to the maintenance of the purity of the revealed Faith. For our safety as to it rests under the direct aid of the Holy Spirit in the rich deposit of sacred truth which we have inherited, and which is fixed for us in creeds, articles, and formularies, themselves in full accordance with Holy Scripture rightly interpreted, and which therefore become in turn standing canons for the right interpretation of Scripture itself. Thus the limitation of the Judge's power is indeed our safety. And this is the answer to all the fears suggested by the respected Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge in the frigid but ingenious pamphlet in which he endeavours at once to shelter the Essayists from condemnation and himself from any danger of being supposed to partake of their many errors.\* No decision can by possibility shake the great foundations of the faith, which under God's Providence have been laid, like the roots of the mighty coral archipelago, amidst the roar and

\* 'An Examination of some portions of Dr. Lushington's Judgment,' &c., by J. Grote, B.D.; Deightons.

beating of storms ; in the very spot where the surge has been heaviest, and the swell of the breakers the most incessant ; to work out which in their perfectness thousands upon thousands through successive generations have lived and suffered, and confessed and bled ; the truth ever spreading firmer its ascertained base by its resistance to the billows which seemed to threaten its existence. To alter one of these foundations of the faith, no such judgments as our courts thus limited are allowed to utter, can avail, more than can the plummet-line which reaches down to them upheave the vast limestone rocks which are embedded fathoms deep in the blue waters of the Pacific.

But to this it may be objected that old definitions of the faith and old articles of religion, which were framed to meet former heresies, cannot under this limited range of modern judgment suffice to curb the wild eccentricity of newer errors. There is undoubtedly great truth in this objection. The judgment before us supplies evidence of its force. Thus 'Whatever I may think,' says the Judge, 'as to the danger of the liberty so claimed' (of 'assuming a verifying faculty' as to Holy Scripture), 'still, if the liberty do not extend to the impugning the Articles of Religion or the Formularies, the matter is beyond my cognizance.'

The whole system of ideological interpretation, so fatal to maintaining any fixed objective truth as revealed in Holy Scripture, is a case in point, and a case full of danger. 'I plainly see,' says the Judge, 'to what fearful consequences this may be carried, but provided that the doctrines of the Articles of Religion and Formularies are not contravened, the law lays down no limits of construction, no rule of interpretation for the Scriptures.' The danger then undoubtedly exists, and the real question is, How can it be met ? Not, we think that we have shown, by committing to our Judges what must, if committed at all, be an utterly unlimited

power, which in its operation would assuredly endanger both our freedom and our faith; but in the mode in which from the beginning the Church has guarded against it, by confronting the attacks of new heresies with the defence of new declarations of the ancient faith.

It is no real answer to this to allege that, with an action cramped and manacled as is ours from our connexion with the State, it would be impossible for us to frame such new Articles. That it would be impossible we wholly deny: that it would be difficult we readily admit. The Spirituality must, of course, as the special guardians of the faith, first agree upon such Articles; when framed they could have no legal validity until the laity had assented to them, and until the nation in its duly-constituted Assemblies had decreed their enactment. So much the virtual compact involved in every National Church between the Church and the nation necessarily requires. For the Church has declared her message of truth, has laid down its formal declarations, and surrounded it with its necessary safeguards before she enters into such an alliance. These statements and these defences of the truth the nation on its part has allowed and adopted; and the Spirituality on these conditions has received the authoritative office and the remunerating endowments of the public lawful teacher of religion. No change, then, can justly be made in the *statu quo* without the free consent of both parties to the existing arrangement; and against any re-opening of the old settlement a multitude of objections would at any moment array themselves. The lovers of the old would fear that change might cost them the loss of what they had; the lovers of novelty would exclaim against it as threatening their attainment of the discoveries for which they long. Any such change therefore would, we admit, be difficult. Nor do we think that such difficulty is by any means an unmixed evil. It is only, in our judgment, in the

last resort that such changes ought to be attempted. But we do not for an instant believe that in such last resort they would be found impossible. The restoration of the action of Convocation amongst us, and the gradual revival by slow but sure steps of the Church's power of internal legislation for her own wants, in one at least of our provinces, may itself be a timely preparation for such a necessity. Nor do we doubt that, if our existing formularies prove to be an insufficient barrier against the fretting scepticism which has sought to rear its head amongst a few of our twenty thousand clergy, the honest and faithful indignation which has already so signally condemned these latest attempts of unbelief, would, if need be, embody itself in Articles of Religion sufficiently clear to enable our Judges legally to condemn the new devices of the old enemy of the Faith. And even before having recourse to this we have in actual possession another safeguard. No modern legislation has taken from our sacred Synods their power of condemning heretical books. Through these organs, should the occasion arise, we doubt not that the Church would make her voice of warning solemnly heard; and in doing so it is even an advantage, and not a loss, that, whilst she retains her power to condemn the error, she has probably no right, and therefore no requirement, to proceed against the person of the offender.

Our own Articles are a living evidence of such a mode of treating error. They had been rendered necessary on the one side by the wild fancies of the Anabaptists and other fanatics, and on the other by the corrupt traditions and usurping arrogance of the Papacy. They were calmly and cautiously but boldly framed by our fathers to meet the new forms of error with which their generation was threatened. All the Creeds of the Catholic Church beyond the simple Doxology have had in turn a like origin. Every dogma of which they are compounded is the battle-field on which

some mighty truth was defended, the burying-place of some slain and now decomposing heresy. And if the like dangers beset us we must find our safety in the like course. New errors may even yet require new Articles. If the necessity should arise, it must be by the new definition of the old Faith—and not by that which even in civil matters is the most dangerous of all methods of legislation, namely, Judge-made law—that we must confute the gainsayer and silence the heretic.

Here, then, we may perhaps discover to what alterations of our Ecclesiastical Courts, so far as concerns their treatment of doctrine, the real needs of the times seem to point. Not certainly to clothing our Judges with these uncertain and dangerous powers, the possession of which they so strongly deprecate, but to any change which may define more exactly what their true province is, if anywhere it has been left doubtful. One provision of recent legislation we think there is which needs such revision. The addition, in certain cases, of the two Metropolitans and of the Bishop of London to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, before which appeals from the Courts of Canterbury and York are held, interferes entirely with the views of his office which are enforced in this judgment by the Dean of the Arches as those which are true in themselves and which have been laid down by the Supreme Tribunal in the recent Heath and Gorham cases. The mixture of the spiritual element with the temporal in that Court gives to it an unfortunate appearance of undertaking to decide what is the true doctrine, instead of merely giving a legal exposition to the language in which the true doctrine is already defined; and this appearance, unfortunate in even a strictly ecclesiastical court, is absolutely disastrous in the Judicial Committee which is not an ecclesiastical tribunal, but a temporal Court, advising the action of the Sovereign, when appealed to as in the well-

known 'appel comme d'abus,' as the supreme arbiter under God in any case of alleged injustice wrought in any Court against the subject. We will not stop here to inquire by what legislation this anomaly should be corrected. We now merely call attention to its existence as directly militating against the principle laid down in this judgment and maintained as true by ourselves.

Here, then, for the present we leave this great matter. We see upon the whole many grounds for rejoicing at the course by which it has travelled to its present posture. For there are many marks that now—as so often before in the Church's history—error has defeated itself. We rejoice in the unambiguous voice it has called forth from our high Ecclesiastical Court. We rejoice in the tone maintained by the Convocation of Canterbury, in the utterance of all our Bishops, and in the echo it awoke amongst the clergy. We rejoice in the calm, dignified rebuke administered by the expressive silence of the laity to the promulgators of this new-fangled form of puny unbelief. We may lastly add that we rejoice in the literary issues of the conflict; in the exposure it has made of the shallow, crude, half-learned ignorance of the masters of the new movement; and in the enduring additions to our standard theology of which it has been the cause. And for ourselves, we rejoice that we were amongst the earliest to unmask the pretenders, and draw down upon our head the honourable distinction of their peculiar hostility.

## THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND HER BISHOPS.\*

(October, 1863.)

Few branches of literature are more generally, or, if well executed, more deservedly popular than biographies. The history of almost any man, if truly and simply told, must be full of interest to other men. The causes of this interest are suggested with all his wonted tenderness of touch and truth of sentiment by M. Guizot in his étude entitled 'L'Amour dans le Mariage.' 'Men will have,' he says, 'romances. Why not instead look closely into history? There, too, they would find human life, with its infinitely varied and dramatic scenes; the human heart with all its passions, startling and tender, and, above all, the master-charm of reality... Beings who have really lived, who have actually felt the chances, the passions, the joys and griefs, the aspect of which affects us so powerfully, these seen close at hand attract me more powerfully than the most perfect of romances. A human being, the handywork of God, so displayed before us, is far above all the works of man. Of all poets God is the greatest.'

Beyond, moreover, this portraiture of human nature, many biographies afford the finest and most real of touches of history. Events are for the most part only interesting to us in proportion to our power of associating with them the feelings,

\* 1. 'A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London; with Selections from his Correspondence.' Edited by his Son, Alfred Blomfield, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Philip's, Stepney. 1863.

2. 'Addressess and Charges of Edward Stanley, D.D. (late Bishop of Norwich); with a Memoir.' By his Son, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. 1851.

3. 'The Life of the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India.' By the Rev. Josiah Bateman, M.A., Rector of North Cray, Kent, his Son-in-Law and First Chaplain. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1859.

and sufferings, and interests of the men by whom they were accomplished, or on whom they acted ; and when therefore biography reveals to us the actors in the great dramas of history as they really lived and felt, and aspired and wrought, it rises to the highest conceivable conditions of interest.

The difficulty of obtaining such biography is extreme. Writers who follow the subjects of their memoirs at a small distance of time are peculiarly liable to imperfect and distorted views. Mists overhang the thickest and the darkest around the near objects of the low valleys, even when the giant tops which pierce the sky are bright in their inaccessible distance with the light of heaven. Actual contemporaries are almost certain to be too much interested on the one side or the other in the scenes in which their hero has been an actor to be free from the strong temptation to depreciate an adversary or to exalt a friend. Autobiography is, perhaps, the best form which this species of contemporary history can take. For though there are few who can take so impartial a view of themselves, and of matters round them, as to pen lines like those in which Gibbon has so inimitably sketched himself, yet it is easier for honest criticism to rectify, so to speak, the misrepresentations of the autobiographer than those of the friendly relator as to whose special views and weaknesses it has not such full information.

This is the best justification we know of that of which late years have given so many examples, namely, the writing of the father's life by the son. For this is the next step to autobiography. It is not plainly without its peculiar dangers. The portrait of a mother exhibited in the Royal Academy, in 1862, shows us that there are faces which a son can venture to draw with absolute fidelity, and that there are limners capable of transferring exquisitely to canvas the well-known and beloved lineaments. But there are not many painters like Sir Coutts Lindsay, nor many subjects such as it was his

lot to paint. Still such sketching is autobiography at one remove, and we are ready to receive it as such, and are, we believe, able, when so taken, to correct by a calculation which is not in itself difficult, the errors which are likely to find their way into the recorded series.

The works, the titles of which are given on p. 277, are all of this character; two of them being written by sons, and one by the son-in-law of the subjects of their memoirs. In literary merit they differ widely. Mr. Bateman's Life of his father-in-law is detailed, and evidently faithful; but homely and unpretending in its execution. The most living parts are those in which the Bishop is let to speak for himself. The chaplain son-in-law's surrounding text suggests to us the belief that he was sometimes scandalised by the more unrestrained movements of his episcopal superior, and would, if he could, have cut the doublet something squarer, slouched the hat a little broader, and settled the somewhat coarse but kindly and expressive features into a more habitually artificial gravity.

Canon Stanley's memoir is a very different production, though he, too, has a few difficulties to reduce, and a few softening touches with which to send forth his portraiture before a critical world. But it exhibits all the excellences of his character and the graces of his pen. There is that power of making the picture live before the eye, which adds so fascinating a charm to all his writings. There is such a loving reverence breathing through the whole, that it soon imparts itself to the reader; and as he proceeds he is hardly able to blame what he disapproves. As we read of his father's work on Birds, and on his reception of Jenny Lind, we could almost fancy that the Canon of Christchurch found some interest in Natural History, and did not abhor Music. The memoir is what all his writings are—a most skilful, because a concealed, justification of his own opinions, thrown into a

sketch of such beauty of language; such tenderness of feeling, and such completeness of execution, that we cannot imagine any reader of well-instructed taste beginning the memoir and laying it down unfinished. We must in truthfulness add, that discerning and observant readers will, we fear, trace already in these pages an inclination to blot out the supernatural element from a revelation which if it be not supernatural, must be false alike in fact and intention. It grieves us to remark this tendency; nor should we have called attention to it here, had we not felt bound to mingle with our praises this note of caution as to every theological composition of this polished and graceful pen.

The memoir of Bishop Blomfield, if it does not sparkle or beguile like that of Bishop Stanley, is on the whole a creditable performance. The Life was in more respects than one difficult for a son to write. It would not have been difficult to make it jocular and unbecoming its purpose; it would have been easy to make it stately, defensive, and dull. It has happily, to a great degree, avoided both of these dangers. If those who were familiar with the Bishop, and knew how his overtasked mind continually sought some rest in fun and merriment, sometimes complain of the absence of his jests, we must remind them that to have read the written joke, in the midst of the narrative of the Life, would have been a widely different thing from witnessing the spark as it was cast forth from the candescent metal, and seeing how small was its volume beside the living man who cast it from him. The volumes have, upon the whole, escaped the dulness of a chronicle, whilst they are a real sketch—generally fair, and sometimes almost dramatic—of the events in the midst of which the Bishop's life was cast. They are, too, all sketches which possess the double claim on our attention of representing human life as it was seen by the narrators close at hand for our interest and instruction, and also of affording many

materials for the history of the years which have but recently passed from us in one, at least, of their most important chapters—the changes which have passed in them on the religious life of this nation.

At first sight, perhaps, it might seem as if the Church of England could not be greatly affected by the character of those who happened at the time to be even her leading prelates. That such an impress of individual bishops can be traced upon the broader flow of the Church Catholic, we all allow. After the lapse of all the intervening years, we see yet upon the bosom of those ancient waters the reflected lineaments of such men as St. Basil, St. Ambrose, St. Athanasius, and St. Augustin. But our Church seems to be so identified with the national life of England, and to be so hemmed in with the narrowing accidents of Articles, fixed Services, and legal decisions, that it scarcely affords a breast tranquil enough to mirror the features of individuals, or sufficiently expansive to be capable of being stirred this way or that by the breath of these separate influences, how strong soever they may be. Yet a closer examination of facts seems to establish a contrary conclusion. Fixed, definite, and national as undoubtedly is the character of the Church of England, yet no one can doubt but that it has been greatly affected by the personal character and individual leanings of such men as Whitgift, Laud, Sancroft, and Tillotson, or, even in spite of his extraordinary weaknesses, of Burnett. We may, then, hope to gather from the records of such more modern lives as these, some important suggestions as to the recent history of our Church.

Few can doubt that, in the last sixty years, there have passed over it many marked and important changes. At the commencement of the century it seemed as if the Church was passing rapidly and hopelessly into a mere department of the State, touching public worship. The suppression of her

Convocations had proved a great step in this direction. She had lost all power of corporate action, and, as must be the result, the loss of the power of corporate feeling had certainly and not slowly followed. Further, through a long succession of years her truest-hearted and most able sons had been studiously excluded from all clerical posts of place and power. Such a policy was, perhaps, an unavoidable, certainly a most mischievous, consequence of the Revolution, which placed upon the throne a king *de facto*, whom many of his most conscientious subjects could not regard as king *de jure*, with sufficient certainty to enable them with clear consciences to transfer to him the oaths of allegiance which they had already taken to another. The Court patronage of Hoadley prolonged and fixed this miserable tradition; and the desperate worldliness of Walpole carried it out through his long tenure of power with an almost instinctive sagacity of choice. The long continuance of such a series of appointments must have a palsying effect upon the whole spiritual body. When the highest abilities, the soundest learning, and the heartiest loyalty, are thus resolutely ostracised, there is first, and of immediate necessity, an enfeebling of the strength which should have been supplied by the resources thus withheld. The effect of this is just what would result from like causes acting on the natural body. There is a loss of tone; a general tendency to apathy and listlessness. Nor is this all. On the men thus marked for unmerited exclusion, even though they may be the most high-minded and patient, such a system works for evil. There is no legitimate room for the exertion of talents which, when they are not spent for the blessing of others, feed inwardly upon the heart of him in whom they dwell. Nor is it possible that they should love as they could have loved it, the community of which they are scarcely admitted to be loyal citizens. They may pray for the peace of the city in which they sojourn, but it cannot

be to them as the Zion in which they have delighted with all the intensity of Christian ardour. It is a dira neverca, not a loving mother, for whom they are called upon to labour.

The sight, too, of such perpetual wrongs endured by such men as they will endure them, produces a marvellous effect upon the more generous hearted of the young, who ought to furnish the next generation of clergy, and their early aspirations are weaned from the ministry of such a church.

These evil effects may be traced plainly amongst ourselves as the fruits of the tradition begun amidst the troubles of the Revolution, and continued through the days of Hoadley and of Walpole. They may be seen in that which is the sure root of all other weakness—the lowering of the whole doctrinal standard of the Church. The outbreak of the Feathers' Tavern petition was but the coming forth to light and day of what had long been spreading secretly through all ranks of the National Clergy. Every attempt at increased theological liberty through those unhappy days, was only an effort to render possible within the Church the open profession of Socinianism. The same evil leaven is marked as plainly in the degeneracy of a literature which can boast of little in prose better than the 'dull good sense of Tillotson' (as Bishop Berkeley's and the greater Bishop Butler's are in all respects except cases), and in verse the wretched doggrel of Tate and Brady. It is marked as plainly in the base nepotism and worldliness of the greater number of the ecclesiastics; in their miserable cringing to the Minister of the day; in their occasional mendicancy as to his gifts; and too frequently in what appears to have been their utterly unconscious neglect of the spiritual functions of their Apostolic office. For these were the days in which the custom of visiting but once in his episcopate was established by the Bishop of Winchester; of confirming but once in his archiepiscopate by the Metropolitan of York; of never residing in

his diocese by a Bishop of Llandaff. It is marked, as might be expected, in the clergy who served under such bishops, by low tastes, low manners, and not a little of openly dissolute living amongst the mass of parish priests. It is marked, both amongst bishops and clergy, by a neglect of 'the people committed to their charge,' which, as we now look back upon it, appears to be almost incredible. Mr. Blomfield gives us some instances of this degraded standard of episcopal duty. 'The chaplain and son-in-law of Bishop North (1781-1820) examined two candidates for Orders in a tent on a cricket-field, he himself being engaged as one of the players. Bishop Pelham (1807-1827) performed the same duty on one occasion by sending a message by his butler to the candidate to write an essay. The chaplain of Bishop Douglas (1787-1807) did it whilst shaving, and stopped the examination when the examinee had construed two words. The laxity of Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich (1805-1837), known to his Whig admirers as "The good Bishop," with regard to ordination, is well known. The natural consequence of this state of things was a very low standard of theological acquirements amongst the country clergy.' Bishop Watson's own self-applauding estimate of his episcopal life at Calgarth, in Westmoreland, whilst irreligion and Methodism took possession of his neglected diocese, is too lively a picture of this state of things to be omitted. 'I have now,' he says, about 1809, 'spent above twenty years in this delightful country, but my time has not been spent in idle visitings, in country bickerings, in indolence or intemperance. No! it has been spent partly in supporting the religion and constitution of the country by seasonable publications, and principally in . . . . What do our readers of 1863 expect from the aged Bishop?—'building farmhouses, blasting rocks, enclosing wastes, in making bad land good, in planting larches, and implanting in the hearts of my children

principles of piety and self-government.\* It really does not seem to have occurred to him that he had anything else to do. And yet Bishop Watson was a highly distinguished Whig Bishop, and his 'Apology' was considered a masterly performance. But the Life of Mr. Pitt furnishes us with an instance of selfish ravening for wealth in a member of the same order, which is worse than this. It occurs in the correspondence which passed between the Minister and the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, the brother of Earl Cornwallis :—

'Wimpole Street, June 10, 1791.

'SIR,—After the various instances of neglect and contempt which Lord Cornwallis and I have experienced, not only in violation of repeated assurances, but of the strongest ties, it is impossible that I should not feel the late disappointment very deeply.

'With respect to the proposal concerning Salisbury, I have no hesitation in saying that the see of Salisbury cannot be in any respect an object to me. The only arrangement which promises an accommodation in my favour is the promotion of the Bishop of Lincoln to Salisbury, which would enable you to confer the Deanery of St. Paul's upon me.

'I have the honour to be, &c.,

'T. LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY.'

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'Downing Street, Saturday Morning, June 11, 1791.

'MY LORD,—On my return to town this afternoon I found your Lordship's letter. I am willing to hope that on further consideration, and on recollecting all the circumstances, there are parts of that letter which you would yourself wish never to have written.

'My respect for your Lordship's situation, and my regard for Lord Cornwallis, prevent my saying more than that until that letter is recalled your Lordship makes any further intercourse between you and me impossible.

'I have the honour to be, &c.,

'W. Pitt.'

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'Wimpole Street, June 11, 1791.

'SIR,—Under the very great disappointment which I have felt upon the late occasion, I am much concerned that I was induced to make use of

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\* 'Bishop Watson's Life,' i. 388.

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expressions in my letter to you of which I have since repented, and which, upon consideration, I beg leave to retract; and I hope that they will make no unfavourable impression upon your mind.

‘Whatever may be your thoughts respecting the subject matter of the letter, I trust that you will have the candour to pardon those parts of it which may appear to be wanting in due and proper respect to you, and believe me to have the honour to be, &c.,

‘T. LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY.’\*

Let any man read the early life of John Wesley, if he would gain any due estimate of the then current state of things. Or, if he would see how even amongst the best Bishops, down almost to our own days, all living consciousness that they were the spiritual instructors of the people had well nigh faded out of sight, let him weigh the fact that with London multiplying all but visibly under his eyes, Bishop Porteus bequeathed a princely fortune to a nephew, but never built or endowed a single church in the vast metropolis entrusted to his charge; whilst so little was he a preaching bishop, that he could reply to the request for a charity sermon: ‘I only give one in a year, and the next is promised.’

These accordingly were the days in which the bulk of our mining and manufacturing population were alienated from a Church, which, indolently folding its hands, left them to find amongst the Methodists their only religious teachers. These were the days in which the great middle class, so distinctive a feature of our nation, were largely lost by like causes through all our increasing towns to the Church of their fathers. These were the days in which, like the mighty ice-stream of the glacier, which moves slowly on because the temperature of all its mass lingers at the freezing-point, the religion of society amongst us had sunk sadly down to the frozen point of a lifeless, even where it was a respectable, profession of belief in Christianity.

\* Stanhope’s ‘Life of Pitt,’ ii. 128.

The coming reaction against this state of things awoke first in what has commonly been called the Evangelical party. Of that party, in its merits and its defects, the life of Bishop Daniel Wilson, of Calcutta, is in many respects a sufficient exposition. Warm-hearted, zealous, earnestly pious, but withal shallow and eminently technical in his views of religion, with an amount of self-importance which often invested even the most sacred subjects with a hue so simply personal, that it made him at once unawares exquisitely comic and most unintentionally irreverend;\* possessed so strongly by party spirit that even his kind heart could not always save him from harshness and injustice, he manifested, we think, in his administration of the great diocese of Calcutta, what his scheme of theological life could, and even more signally what it could not, accomplish.

The biography of such a man in such a post cannot but be full of interest; and we should not do justice to him or to his biographer if we did not add that it can hardly be read without great profit by any one who desires to gain good from it. Our readers will hardly enter into what we have said and have got to say without having before them a brief abstract of this volume and its biography.

Daniel Wilson was born in Spitalfields in 1788, of a family whose spiritual authorities were Whitfield and Richard Cecil, and which attended sometimes their parish church, sometimes Mr. Romaine's, sometimes a Dissenting chapel in White Row, sometimes the Tabernacle in Moorfields. The natural fruit of this uncertainty of religious teaching was seen in the youth of the future bishop. He entered the service of a kinsman of his own name, a silk merchant in Cheapside, and is described whilst there as being 'sceptical in his views, im-

\* We can never forget Lord Macaulay's narrative of the family prayers in which Bishop Wilson, asking for a chaplain embarking for Madras that he might be preserved from sea-sickness on the voyage, added, with this characteristic personality of application, 'as Thou knowest Thy servant the Bishop was.'

petuous in temper, with passions strong,' and so, as one 'who walked in the counsel of the ungodly, stood in the way of sinners, and sat in the seat of the scornful.' But out of this state he was early roused. In a young man of such a character as his, the struggle through which he passed into his subsequent condition could not but be severe; and the peculiar tenets of the school in which he learned the austere but blessed lesson of repentance were in the process strongly marked upon him. They fell in moreover with his natural inclination, and were deepened by the circumstances of his life. His change of principles led him even naturally to long for the ministry as his profession. And when, after some opposition, his friends yielded to this wish, he entered on his academical career at St. Edmund's Hall, then the chosen seat of his exclusive sect at Oxford. His first curacy was at Chobham under Cecil—the one clerical genius of his party; and in due time he succeeded to the tutorship of his old Hall. Here as elsewhere his tendency to egotism showed itself in amusing outbreaks, and he was so much the most donnish amongst dons that from his diligent enforcement of their use he earned for himself the sobriquet of 'Bands Wilson.' Hence he moved as the successor of Mr. Cecil, in 1809, to St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, then the Metropolitan centre of his party.

His 'habits and tastes' are thus sketched by his biographer. 'He was always a student. . . . The imaginative faculty cannot be regarded as predominating in his mind. Though living at the very time when the tales and novels of Walter Scott were exerting all their witchery, it is doubtful if he ever read one of them. . . . The hymn was perhaps a greater favourite than the poem. . . . he loved to hear them sung. . . . His voice would join in the praise, but it is impossible to say that it added to the harmony. He had no ear for music, and this defect . . . extended to the pronun-

ciation of languages ; for those which he knew perfectly . . . . he yet could not pronounce correctly,' &c.

With all these disadvantages, it is well worthy of remark that, through his real piety, his vigorous understanding, and his constant study, he held with power, success in its best sense, and increasing popularity, the pulpit of St. John's from 1809 to 1824. This is well sketched by Mr. Bateman. 'He stood as God's minister to do God's work. He was an earnest man when earnest men were comparatively rare. He fully preached the gospel. . . . He was steadfast . . . . and moderate. His manner was natural. His enunciation was remarkably clear and distinct. His action varied with the subject. . . . Those who have known him in the decline of life . . . . have no idea of his power in the pulpit of St. John's. The congregation was calculated to draw out all the powers of the minister. . . . They were gathered from all parts of the metropolis. . . . Amongst the regular attendants were the Thornton family. . . . There sat Charles Grant with his family and two distinguished sons. . . . There also sat Zachary Macaulay accompanied by his son. . . . Lawyers of note . . . . were pewholders. . . . The good Bishop Ryder often attended with Lord Calthorpe and with Mr. Bowdler. . . . Mr. Wilberforce was frequently present, with his son Samuel "to take care of him."

The labour and excitement of this life bowed down a naturally robust constitution, and Wilson was already a weakened man when, in 1824, he became vicar of Islington, where he remained until, in 1832, he was nominated by Mr. Grant (afterwards Lord Glenelg) to the bishopric of Calcutta. The circumstances of his appointment were in one respect not a little curious, and highly indicative of his character. He volunteered for the post. 'Mr. Wilson's mind,' says his biographer, 'was full of India. Anxious to use the influence

he possessed in order to secure a fit successor to the vacant see, he wrote to Mr. Grant pleading for the appointment of a man—(1), of a thorough and decided piety; (2), of good talents; (3), of amiable temper; (4), of some station in the Church.' Having heard of its being offered to Dr. Dealtry, Chancellor Raikes, and Archdeacon Hoare, and declined, 'the thought, he says, came into his mind. . . . "Here am I, send me," and he wrote again to state that if . . . no one else could be found he was ready to go.' This seems to have been on the 11th of December. 'A long period of uncertainty followed, during which his feelings varied from day to day,' and it was not till the 27th of March, after an interval of fifteen weeks, that the desired offer was made to him. His consecration soon followed, and on the 19th of June he sailed for what was called the Bishopric of Calcutta, but which really involved the oversight of such an extent of our colonial dependencies, that it has already been divided into no less than the seventeen dioceses of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Colombo, Sydney, Melbourne, Newcastle, Adelaide, Perth, Tasmania, New Zealand, Wharapu, Wellington, Nelson, Christ Church, Brisbane, and Goulburn, and ought to be into many more if they are to be worthy of a name which implies practical spiritual superintendence. For a quarter of a century Bishop Wilson discharged to the utmost of his powers the duties of this gigantic charge. His labours were unsparring, his zeal unwearied, his munificence unbounded. The record of his visitations is full of interest. We cannot doubt that his intrinsic goodness and devotedness to his duties quickened many an individual soul. We thankfully own that it was mainly due to his munificence that a cathedral was built at Calcutta. But we are compelled to say that, tried by its highest results, his episcopate was in great measure a failure.

If we except the Cathedral, no one permanent result of it

is even claimed by his biographer. He lived through the great crisis of our Indian empire, and he left no mark of his administration upon the mighty Oriental episcopate. The causes of this failure are to be found in the action of his peculiar principles upon his work and his character. All, in his view, was to be done by the promulgation of his own spiritual views and the force of his own personal religion. He had no idea of the universal undivided episcopate: no such vision of the living Church of God as swallowed up his own individuality. This terrible lack in his religious views acted with deadly effect on his naturally egotistic character, and upon intellectual powers which, with a considerable amount of spasmodic strength, were constitutionally narrow. Everything which concerned himself became great in his eyes: his very office seems to derive its dignity from his filling it. Hence the Man ever overpowers the Bishop. And in his rule he is capricious, one-sided; sometimes overbearing, sometimes subservient; swallowed up in present personal work; meditating no great things; taking from his high vantage ground no wide surveys of the future; but engaged in contests as to his own personal power which drew out all the worst parts of his character. The love of the relative and the admiration of the biographer cannot blind Mr. Bate-man to these facts. 'As for his failings,' the Memoir says, in its conclusion, 'they will have been discerned by the reader long ago. They all lay upon the side of hasty impulse, quick action, sharp words, want of consideration for others, a sanguine temperament, something of egotism, and occasional inaccuracy of statement.' 'If,' he continues, 'the reader has the heart to dwell upon them, after the deep self-abasement they have caused and the lowly confession they have called forth, he is of course at liberty to do so. They are not denied.'

We have no heart to dwell on these infirmities, so frankly

wned, in depreciation of the Bishop's character. They were the human frailties of a good if not of a great man.

So far as his personal history goes, we would close it with the touching and instructive history of his end recorded in Mr. Bateman's pages. 'We all love you and pity you in your weakness, but rejoice in your firm faith,' was well high the last farewell of Archdeacon Pratt to the departing Bishop. This woke up 'many humiliating remarks about himself, showing that the broken heart and contrite spirit was the sacrifice he was offering to God.' . . . . He was asked to send a summons at any time during the night, if he wanted anything, and was then recommended to compose himself to sleep. 'Sleep!' he replied, 'I am asleep already. I am talking in my sleep;' and in that sleep his spirit passed painlessly away. 'Without a struggle or a sigh the soul had left its earthly tenement, and in that hour the Master had granted the oft-repeated prayer that his servant might end well.'

Such a close of life throws back a glorious light upon the chequered scenes through which it has led us. From the heights which separate the coming from the past, we look back upon the various stages of the long day's pilgrimage; and as the rays of the setting sun gild their various outlines, we forget the softened troubles of the past in the glory of the present; and criticism is well nigh disarmed of its judicial power by the spontaneous rising from the heart of the unbidden prayer—

'Sit anima mea cum Bedello.'

But though we may deal thus with the man, yet we must take a sterner estimate of his work. The best part of that work, always marred by the presence of the narrow spirit of a party, seems to us to have been accomplished in his earlier days. There was at that time a distinct vocation before those

with whom he thought and acted. The first embalmers were still engaged in their preliminary labours, and the very faults of his character in some respects qualified him for his task ; for a tendency to egotism repelled all doubts of his being in the right, and no nice sensitiveness of feeling interfered with a line of conduct which always was decided, though sometimes it bordered upon coarseness. Such a man thoroughly in earnest, with considerable powers of language, and with a robustness of mind which rose almost into the faculty of command, could not be thrown as a preacher amidst the men of business of the Metropolis without doing to a great extent what at the time specially needed to be done—the awaking of lethargic morality into a living earnestness of piety. The Bedford Row Chapel was the scene of his glory. Even at Islington broad shadows began to cast their darker lines athwart the light. There too, no doubt, he awoke a new spirit of earnestness ; he built new churches ; broke up the unmanageable vastness of the parish into manageable districts ; but the exclusiveness of the man and of the school became more apparent and more mischievous. His appointment to Calcutta was, we think, a great mistake. He was evermore haunted by his old self, and could not rise to the vast calls of his new position. The Metropolitan of India was but the Daniel Wilson of Islington. The special work of his youth had been ere this accomplished ; and the householder of that wide family had not, as so few have, the rare gift of being 'wise' enough to 'bring forth things new' as well as 'old.' He administered the diocese as he had rebuked his curates, or struggled with his churchwardens. His charges were but the expansion of the single dogma for which, when he was young, he had to fight. To guide the quickening mind of India, he had but the maxims of a party ; and to form that mighty archiepiscopate but the traditions of an expiring sect. That

this narrowness of mind interfered materially with the success of his episcopate, we cannot for a moment doubt. Surely upon the wide field of India, there was room for employing, with the heartiest support, men of the greatest powers and the most earnest Christianity, even though they did not adopt the exact phraseology of Islington. Yet the Bishop's conduct to Professor Street proved that no such breadth of view ever animated his mind. Signs of this intense narrowness are continually making themselves manifest. 'Caird's Sermon, preached before the Queen,' had 'no light of Christ shining in the discourse.' Prescott's writings delight him, and he adds, 'I wish he was a Christian man.' 'Milman's sixth volume will do immense good as against Popery; but he sadly fails in spiritual and evangelical views, *as all the ecclesiastical historians do, except Milner.*'

This was not the temper to convert India, or to leave on the records of the future the glorious title which might have been won of 'the English Xavier.'

The biography of Bishop Blomfield brings us into contact with a mind and character which were cast in a wholly different mould. Sprung like Bishop Wilson from the middle rank of society, upon him too its stamp was marked with an unmistakeable plainness. But the years which were given by the one to the pursuits of business were spent by the other in the refining process of cultivating a varied and exact scholarship. So notorious at the time amongst his equals was the severity of his youthful studies that he was greeted in a long vacation with the indicative remark, 'Why, Charles Blomfield, I believe if you were to drop from the sky you would be found with a book in your hand!' The results of these scholastic labours earned for him his first renown. His university distinctions, which followed each other with rapidity, were crowned in 1809 by his obtaining a fellowship

at Trinity ; and these only prepared the way for his entering with new zeal and still greater success upon the conflicts and successes of the world-wide field of critical literature. He became the editor of *Aeschylus* and the correspondent of Hermann, and 'the learned and deeply respected Mr. Blomfield' of Dr. Parr. But his mind was of far too practical a turn to find its full satisfaction in critical controversy. He was already in 1810 a clergyman, and the strong claims of clerical responsibility soon largely occupied his time and thoughts. Severe family afflictions deepened his religious character, and he exchanged for life the task of rectifying corrupt choruses for the cure of immortal souls. But to the end of his days there abode with him the strong flavour of his early acquisitions ; and it is no small praise of the amount of his scholarship to say that never from this time returning to its cultivation save as the occasional relaxation of a life of unusual toil, he still held to the end an honourable equality with many who never quitted his own soon-abandoned pursuits. His advancement to the higher posts of the Church was continuous and rapid. From the humble rectory of Dunton, in Buckinghamshire, where he had added to the care of his small benefice the office of a private tutor and the diligent discharge of the office of a magistrate, he was moved in 1817 by Lord Bristol to the benefices of Great and Little Chesterford and Tuddenham. The watchful eye of the future Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley) had, moreover, already marked his course, and by him in the same year he was appointed his chaplain, and in 1822 Archdeacon of Colchester, having meanwhile, in 1819, been nominated by Lord Liverpool to the rectory of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. He remained Archdeacon but two years, being then raised to the bishopric of Chester. The last and somewhat hasty steps of his preferment awoke the following epigram, we are told, from one of the boys of the Grammar-school of his native

town of Bury, which is so much like one of his own jocose effusions that we must find a place for it here:—

‘Through Chester-ford to Bishop’s-gate  
Did Blomfield safely wade;  
Then leaving ford and gate behind,  
He’s Chester’s Bishop mada.’

He was four years at Chester, and then translated to the See of London in 1828, the first year of the Duke of Wellington’s administration. The character of his episcopate, in its leading features, was the same from first to last. It was marked by extraordinary exertion,—by the performance of a vast amount of work,—by remarkable success in some most important departments of his difficult duties. It produced in many respects most beneficial effects upon the Church around him. It was, at the same time, we think, tarnished with some considerable defects; and, as we desire not to pronounce a eulogy, but to weigh dispassionately the merits and defects of a great public servant, we shall not shrink from marking on our canvas the darker lines, without which the portrait must lose all its individuality of likeness.

The diocese of Chester needed and received the full burst of his zealous ardour. There was much in it to reform, and he set himself with all his might to reform it. One extract may show the standard of clerical duty which was tolerated amongst the clergy of that diocese. The Bishop had been forced to rebuke a clergyman for drunkenness, and received in reply the excuse, ‘But, my Lord, I was never drunk on duty.’ ‘On duty!’ exclaimed the Bishop, ‘when is a clergyman not on duty?’ ‘True,’ said the other, ‘I never thought of that.’

He had no party views; but he was resolved to make the Church in his diocese the Church of the diocese, and to gain this end he must make its clergy do their work. Perhaps in

the impetuosity of his own pure zeal, he assailed some of them somewhat too rudely. To use his son's words, 'in speaking or writing on the subject of clerical duties, the Bishop would sometimes convey his admonitions with a certain sharpness of manner which concealed the real kindness of his heart.' Nor had he yet had the opportunity of quite casting off those habits and modes of thought, which had of necessity been bred by his years of private tuition, and which make the schoolmaster's office for the most part so singularly bad a preparation for that of a bishop. To a considerable extent this interfered with his first endeavours to reform his diocese, by the opposition which it raised among certain sections of the clergy. It was at this time that Sydney Smith, who, through the rest of his life, ever hung upon his flanks with jests and raillery, versified his first charge into a stanza of more than 'Pindaric' irregularity of metre,—

'Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,  
Dance not, fiddle not, flute not,  
But, before all things, it is my particular desire  
That once, at least, in every week you take  
Your dinner with the Squire.'

Nor did his tutorial character escape—the witty Canon, when the doings of the Ecclesiastical Commission afterwards excited his 'divine wrath.' 'He is all of a sudden,' he says as he portrays his rise, 'elevated from being a tutor, dining at an early hour with his pupil (and occasionally, it is believed, on cold meat), to be a spiritual Lord: he is dressed in a magnificent dress, decorated with a title, flattered by chaplains, . . . . and this often happens to a man who has had no opportunities of seeing the world, whose parents were in very humble life, and who has given up all his thoughts to the Frogs of Aristophanes and the Targum of Onkelos.'\*

Amusing stories still survive of the petty resistances

\* Sydney Smith's Works, vol. ii. 266.

which the Bishop's sometimes hasty reproofs drew forth from his perverse clergy. Thus, for instance, being, we are told, scandalized by the rapidity with which the Morning Prayer was being said by the parish priest in a church where he was himself about to preach, he, somewhat unguardedly, sent the churchwarden to the offender with an expression of his desire that he would not read so fast. The message was delivered, and the pace augmented. But when, not without some indignation, he proceeded afterwards to rebuke the offender, he was met by a reply delivered in the most courteous manner—'I did not think it possible that my bishop could send me such a rebuke in the midst of the service by such a bearer; so I supposed he had mistaken the message, and that business requiring you to hasten elsewhere, you requested me to read fast.' As his son well says, 'such a bishop could hardly fail to have enemies, and enemies he had . . . he was stigmatised as overbearing, tyrannical, meddlesome, hasty, inconsiderate. . . . His detractors, however, were after all few in number; the great majority respected his zeal even when they did not imitate it.' The essential kindness of his heart—his unbounded liberality—the entire and simple identification of his efforts with the Church of which he was a minister—and above all, his being himself the first in the labours to which he was endeavouring to excite others—soon disarmed this opposition of its power; and far above the creeping mists bred of lethargy, and hanging heavily over the dull flats of idleness, rose clear and bright the fair fame of the young Bishop with his noble aims and his lightsome labours. He 'set himself to work in his new position with all his characteristic energy. The Diocese of Chester then included not only the teeming population, manufacturing or agricultural, of Lancashire and Cheshire, but the scattered and primitive Westmoreland "statesmen" who tended their mountain-

sheep along the slopes of Helvellyn and Louhrrigg; or cultivated the small farms which nestle in the valleys of Grasmere and Langdale.' To the wants of all he sedulously applied the strong arms of love and labour, and to an unusual degree won universal regard. All this was a good preparation for the wider sphere of labours which opened to him in the See of London. Happily for it and for himself he came to it, like most of his predecessors, tempered by episcopal experience, having rubbed off the schoolmaster before he had to deal with the clergy of the Metropolis.

This change of labour brought him also into immediate connection, soon ripening into intimate relations of close personal friendship, with a body of lay Churchmen, to whom, on his part, he imparted much, and from whom he received more. In the deadest times, the Church of England has ever kept alive in the shrines of some faithful hearts the sacred fire; and so there has been handed on, often unseen without the circle of their own good deeds, the tradition of sound belief and holy practice. Such men in their generation were Robert Boyle, and Robert Nelson, and W. Stevens. Such men the bishop found in Joshua Watson and in some whose living names must not yet be written. To them the ardent spirit of the busy Bishop was as the falling of the spark on the prepared train; whilst on him their calm, patient, gentle temper, exercised exactly the control he needed. It is delightful to follow, both in the Bishop's biography and in the very deeply interesting life of Joshua Watson which we owe to the classical pen of Archdeacon Churton, the record of the great results which flowed from this happy union of God's different gifts to different men united in the common bond of a hearty Churchmanship. Amongst his various deeds of good throughout his diocese, none is more identified with the name of Bishop Blomfield than the great church-building movement he inaugurated. What the fruit of that

was, may be read in the record of the change wrought in the single district of Bethnal Green, as it is narrated by his son :—

‘Before the erection of the new churches, Bethnal Green was the resort of the worst characters, and the frequent scene of disgraceful riots. On the spot now occupied by St. Thomas’s church, with its schools and parsonage-house, and by the model lodging-houses which the munificence of Miss Burdett Coutts has erected for the labouring population, were situated the notorious “Nova Scotia Gardens,” in which resided the infamous “Burkers,” May, Bishop, and Williams, who procured subjects for dissection by secret assassination, and were convicted of the murder of a friendless Italian boy, in 1826 [this is the date as it stands in Mr. Blomfield’s pages, but the real date is 1831]; after which time the place was known in the neighbourhood as Burker’s Hole. . . .

‘The change in the character of the people was strikingly shown in their altered mode of receiving Mr. Cotton’s benevolent scheme. When it was first started, the persons who went round to collect subscriptions for it were met with jeers and insults; and when the first stone of the first church was to be laid, the people, regarding the movement as an unwarrantable intrusion, assembled in crowds to jeer and scoff; and an infuriated bull was wantonly let loose to disturb the procession. But when the first stone of the ninth church was laid, the temper of the people had entirely changed; thousands lined the streets, decently attired in their Sunday clothes, and showing every mark of respect, and the working men bowed and took off their hats as the procession passed.’

In his Charge of 1846, the Bishop was able thus to review the result of these exertions :—‘ Provision has thus been made for the erection of sixty-three new churches, of which forty-four are completed, or are in course of erection. . . . These churches will contain altogether about 65,000 persons, and will furnish the means of attending Divine service, once in the day, to 130,000.’ By the close of his episcopate, this number had been largely increased; and whilst all the years of his predecessors in his office were scarcely marked by the erection of a single church, he was able, when he resigned the see, to point to well-nigh 200 churches consecrated by himself. This movement was far more than a mere supply of local spiritual deficiency. It was the waken-

ing up, within the Church, of a thorough consciousness, that, to be true to herself, she must provide for the spiritual life of her children; and in arousing and fixing this conviction, few men had a larger share than Bishop Blomfield.

Nor was this by any means the only great revival as to which he was a chief instrument in leading the Church to feel its responsibilities. The wide extension of the colonial episcopate was in a great degree his work.

In the more directly pastoral parts, too, of his office, so far as concerned its public exercise, he always shone. His voice was as clear and sweet an organ of speech as can be conceived, and admirably expressed the ready pathos which in his sermons, and especially in his addresses to the young, ever mingled with the direct teaching of the Bishop.

In the pulpit, in public meetings, and in the House of Lords, this gave him an immense advantage, and he employed it abundantly in discharging the great duties of his office. Few were more constant preachers, few more ready, by personal service at meetings for charitable or religious purposes, to stir up the slumbering zeal of a rich and luxurious generation.

In that more public and semi-political life which forms so important a part of the duties of every English Bishop, and in some respects pre-eminently of the Bishop of London, he was the same man that we have seen him in his diocese.

It was clear to all that his sole object was to increase the moral and spiritual efficiency of the Church of England. With powers of speaking of the highest class, he used them not to seek for fame, or effect, or personal aggrandisement, but simply as instruments for discharging that work which he believed they were given to him to perform. Sir R. Inglis, a very fastidious as well as competent critic on such a matter, once remarked that often as he had heard the Bishop speak in public, he had never heard one word fall

from him unworthy of his position as a Prelate of the Church. And in this department of his work he laboured incessantly. The age and the retiring habits of the two Primates, both of whom confided thoroughly in him, threw on him more than the large share of the Church's public business which ordinarily devolves on a Bishop of London: and for the latter part, at least, of their lives, he obtained their concurrence in whatever he undertook. The Bills which he carried through Parliament attest his unceasing diligence, and some at least of them remain as monuments of his successful efforts for the benefit of the Church.

He was, too, in a great degree the instrument of restoring to the Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords as a deliberative body that weight and consideration which it is so important that it should possess. When he entered the order the power of public speaking was at a very low ebb amongst its members, and it had, in consequence of its being safe, become the favourite amusement of one or two Whig Peers to bait a Bishop before that venerable body. There are those still living who remember the sensation made by his first speech, and how, after he had uttered a few sentences, one well-known Peer hurried into the writing-room and exclaimed, in language more nervous than refined, to the late Lord King, who led this unworthy sport, 'Make haste into the House, there is a devil of a Bishop up.' Though we may perhaps think Daniel Webster's estimate of his powers somewhat exaggerated when he said that 'in dignity of manner and weight of matter no speaker in Great Britain was equal to the Bishop of London,' yet we should undoubtedly place him in the first rank of debaters. He had not, indeed, the tenacious grasp and iron logic of the Bishop of Exeter, or the powers of illustration or generalisation which are essential to the highest oratory; he could not with the mighty masters of this wonderful art, thunder and

lighten, yet, as Bishop Copleston wrote of him, 'he was ready, fluent, correct, always addressing himself to the point, never seeking admiration by sarcasm and ornament, and rhetorical flourishes.' He reached very nearly to the highest standard of that business-like, facile, clear and pleasing speaking, which is the most effective, if it is not the most highly esteemed, in the assemblies of Englishmen; and though his delivery was ungraceful, all that he uttered was spoken to the best advantage in a singularly musical voice and with not infrequent exhibitions of deep feeling on his own part, which, from their evident naturalness, appealed straight to the listener's heart, and aided not a little the argument which it supported in bringing them to the conclusion which the speaker desired. We are disposed to place in the first rank of all his parliamentary efforts the speech which he delivered in the House of Lords in July, 1839, upon Archbishop Howley's Resolutions on National Education. It was a subject on which he was deeply in earnest, and he cast off in this instance a constitutional dread of opposing what claimed to be liberal measures with a completeness, the lack of which certainly weakened materially some of his main efforts.

Nor was this activity in public business limited to his duties in the House of Lords. In the reform of the Poor Rates no less competent a witness than Mr. Nassau Senior says, his 'services, both on the Poor Law Commission and afterwards in carrying the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, cannot be too highly estimated. He brought to the meetings of the Commission great knowledge both of principles and of details, unwearyed attention, and undaunted courage. . . . I do not believe that we could have agreed to our Report . . . if his courage and authority, and that of the late Bishop Sumner, had not supported us.'

In the mixed questions of social and ecclesiastical matters

he was equally alive. He was one of the principal founders of King's College, London. He took the main part in all that action for Church Reform which led to the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission. For many years, indeed, he was one of its foremost members.

In the working of this Commission his son claims for him not only the undoubted merit of activity and zeal, but also an immunity from having shared in all the erroneous counsels which have at times brought upon it much popular discredit. We think that he has somewhat exaggerated the actual amount of the Bishop's services; and, in endeavouring to rescue him from all blame, has fallen into the more serious error of not rightly representing the facts of the case on one important matter. There is no doubt that the early decisions of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were to a very great degree influenced by the Bishop. Though we are disposed to smile at the filial blindness which twice quotes Sydney Smith's jest about pens being nibbed only till he came, as though it were told in proof of his transcendent power, and not of his 'ungovernable passion for business and constitutional impetuosity.' But Mr. Blomfield has fallen, as to this matter, into a more serious error, which we hope, if the work comes to a second edition, he will correct. He says, 'But with regard to the subject of this memoir, it may be remarked that it was only during the more palmy and promising days of the Commission that he was the prime mover of its designs: in its subsequent decline and fall he took a much less prominent part. . . . When it was found parsimonious where it was expedient to be liberal, and liberal where it might well have been parsimonious; when . . . the palaces of Bishops swallowed up the hopes of lean and houseless incumbents.'

We confess that we were not a little startled when we read this passage in the Life of Bishop Blomfield. This adoption

of the charges of Sir B. Hall in such pages made us shrink from the dagger's point, with our 'Et tu Brute!'

The attempt to save the Bishop from the odium of having provided out of the Episcopal fund fit residences for the new or remodelled sees, by saying that the sums so laid out were spent, not in 'the palmy days,' when Bishop Blomfield reigned supreme at the Commission, but when his influence had been diluted by the presence of other Bishops, has led us to look into the Reports of the Commissioners as they have been laid before Parliament, and how far they bear out the statement of 'the Life' our readers shall judge for themselves. We extract the following list of grants to Bishops' palaces from the Appendix to the Third General Report of the Commissioners laid before Parliament:—

1. The palace at Ripon drew from the Episcopal Fund 14,621*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*
2. The house and demesne lands at Riseholme, near Lincoln, cost 52,194*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.*; 45,982*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.* being raised by sale of estates, and 6212*l.* from the Episcopal Fund.
3. The purchase of Stapleton for the bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol cost 23,627*l.* 5*s.*
4. The building a chapel and enlarging Cuddesden Palace is chargeable at 4800*l.*
5. Alterations at Hartlebury Castle cost 7000*l.*
6. A palace was built at Llandaff for 7125*l.*
7. Maudreth Hall, for the see of Manchester, cost 20,000*l.*

Now, first, we must say, as to all of these, that we cannot understand from what Bishop Blomfield's memory was to be shielded, unless the sums spent under this head were extravagant in themselves or laid out in purchasing unfit residences.

For the larger bishoprics were, by Act of Parliament, mulcted especially to endow the smaller, and the providing a suitable residence must, of necessity, be the most important

part of such an endowment; and this, therefore, until Parliament merged it in the common fund was really a primary charge upon the Episcopal Fund. Thus the founding of the sees of Ripon and Manchester made it absolutely needful that a house of residence should be provided for each; and the raising Oxford and Llandaff to be sees on which the Bishops could reside, without, as formerly, other benefices with large houses being held *in commendam* with them, made it essential that their see-houses should be made fit for the exigencies of a Bishop's residence. For let it be remembered, that though there be no need of a magnificent or a sumptuous dwelling for a Bishop, there must, if his duties are to be performed, be rooms enough in his house for the occasional gatherings of laymen there and for the ordinary reception of the clergy of the diocese, the candidates for Orders, and the like.

These are what, so far as we can gather from the returns, have in the main been provided by these funds. Nor could we ever hear that, down to the latest of these grants, any one of them was objected to by Bishop Blomfield. But for some peculiar circumstance, we do not believe that the clamours which have of late been raised, and to which Mr. Blomfield's words give so much currency, would ever have been heard. We believe that the outcry arose altogether from what was known of two of these cases. The two to which we allude were Riseholme and Stapleton. On Riseholme, in the first place, the large sum (including the demesne lands) of 52,194*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* was sunk. This of itself created an outcry; many thought that the money came from the fund, whilst all felt that it had been laid out unproductively; for when it was known that immediately to the south of the noble Cathedral, in a commanding and admirable situation there still stood the old palace, inhabited by one of the Bishop's officials, and quite capable at a reasonable cost of having

been made the existing episcopal palace, the greatest dissatisfaction was felt at a house having been purchased at so large a cost two miles distant from the cathedral city. We cannot wonder at the discontent which this particular case excited, for it actually was a most mistaken selection of a site for the new palace. The second bad case was the purchase of Stapleton for the see of Gloucester and Bristol. Here, too, there was a large outlay (23,627*l.*), and with a most incommensurate result. For this house again was most inconveniently distant from the Cathedral, and in itself so ill-suited to its purpose that, on Bishop Baring's appointment, it was sold, realising only 12,000*l.*

To these two cases we confidently assert that the clamour against the Commissioners' acts as to episcopal residences may be distinctly traced. Yet, upon examining the reports of the Commission, we find that both these cases occurred 'in its palmy days,' whilst Bishop Blomfield governed it; and further, that, in both of them, houses were purchased for the two bishops whom Bishop Blomfield had obtained as his special coadjutors, Bishop Kaye and his own old friend and assistant Bishop Monk. Bishop Blomfield's high character is not to be raised by urging against an unjust popular prejudice such a defence as his son has attempted. It is, we feel confident, the very last plea he would himself have put on record against a charge which blind clamour raised, and which such an answer could only render more malignant.

A life of such incessant occupation might seem to be scarcely compatible with a large development of the amenities of society and of the more blessed relations of family life. But it was not so with Bishop Blomfield, as those who knew him in his hours of social relaxation can abundantly testify. To the end he attended with undiminished relish the semi-literary gatherings of 'the Club,' the evenings of which are so well depicted by one of its distinguished members, that

such a history of this social gathering is worth, in passing, the notice of our readers:—

‘In conjunction with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson had formed a small but well-selected knot of friends, which proudly, without any distinctive epithet, was called or called itself “THE CLUB.” It has continued in regular succession, and with no sign of languor or decay, to the present year, preserving in three large folio volumes authentic annals of its course. . . . . Among the original members of “the Club,” when formed in 1764, were Mr. Burke and Dr. Goldsmith. Among those who joined it within the next twenty years, the span of Johnson’s life, were Fox, Sheridan and Windham, Adam Smith and Gibbon, Bishop Percy and Sir William Scott. . . . . Upon the whole, the character of the club has been worthily maintained. Such minds as that of Burke, or that of Johnson, do not, indeed, appear at every period, and ages may ensue before we look upon their like again; but, still giving due weight to that consideration, for the present time, a member of the club will have little cause to complain of the degeneracy of mankind so long as he enjoys the high privilege of sharing in the converse of Mr. Hallam and Mr. Macaulay, Dean Milman and Bishop Wilberforce, Dr. Holland and Monsieur Van de Weyer, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Aberdeen.’\*

These lines were written in 1851, and already Lord Mahon’s list has been robbed of one-half of those whose names he has catalogued as then the glory of ‘the Club.’

Here, or when receiving his friends at Fulham, nothing was more remarkable than the frank kindness of Bishop Blomfield’s affection or the abundant flow of his peculiar humour and the unfailing readiness of classical allusion, epigram, or repartee, which no stress of business had been able to cloud over or impair.

He had an unfeigned relish for intellectual society, and, as his son says:—

‘During the days of his health and strength the house at Fulham was filled with agreeable society; and such men as Sir James Mackintosh, Wordsworth, Rogers, the Bishop of Oxford, Sir David Dundas, Sir Henry Holland, and many others who might be named, gave no little charm to his table. At these times the Bishop entered with a keen relish into the

\* Lord Mahon’s ‘History of England,’ vol. vi. 482.

delights of social intercourse, and contributed more than his share to the general enjoyment by the animation, the humour, and the learning of his conversation.'

Some specimens of his lighter vein are given us in the 'Life.' We select one or two of those which seem to us the most characteristic; prefacing them, however, with saying that their quality makes us believe that they owed the acceptance they received rather to their freshness and good-nature than to any high strain of real humour to be found in them. He writes to an intimate friend to announce his appointment, as rector of Dunton, to a Commission of the Peace in Bucks in the following words: 'I am now a magistrate, and the county business will never get on without me; I must study Burn with diligence before I can *indifferently* minister justice. (By the way, that's a very awkward expression in the Liturgy.)' Again he writes, April 20, 1815: 'The Bishop has desired me to preach the Visitation Sermon, and I am at a loss for a subject. You are experienced in this species of composition, and can recommend me a topic fit for a discourse *ad Clerum*. I was thinking of discussing the utility of learning to the clerical profession; but the mention of this might give offence to my worthy brethren in the arch-deaconry of Bucks; as it would be unpolite to hold forth in praise of a fair complexion to a party of negresses.' Again: 'I hope,' he writes from Chester, in October, 1824, 'from a well-conducted process of distillation, to extract some highly-rectified Spirit of Orthodoxy. An explosion or two in the course of the process must be looked for; accidents will beset the most cautious operators.' When a friend of the Bishop's was once interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, he concluded his eulogium by saying, 'In fact, my Lord, he is quite a St. Paul.' 'Yes,' replied the Bishop, drily, 'in

prisons oft.' And this habit of humour lasted on to the end. Whilst he lay on his bed of last sickness, his two archdeacons severally delivered their Visitation charges;—the one selecting as his principal topic the law of burial of the dead, the other the best mode of constructing sermons. 'So,' said the Bishop, when the fact of the charges was reported to him, 'Sinclair has been charging upon composition, and Hale upon de-composition.'

This was the social side of his character. We know no part of his 'Life' which more entirely pleases us than that which by the hand of a son paints the more sacred scene of his family relations. So deep were his affections within that circle, that we believe affliction assailing him thence did more than all the vast burden of his public business to break down the strength of his body and the elasticity of his mind. What he was in the happier hours of family life we must let the pens of his children speak.

'I learned,' says a daughter, 'to reckon the hour or half-hour spent with him before breakfast as one of the happiest hours of the day. . . . . My recollection of Fulham is that of a thoroughly well-ordered family. Regular and early hours, punctual attendance of the whole household at family prayers—cheerful evenings, enlivened with music and by the society of friends; quiet, peaceful Sundays; pleasant hours spent in the garden, in which he took such pride and delight,—these and many other such quiet domestic pictures, in which he, with his bright, loving look and kind words, is ever the central figure, rise before me when I try to recall him to my mind as he was in his own home, amongst his elder children. Or I remember him in the enjoyment of some autumnal excursion, full of fun and cheerfulness, and enjoying the scenery more than any of us. . . . . He was always in those days able to throw aside his cares and the thought of his duty during the time he spent with his family; and by entering into our occupations and amusements, as well as by conversation, music, and reading the current literature of the day, to make it a time of real refreshment to himself, as well as of pleasure and profit to us.'

Or take another sketch by his son:—

'His pleasure in travelling was especially great . . . . He seemed to take delight in change of place, in the novelties and even the inconveni-

ences which belong to foreign travel, and above all in the charms of grand natural scenery. In a beautiful country he would stand up in the carriage, and express himself in the strongest terms of admiration, and would seem disappointed if any of his companions did not seem to share his enthusiasm. He would spend the evenings, or vacant hours of travel in turning the incidents of the day into verses, which served in his family as humorous memorials of his annual holidays.'

One or two quotations from the touching relation of his last days may well close these extracts:—

‘July had arrived, and though his friends did not know it, he was fast drawing to his end.

‘It had been the Bishop’s custom throughout his illness to have read to him, with some slight alterations, the Confession and the Absolution in the Communion Service with the Lord’s Prayer, and a prayer from the Visitation of the Sick, or sometimes the “Prayer for a Sick Relation” from his own manual of prayers. For the last week or ten days he had expressed a strong desire that his children should come into his room before he went to sleep, to join in these prayers; and fearful lest his desire might not be sufficiently impressed on their minds, he called, on this evening, the only one who happened to be in at the time, after she had taken leave of him for the night, and said, “My dear child, I wish you to come *every* evening when your dear mother reads prayers with me, and all my children who can. I hope, my dear child, you will comply with my wish.”

‘On the evening of the next day . . . . when those who were with him rose from their knees and bade him “good night,” he took leave of them with all his old tenderness of manner. They were simple words and expressions of affection that he used, and such as his children had been accustomed to hear and to receive from him for many years; but they remembered them then, because they were almost the last words (except in short and incoherent sentences) which he addressed to them. At the time it was his manner which especially struck them, more completely than that of his own self than they had noticed for some time; the energetic earnestness of his natural character adding force to his tenderness. Afterwards, when his wife bade him “good night,” he detained her, and drawing her to him, told her in a low but distinct voice, that “he felt he had been a great sinner; none could know his sins better than he did himself; that repentance was a hard thing; but that he trusted humbly he had truly repented, and that he had a perfect trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of his blessed Saviour; that he was at peace with all the world; that he had not an unkind feeling to any; and that if there were any who had ever acted unkindly towards him; any who had entertained hard

thoughts of him, he forgave them from the bottom of his heart" . . . . On the Sunday he had another fit; by the evening of that day all his children, with their husbands and wives, had arrived to be present at his closing hour, except two sons: one of whom was commanding his ship in the Mediterranean, while the other having started for the Continent a few days before immediate danger was anticipated, could only be recalled in time to see his father's lifeless form before it was laid in the grave. The dying Bishop lay in the chapel-like room in which are arranged the books which Bishop Porteus bequeathed to the see. To this room the invalid had been removed for coolness; and as the night wore away, the fresh breeze which had succeeded a sultry day stole in from the garden through the great open window at the lower end. On one side of the room the windows are emblazoned with the armorial bearings of different prelates; and around it are placed the portraits of all the bishops of London since the Reformation—the last vacant space having been lately filled by the portrait of Bishop Blomfield himself. All are there . . . . Surrounded by these likenesses, one who had ruled the diocese for a longer period than almost any of them, and of whom without any disparagement to his predecessors, it might be said "that he had laboured more abundantly than they all," lay with life slowly ebbing away from him, his family watching around him . . . .

'As the next day dawned he seemed to recover a little. . . . A few hours later he relapsed, and the physicians pronounced all consciousness to be gone . . . . At five o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 5, with one slight convulsion which marked the parting of body and soul, he expired. No sooner was the death-struggle over, than his features seemed to regain the early beauty of which age and sickness had deprived them, and the lifeless face in its placid composure seemed in a moment to have lost twenty years of its age.'

And so the busy day was over, and the evening won by the hardworking man: 'he rested from his labours, and his works do follow him.'

It has been a pleasant task to follow this true-hearted, kindly, good, and able man along his course; and it is pleasant to mark down what in large measure, through his means, the Church which he loved and for which he laboured until death, had won through his toil. She had woken up to the sense of her true position. Thenceforward nothing short of embracing in her saving labours the whole population of the land could content her aspirations. The efforts making, as

we write, by the present Bishop of London for the increase of the Church's work in the Metropolis are, indeed, only the natural carrying out of what was begun by Bishop Blomfield. May that result be such as to crown the noble monument which Mr. Richmond is preparing for him with the fresh flowers of a completed effort! The clergy, too, as Bishop Blomfield left them, were an altered body; from the highest to the lowest a sense of the blessing of working honestly and hard had spread on every side from the labours of the diligent man who stood in the fore-front of the field. Liberality, too, in gifts had increased largely from the blessed contagion of his good example. Speaking to Archbishop Howley of the intended move for the Colonial Episcopate, he expressed his conviction that the time was come for some gifts of unusual magnitude, and he proposed to the Archbishop what should be their respective offerings. This point settled, Archbishop Howley speaking of a third person said, 'no doubt he will like to join us in this'; and received the characteristic answer, 'He will join us, but I do not think that he will like to do so.' To this wise liberality the Church owed the extension of her colonial episcopate, and that true movement for Catholic expansion which has acted back with such a growing power on her life at home.

If we consulted only our own feelings, we should stop here. But if we are, indeed, to arrive at any just estimate of the real progress of the Church, we must weigh with equal justice the failings against the successes of the leading episcopate of the time.

With all his many great gifts then, there were, as we think, two principal defects in the character of Bishop Blomfield, closely connected together, and unhappily precisely the defects which the course of events through which the Church in his day was passing made peculiarly dangerous both to her and to himself. He lacked, it seems to us, first, that saga-

cious and comprehensive foresight of coming events which, where it is given, breeds so entire a calmness in the critical moment of danger, that the leader of men is either equally prepared for a thoughtful readiness of action, or for remaining fearlessly inactive, as the occasion may require. It is this deliberate prescience which enables great men in any unlooked-for extremity to see in the startling suddenness of action what it is really to apply their principles, and so not only to cleave to them with the tenacity of an honest intention, but to give them practical effect in act. The want of this faculty producing, as it must, a certain confusion in the moment of action, leads almost inevitably to a want of political courage. And this, we think, was the second deficiency in this otherwise great character.

Bishop Blomfield's natural temper was hasty and impulsive. His very appearance bespoke as much. Mr. Richmond's letter, as admirable as his crayon portraits, fixes this marked characteristic of the man. 'His very walk,' he says, 'was significant of this, that short firm and rapid step, with a sort of *I am ready* expression in it. . . . And with the quick, almost abrupt, stop in it.' This peculiarity of the man has not escaped the notice of his son:—

'One,' he says, 'of the Bishop's most marked characteristics was a peculiar quickness of action which no amount of experience could entirely check. No man could draw a more correct conclusion from given data or in a shorter time; but the activity of his temperament was averse to protracted deliberation, and he did not always stay to examine the correctness of the data which were offered him; so that, while generally as sound in his conclusions as he was wise in counsel, there were some occasions when he formed his opinions too hastily. To this cause chiefly must be attributed any errors of judgment into which he fell during his episcopate.'

**And again:—**

'In his intercourse with his clergy his natural quickness and occasional abruptness of manner might at times have worn the appearance of harshness, but it was chiefly on the surface.'

No doubt this was true, so far as it regards any real harsh-

ness of temper, from which he was remarkably free. But the manner bespoke, we think truly, the mode of the mind's activity. His conclusions were sudden, hasty, taken up often therefore upon a most incomplete survey of all the many present circumstances and future consequences of the case; and, though often intuitively right, they were also of necessity often wrong from their incompleteness; having at best but the promise of some short immediate relief, and that perhaps through some perilous concession, and no real solving of a difficult or important question. We have heard from those who were in frequent consultation with him that this evil increased with his years, until he grew evidently impatient of any lengthened consideration or discussion of any question; marking thus the constitutional infirmity which was at the root of those hasty decisions. Such conclusions had of necessity this further evil about them, that not having been reached after a careful estimate of all the circumstances of the case, when they came to be tried in action, and to threaten to break down, they were abandoned under the new view of the case now presented to him almost as readily as they had been adopted; or were so varied, or hedged, or explained, as to encourage the further assaults of enemies and to leave faithful supporters in difficulties and dismay.

His charge of 1842, and all that follows from it, will well illustrate our meaning. If there ever was a period in the history of our Church when such a man in such a post should on the topics which he selected have spoken with the utmost deliberation, it was then. The Church of England was evidently passing through a great crisis, and everything bespoke the importance of the time. The long rollers which followed the storm of the Reform Bill yet swelled heavily across the ecclesiastical waters. It was not long since the Prime Minister (Earl Grey) had ventured publicly to exhort the English bishops to set their house in order. His successor

too (Viscount Melbourne), at the head of a Whig Ministry, though generally careful, nay, even anxious as to his episcopal appointments, had five years before recommended one which was infinitely more indicative of what might be anticipated from the governors of the State as affecting the Church than any *obiter dictum* in the House of Lords. Strong personal solicitations and what Bishop Otter with characteristic meekness described as accounting for his own elevation, 'the necessity of appointing some one, and the exceeding narrowness of the field of choice,' had led to the nomination of Edward Stanley to the See of Norwich. It was scarcely possible to have selected any other man equally good, honest, and loveable, who would have been so unfit for the office. This was his own most just estimate of the case; we gather that it was not very far from being that of his accomplished son when he wrote the brilliant and beautiful sketch to which we have already referred. When he had accepted the bishopric, 'the prospect of the future at first sight seemed hardly less gloomy than the separation from the past. A sphere of labour for the most part *uncongenial*\* and unknown, to an extent beyond what is usually the case with those who are elevated to the episcopate . . . an anticipation of a hostile or cold reception in his new post.' The words of the Bishop himself are still stronger, for he avows his 'reluctance, not to say *aversion*, for an office for which in many respects I feel myself so *peculiarly unfitted*.' The event did not, we think, contradict these anticipations. His simple goodness, his perfectly unflinching honesty, his sweetness of disposition, his unwearied labours, wrought indeed in his high post their inevitable results. He found the diocese in many respects in a state of, even then, unusual spiritual prostration. Its condition as it is painted in the Bishop's life bears out abundantly our former estimate of the great lassitude which

\* The italics are ours.

had fallen everywhere on our Church, and peculiarly at Norwich, through the long neglect of Bishop Bathurst. This is briefly the state in which we are told that he found the diocese. 'Non-residence, pluralities, one instead of two services once a week or sometimes only once a fortnight, an abuse which had reached such a pitch as to have produced one instance in which fifteen churches were served by three brothers; carelessness in admissions to Holy Orders, imperfect administration of the rites of baptism and burial,' &c. All this he set himself to redress, and great was his success.

'The greater evils which have been specially alluded to,' says his biographer, 'were at last broken down. By careful enforcement of the Plurality and Non-Residence Acts, one hundred additional parsonage houses were erected by the seventh year of his episcopate, and by the twelfth year one hundred and seventy-three . . . The increase of residence . . . may be best gathered from two instances selected at random from different parts of the diocese.

"In 1857," said a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Norwich, "I saw from my windows nine parishes, of which only one contained a resident clergyman. Of those nine parishes, there is now (in 1849) only one which does not contain a resident clergyman." "The deanery of Sandford," writes a clergyman from that district, "is made up of twenty-eight parishes, containing a population of about 12,000; and owing to the number of resident gentry and clergy, the value of the rural benefices, and the great width (? wealth) of the district, you might naturally expect to find the Church in a more efficient condition than in the generality of such neighbourhoods. When I first came here, in 1837, out of the twenty-eight parishes five churches only were open for divine service twice on the Lord's-day. In 1849 all the parishes enjoy this great blessing, with the exception of three, in one of which the population does not amount to fifty persons, and the stipend of another does not reach £60 yearly."

On such labours and on successes the good man could look back with thankfulness to God when he recorded in his diary 'in a few months I shall have attained the threescore years and ten, and closed the eleventh year of my episcopal life . . . and I feel satisfaction in what I have been instrumental in doing. How many parishes have been supplied

with resident clergy in which no pastoral care had been for years and years manifested ! How many churches have had the full measure of services prescribed in which, from time immemorial, the most scanty administration had sufficed ! And how many schools have been established, for the benefit of the thousands who had been with the most culpable negligence permitted to remain brutalised, and uncivilised, and perishing for lack of knowledge ! It is touching, from such a record, to turn onwards a few pages in the Memoir, and read that the last wanderings of his dying bed, afar from his diocese, still ran upon thoughts of his charge at home. 'Then,' murmured the tongue of the departing and now unconscious Bishop, 'then I shall be within reach of Norwich, to return for the cholera.' The distribution of money to schools, and the enforcement of full services in small congregations, 'still flitted before the eye of his mind, and found such utterance as this—"if they are but twenty, they ought to have their double service." ' He had found,' writes one who well knew the condition of the diocese before and after his arrival, 'it a wilderness, and he left it comparatively a cultivated field.' Few of our bishops were personally better known than he; and his appearance, on which his son evidently loves loyally to dwell, bespoke for him at once the kindly feelings of all who came into contact with him. The open countenance, the quick bright eye, the elastic step, the hearty feeling, and the profusion of snow-white hair which imparted to his appearance a solemnity beyond his years, are expressions which show how lovingly the son dwells in remembrance on that most attractive beauty of his father, which promised all the frank, free, manly kindness which future intercourse so abundantly fulfilled.

And yet much as he did, and such as he was, we cannot coincide in even the doubtfully expressed conclusion, 'that the sacred office in which the struggle [of his life] was

carried on, gained more than it lost from the infusion of elements unlike those which it ordinarily includes.'

The bent of his own soul had been to the noble service of the Royal Navy; and had family circumstances not forced him into Holy Orders, and political intrigue into the episcopate, there would scarcely have been a shadow to note in what must have been the glorious career of this brave, honest, frank, ardent, and most loveable man.

'Heu miserande puer! Siqua fata aspera rumpas,  
Tu Marcellus eris.'\*

But turned away from that profession in which his soul delighted, to one for which he entertained an aversion, though he honestly set himself to discharge with all the might of his manly soul, so far as he understood them, the duties of the post he occupied, and though he fulfilled so much, yet it is not possible for us to doubt the correctness of his own original decision, which was that, except on one point (of which a word presently), it was 'a situation for which he was unqualified and unfit.'

The one exceptional point, as he esteemed it, of fitness touches the very central ground of our conviction of his real unfitness for the post. It was, that he might make it the occasion of 'extending liberal sentiments in his profession.' What these words meant in his mouth may best be learned from a glance at the diocesan troubles which set in with his episcopate, and on which Dr. Stanley has lightly touched in his interesting Memoir. Amongst these troubles the author of the 'Memoir' mentions two special acts by which he first alarmed the Church-feeling of his diocese. The first was, that in his first sermon in his cathedral, at his installation, before a great gathering of clergy and laity, and before all the Church Societies, he proclaimed his belief that Dissent,

\* *En. lib. vi. l. 883.*

even rising to the height of Socinianism, was not chargeable with the guilt of schism, which rested more frequently with the intolerant Churchman than with the toleration-claiming Dissenter. This was bad enough; but the offence reached its height when his clergy met at their Bishop's table the leading preacher of the city, who denied the Godhead of our Lord. This storm was scarcely abated before the second was stirred up by the appearance of his name, unintentionally, his biographer says, on his part so far as its being made public goes, as subscribing for the publication of a volume of sermons by 'an old Unitarian minister at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.'

We cannot wonder at the outbreak that followed. All who knew him knew that these were not accidental slips, but acts whereby he was deliberately carrying out that 'for which I mainly accepted my office,—the disseminating a wider and more comprehensive spirit of Christianity throughout the land.' They knew, in the language of his biographer, that 'he took the side of free and comprehensive, instead of *precise* and exclusive views; and that to impress them upon others was one chief interest of his new situation.' They found that 'a practical representation of religion' was contrasted in his mind with 'more dogmatic systems'; and finding all this reach up to the cardinal doctrine of the Godhead of the Eternal Son, and of necessary consequence to every doctrine and every practice of the Church, they came to the conclusion that, good and true and laborious and simple as he was, there was at least one fundamental part of the new duties, for the discharge of which he had made himself responsible, which he did not intend to attempt to discharge, and which he had taken the high office he held mainly to induce others to neglect, namely, 'the being ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word; and

both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same.\* All this was not the less alarming, because he applied so different a canon to those studies of nature which had such a hold on his affections. He had no 'indisposition to scientific or exact study in the abstract, for on his own subject no man could be a more diligent student;' it was only on the most dogmatic of all sciences, and on that as to which he was bound to be the special supporter of dogmatic teaching, that he lived for the purpose of making all teaching undogmatical. His estimate of the study of dogmatic theology is apparently expressed by himself in the following characteristic declaration: 'I have now passed into another channel, and my studies are turned to subjects with which, in self-defence, I must familiarize myself, connected as they are with subtle niceties, disputationes, controversies, and too often party differences, the worst for being masqueraded under religion.'

As might be expected from the simple honesty of his character, what he was in his diocese he was elsewhere. Thus being appointed in due course to preach at St. Paul's Cathedral before the Archbishop and Bishops, and the Authorities of the City, the Annual Sermon for the Gospel Propagation Society, he took occasion to 'disavow' his belief in the 'Apostolical Succession' of his own orders, as being a belief from which 'as the very fountain-head originally flowed the late extravagances of the Oxford School.' And in the House of Lords he rarely spoke except to support some view which was at variance with maintaining as necessary truth the Creeds of members of his Church. Thus in May, 1840, he warmly supported a petition for altering the terms of clerical Subscription. The habitual mildness of Archbishop Howley was stirred up by this Speech to some severity of censure, whilst, as his son tells us, 'there was

\* 'The Book of Common Prayer.' Consecration of Bishops.

something in the tone and spirit of Bishop Stanley's Speech which was peculiarly irritating to Bishop Blomfield. He rose, and with unusual severity rebuked both the petition and its supporter.' It is eminently characteristic of both men that the same writer can add afterwards the honourable tribute to the kindness of both that, though 'there were no two prelates on the Bench who differed more widely both in theory and practice . . . yet amidst all these differences, and though occasionally arrayed against each other, these two men heartily appreciated each other's characters and work. Bishop Stanley used to say that he was better understood by the Bishop of London than by any other of the Bishops.'

In this Episcopate there was a startling sign of the times, and from his point of view no one ought to have been more able to estimate aright its meaning and its danger than the Bishop of London. It was a plain threatening aimed at the distinctive teaching of the Church of England. Who can estimate even now how far the very goodness of such a man has not helped forward that unsettlement, which we see so abundantly around us, of all belief in revelation as absolutely and certainly THE TRUTH? There were those then about the Bishop of London who appreciated keenly the greatness of the danger. They still believed in the Church of England: they worked, often we think mistakenly, but with all their hearts, to secure for her the distinct unsaltering utterance of all primitive truth, and the maintenance of all Catholic practices which she had not been compelled to surrender, in order to shelter her children from mediæval or Papal corruption.

Beside them, and watching with a not unnatural suspicion all their movements, stood the remains of that party with which, as we have seen, the Bishop of Calcutta was identified. A calm comprehensive survey of the present

posture and coming dangers of the Church, such as Athanasius would have taken from his heights of Catholic dogma, or St. Basil from his fortress of devout administration, would have revealed to the watcher the reality and the near approach of the coming danger. He would have known that the very wheels of time must roll backward before England could be again Popish ; but that every influence of the world of letters, of the world of business, and of the world of politics, threatened to make it unbelieving. The scoffer and the sceptic already paraded their presence, their doubts, and their gibes in our very streets ; and the whole flow of thought was, in religious matters, towards independence, self-assertion, and lawlessness. At such a time a thoroughly prescient spirit would, above all things, have feared doing or saying anything which could set against each other schools which, though they differed in many things, represented in common a master belief in a fixed and definite Revelation. If those who were risking all for Catholic faith and observance ; if those who held as their one spiritual inheritance a belief that the apprehension of the doctrine of the Atonement and of the Spirit's influences lay at the root of all individual life in God ; if, lastly, those who received passively, but held firmly, the old Anglican teaching, leaning neither to the individualism of the last, nor to the objective yearnings of the first class ; if these three could have been brought to act really together, where might not now the Church of England be ?

Some faint apprehensions of this crisis visited, perhaps, the mind of Bishop Blomfield. But he had neither the theological learning nor the calm sagacious reflectedness necessary for working out into a whole and unbroken pattern such tangled threads of such confused colours. He had few fears ; and in this highly electric condition of the atmosphere, he ventured abroad with every instrument unsheathed which

could awaken and draw on himself the slumbering tempest. Not content with administering rebukes to the one party and cold allowance to the other, and thus dividing what should have been united, he proceeded to utter *ex-cathedra* canons as to ritual observance, which were sure to be taken by one set as a triumph, and by another as a humiliation. This was the more unfortunate because the diversities he set himself to reprehend, having no real basis even in opinion, were beginning to fade away, and were only brought prominently into notice, and made important by his Charge concerning them. Even if it were clear that he rightly interpreted the rubric when he laid it down, that the surplice should be worn in morning prayer alike in the pulpit and at the altar, yet we are sure that the attempt of a single bishop to lay down such a rule for the present practice of his diocese argued small previous consideration and little comprehensive discernment of the signs of the times. He himself believed, and his biographer still thinks, that the Charge was at first well received, and that all that it advised might have been adopted, but that—*intonuit laeo*—Islington thundered. But the Bishop's miscalculation lay in this that he did not from the first perceive that Islington was sure to thunder. Accordingly, when the storm broke out he was helpless. Nothing could exceed what was soon the pain of his position. For the dutiful, the quiet, and the loyal had acted on his words; and, in so doing, when the trouble came, were exposed to the plain and ready-made reproaches which were certain to find utterance. And here came into view his other great infirmity. No man was more astonished than he was at the greatness of the tempest into which he had unawares put forth, and so his impulse was to escape from its violence. In every parish which resisted, he granted a licence to disobey. Thus in every rebellious place the obnoxious edicts were repealed, and Islington triumphed. The Archbishop came forth, with the stately

wisdom of his long-tried moderation, to his brother's succour, and snatched him from the conflict ; but the loyal and the obedient were left behind to struggle as they could from a position they had been exhorted to occupy by an authority which withdrew their colours when the strife was hottest.

We have no wish to dwell upon this painful subject. There is another portion of his life upon which his son enters at some length ; on which for the same reason we shall only touch. We mean the troubles in his diocese which woke up under the subsequent development of ritualistic fervour. In these there was, we conceive, something to regret on both sides. But on the Bishop's we think that nearly all was caused by that want of a far-sighted view of which we have spoken. It made him, even where his zeal put him at the head of the actual column, unable to sympathise with many views, and so unable to guide them into safe and useful channels. He could only try to stop them ; and the attempt to stay such a current is like damming up a torrent : the resistance is soon overborne, and makes the rush greater and the roar louder. The same habit of mind which, as a younger man, had prevented him with all his entire honesty from feeling that there was anything wrong in holding together distant livings, made him now unable to reach in imagination or feeling beyond the exact standard of ritualism which habit had led him to think the best. This he somewhat roughly determined to enforce ; and when the law was used to cover what he disapproved, he felt to those who so employed it as if they met him with ungenerous quibbles. We are far from saying that he always met with the treatment which his generous nature deserved, and under which it would have been won to greater tolerance towards those of whose line of action he disapproved ; but neither can we agree with his son's estimate of these unhappy days, and charge all their evil upon the other side. It was a great misfortune to him and to the

Church's peace that he should have been challenged as he was to this particular encounter.

But we fear that we must say that something of the same display of this twofold weakness pervaded the Bishop's attempts to exercise other of the highest functions of his office. Here we are entirely at variance with his filial biographer. 'Bishop Blomfield,' he says, 'was emphatically the statesman of the Church.' He was, as we hope that we have shown, great in many ways, but these peculiar defects of his character in our judgment emphatically deprived him of the high palm of great ecclesiastical statesmanship. The very activity of his mind made the action of these two defects more dangerous. Alarm in many minds produces quiescence and quiescence has always a certain safety about it; but alarm in his busy nature prompted to instant action, and action under the prompting of fear is pre-eminently perilous. This weakness is what Sydney Smith touched when he represented the first action of the alarmed episcopate to be the casting out their dinner to appease the clamorous mob below, and then ordering for their own repast that which had been ordered for the canons.\* This was indeed one of the features of his character which the facetious Canon most often used against the Bishop; 'his ungovernable passion for business and constitutional impetuosity' were the very scope for his darts.

We cannot help feeling that it was largely owing, first to his want of apprehending what were the great services which the Cathedral Chapters were fitted to perform for religion and the Church, and then to his alarm when the cry of Church Reform sounded loud and ominous, that the reconstitution of those bodies took the strange and unnatural course of preserving in them every evil of the old system, whilst it maintained them on a scale so much reduced that they could no longer supply the incidental benefits with

\* 'First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.'

which in their days of abundance they had in many cases at least disguised their anomalies. These evils were suggested to him in the 'Letters' of Sydney Smith; but perhaps it would be too much to expect any man to have taken such a lesson from so sarcastic an instructor. And yet how full of truth was the warning! 'It is quite absurd,' he writes, 'to see how all the cathedrals are to be trimmed to an exact Procrustes pattern. *Quieta movere* is the motto of the Commission: there is to be everywhere a Dean and four Residentialies;' and after suggesting some of the lower uses to which Chapters might be put, he continues: 'This view of Chapters is, of course, overlooked by a commission of Bishops, just as all mention of bridles would be omitted in a meeting of horses; but in this view Chapters might be made eminently useful. In what professions, too, are there no gradations? Why is the Church of England to be nothing but a collection of beggars and Bishops? the Right Reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus in Orders at the gate, doctored by dogs and comforted with crumbs.'\* Strong as was the sense of these caustic sentences, the Bishop adhered to the mechanical reform which had been at first suggested by him, and which has ever since threatened the existence of these invaluable institutions.

This inaptitude for looking steadily onward with the forecasting eye of the 'seer,' seems to us to be conspicuous throughout his course. It might perhaps be too much to expect that in mere political questions he should have possessed this faculty, and so have been saved from his change of policy on the Reform Bill; but on strictly Church measures there was the same lack of foresight. Two instances will illustrate our meaning. The increase of the Episcopate was the great instrument for the Church's extension, on which the eyes of thoughtful minds were set, when very

\* 'First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.' Works, p. 261.

much through his influence the See of Bristol was, in fact, merged in that of Gloucester, and whilst he was warmly supporting the union of Bangor and St. Asaph. It was not, indeed, until the evident change of popular feeling had shown that this last union could not be accomplished, that he joined those who would not agree to such a backward step as the suppression of an English See. The other instance to which we refer was his treatment of the great question of the restoration of synodal action in the Church. Far-sighted men had, with more or less clearness, foreseen for years that, under the changed aspect of the times, this was essential to the welfare of the Church. They saw that the absence of free discussion between clergymen under the restraints of that sense of responsibility which is ever bred by the consciousness of being met in a 'lawful assembly,' had already led to the prevalence of far more unrestrained discussions, under no authority, and where the absence of all duly recognised chiefs gave to those who could fill it with least advantage to the Church the actual position of the guides of thought and action amongst their brethren. Further, they saw that the time was come when, whether to resist injurious changes, the imposition of which might be attempted from without, or so to mould from within existing institutions as to make them equal to the new requirements of an expanding body, the clergy must be allowed to exercise their undoubted right of forming and expressing their opinion by full and free debate upon all suggested changes and all needful improvements in the system of their Church. For thus only can any change be constitutionally made which affects the National Church; since her existing system is the result of the joint assents of the clergy, the laity, and the Crown of England.

All this had possessed long the minds of many who were content to prepare cautiously the way and wait with patience

for what they had resolved to gain. They strove hard to win the mind of Bishop Blomfield to their view; but here again his foresight failed him. In 1827 he wrote to Bishop Monk, who had preached to the Convocation against its revival. 'I like your oratiuncula greatly. It . . . . touches upon a variety of important topics with propriety and good sense, *particularly* upon the inexpediency of an operative Convocation.'

Again, in 1832 he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'We do not wish for a Convocation'; and in 1833 to a clergyman, 'I am much inclined to doubt whether it be expedient to revive the ancient functions of Convocation as at present constituted.'

It was nearly ten years later, and not until the victory was already won by the Archbishop having consented to hold a regular session and to permit petitions to be presented and received, so awakening the venerable Synod from its long and occasional dreams, that Bishop Blomfield joined the conquering side. Then with his wonted generosity of spirit he entered at once into the movement, no lingering jealousy of its having been begun by others finding place in his mind, but for the future working freely with it as if it had from the first been his own conception.

We have said, we believe, enough to satisfy justice and the claims of just criticism on this less pleasing side of the picture, and we gladly let the curtain fall. To one act, indeed, of his expiring episcopate we must allude, but it shall only be to say that we do not believe that if sickness had not already bowed the strong man, he would ever have acquiesced in that resignation of the See, the Bill for effecting which his son says 'was opposed by such Churchmen as Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop of Oxford, and Sir William Heathcote.' We are not sure whether this is not uttered in a tone something like ironical complaint. But of this we entertain

no doubt, that posterity will most assuredly ratify the wisdom of their opposition to the Bill. It was undoubtedly a startling proposition to make two great exceptions to the universal rule of the Church of England: suffering two great Prelates to resign their sees and retain for life a large share of their endowments, when any private compact to allow a beneficed clergyman the same licence would be voided by the statute against simony. Its provisions never have been, and we trust and believe never will be, repeated in any other instance.

We have sought to set fairly before our readers these three indicative lives, not only from our estimate of their great intrinsic interest, but because we believe them to contain richly the materials from which the religious character and prospects of our own time are to be gathered. For in these *Memoirs* the history of our Church in these latter days is not indistinctly written. We hope that our readers will not have failed to trace the golden thread through our own pages. It cannot, we think, be doubted that it is a record of progress—of real and important progress; perhaps we may even say of progress in every direction. The Church has far more completely than heretofore learned to realise her own principles and position, and this in great measure by the curative and healthful processes of honest and laborious action. Many mists have been swept away; many questions solved; a far higher sense of duty become general; the idea of worship has revived; preaching instead of being undervalued has risen in general estimation; witness the nave services in our Cathedrals, and the leading articles of our newspapers; and yet it has taken far more its true second place in our ideas of worship, not because it has sunk, but because prayer has risen in our ordinary estimation. With far less tendency to the corruptions of Rome, we have put forth more abundantly at home the blessed shoots of a loving

charity. Our churches have been restored, in some dioceses even marvellously ; larger provision has been made for works of charity ; sisterhoods have been founded and matured, in which the quick energies of Christian women, wedded to a life of devotion, can be combined and regulated ; associations have risen on every side for increasing Church accommodation, the ministry of the Word and Sacraments, and the education of all orders and degrees amongst us. Coeval with these signs of life, there may be traced on all sides more unity, diminished suspicion, amongst those who have not yet learned to feel aright the degradations of party designations within the Church Catholic, and this with no repression of the open avowal of legitimate differences ; with the laity taking more share than they ever did before in all Church matters ; with Convocation sitting regularly, and discussing freely every Church question ; and daily more and more referred to both in and out of Parliament as the proper exponent of the views of the Clergy of England.

Moreover, as the vitality of the Church has been quickened, the strength of the Establishment has been found greater. Far-sighted politicians have discerned that the time has passed when she was to be esteemed as a poor relation whom it was not reputable to disavow nor possible to acknowledge without certain loss ; and merely worldly men have wondered at the strange revival of what they had come to esteem a doomed cause, and whisper that after all it is the strongest institution in the country. The change in the votes of the same House of Commons on such questions as the incestuous Marriage Bill and the Church Rate Bill is strongly indicative of the altered tone of public feeling and opinion.

To all this appearance of good there is undoubtedly a reverse side. The light would not be the light of Heaven if it did not deepen the shadows of earth. There is the active stirring amongst us of a spirit of scepticism. Having dealt

expressly with this elsewhere, we do but touch upon it here. It is probably an inevitable concomitant of our progress and our circumstances. The rising of the Sun draws up the mists which it is gathering its strength to dissipate. It is a far healthier state to have differences declared and difficulties stated, than to stagnate in an enforced acquiescence in what the intellect disavows and the heart rejects. Amongst ourselves we have little fear of the issue. If the Church be true to herself, and if evil counsels in the State do not precipitate dangers by forcing into her highest posts men who are either the feeble echoes of its own vacillation, or who are false to the truths and principles to keep and proclaim which their office was founded, or who are distrusted by the clergy of the body they have to govern, all will speedily be well, and the sky the clearer for the clouds which have swept over it.

In such a time of coming strength the difficult questions yet before us may perhaps be dealt with safely. They are political rather than religious, and yet they touch to the quick the national religion. They have relation to the mode in which the result of that concordat between the Church Catholic and this realm, which we commonly designate as the Established Church, can without compromise be maintained, and yet the perfect liberty—political, social, and religious—of the surrounding sects be established. They relate to the increase of and the appointments to the episcopate; to the measures and degrees of self-government to be allowed or encouraged in the Church; with all the other questions this involves, of reformed Canons for her discipline and new or adapted Services for her need. In the face of her recent progress, her growing unity, her enlarged efficiency, and her widened basis of general esteem, we doubt not that the good time will come when through the co-operation of her highest prelates (appointed for their strength rather than for their weakness), with statesmen of honesty and character, who

belong in truth to her communion, the difficulties of her position may be contemplated with wisdom, encountered with courage, and arranged with justice and success. Come when it may, we are firmly convinced that the way for its happy arrival was in good measure prepared, if not by the far-seeing sagacity, yet by the honest, hearty, self-denying labours and nobly disinterested liberality of the late Bishop Blomfield.

## DR. NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA.\*

(October, 1864.)

Few books have been published of late years which combine more distinct elements of interest than the 'Apologia' of Dr. Newman. As an Autobiography, in the highest sense of that word, as the portraiture, that is, and record of what the man was, irrespective of those common accidents of humanity which too often load the biographer's pages, it is eminently dramatic. To produce such a portrait was the end which the writer proposed to himself, and which he has achieved with a rare fidelity and completeness. Hardly do the 'Confessions of St. Augustine' more vividly reproduce the old African Bishop before successive generations in all the greatness and struggles of his life than do these pages the very inner being of this remarkable man—'the living intelligence,' as he describes it, 'by which I write, and argue, and act.' No wonder that when he first fully recognised what he had to do, he

'shrank from both the task and the exposure which it would entail. I must, I said, give the true key to my whole life; I must show what I am, that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me. I wish to be known as a living man, and not as a scarecrow which is dressed up in my clothes. . . . I will draw out, as far as may be, the history of my mind; I will state the point at which I began, in what external suggestion or accident each opinion had its rise, how far and how they were developed from within, how they grew, were modified, were combined, were in collision with each other, and were changed. Again, how I conducted myself towards them; and how, and how far, and for how long a time, I thought I could hold them consistently with the ecclesiastical engagements which I had made, and with the position which I filled. . . . It is not at all pleasant for me to be egotistical, nor to be criticised for being so. It is not pleasant to reveal to high and

\* 'Apologia pro Vita sua.' By John Henry Newman, D.D.

low, young and old, what has gone on within me from my early years. It is not pleasant to be giving to every shallow or flippant disputant the advantage over me of knowing my most private thoughts, I might even say the intercourse between myself and my Maker.'

Here is the task he set himself, and the task which he has performed. There is in these pages an absolute revealing of the hidden life in its acting, and its processes, which at times is almost startling, which is everywhere of the deepest interest. For the life thus revealed is well worthy of the pen by which it is portrayed. Of all those who, in these late years, have quitted the Church of England for the Roman communion—esteemed, honoured, and beloved, as were many of them—no one, save Dr. Newman, appears to us to possess the rare gift of undoubted genius.

That life, moreover, which anywhere and at any time must have marked its own character on his fellows, was cast precisely at the time and place most favourable for stamping upon others the impress of itself. The plate was ready to receive and to retain every line of the image which was thrown so vividly upon it. The history, therefore, of this life in its shifting scenes of thought, feeling, and purpose, becomes in fact the history of a school, a party, and a sect. From its effect on us, who, from without, judge of it with critical calmness, we can form some idea of what must be its power on those who were within the charmed ring; who were actually under the wand of the enchanter, for whom there was music in that voice, fascination in that eye, and habitual command in that spare but lustrous countenance; and who can trace again in this retrospect the colours and shadows which in those years which fixed their destiny, passed, though in less distinct hues, into their own lives, and made them what they are.

Again, in another aspect, the 'Apologia' will have a special interest for most of our readers. Almost every page

of it will throw some light upon the great controversy which has been maintained for these three hundred years, and which now spreads itself throughout the world, between the Anglican Church and her oldest and greatest antagonist, the Papal See.

As to the immediate contest between Professor Kingsley and Dr. Newman, we scarcely deem it necessary to speak. The only abiding significance, we may venture to affirm, of that disagreement will be its having given cause for the production of Dr. Newman's volume. The controversial portion, indeed, of these publications can give no pleasure to the friends of either disputant. Professor Kingsley has added nothing here to his literary reputation. Indeed his pamphlet can only hope to live as the embedded fly in the clear amber of his antagonist's *Apology*. He was undoubtedly rash and uncharitable in his imputations; and, like the burglar who touches unaware the alarm-spring, has awoke around himself a crashing peal which it is quite clear he heartily wishes he had left to slumber in its former repose; whilst, especially in the earlier numbers, the calm dignity of Dr. Newman is painfully ruffled by the angry gusts of personal invective and defence.

There is another branch of this controversy, partly personal, partly of far wider application, on which, though we cannot pass it wholly over, we shall not dwell at any length—we mean Professor Kingsley's charges of want of strict veracity as attaching personally to Dr. Newman, and generally to the Roman Catholic system, and Dr. Newman's laboured argument in defence far more of the system than of himself. Easy and simple in action as are the common moral instincts of a well-constituted mind upon the matter of truth and falsehood, few subjects are more difficult to settle by the laws of casuistic science than the exact limits which part off the one from the other. Dr. Newman has shown that the

difficulty is by no means confined to the school of Roman casuistry; but that, not to name Paley, whose reputation for strictness of principle as a moral philosopher has never stood high amongst his countrymen, the same difficulties are to be found in the rules laid down by Bishop Taylor, Milton, and even by so severe a moralist as Samuel Johnson. No one who has thought much upon the matter can doubt that questions can easily be raised as to the duty of telling all the truth—to the murderer, for instance, who is pursuing his victim; to an enemy in war, and the like;—which it is exceedingly difficult to answer so as to fix any principles which shall agree at once with the laws of charity, of necessity, and of truth. But this seems to prove that it is a subject as to which it is safer to form the practical temper of a community rather upon the acting of a high-toned moral instinct than upon the most exact laws of casuistry; and the meaning of the charge against Rome generally, and pre-eminently against that influential portion of it which bears a name almost equivalent to English ears with dishonesty, seems to us to be that the Jesuits especially, and Roman Catholic divines generally, have taught their disciples to act rather on the principles of casuistry than on the dictates of conscience. Dr. Newman fully admits the existence of this double rule. He reminds us that a man 'in his own person is guided by his own conscience; but in drawing out a system of rules he is obliged to go by logic;' and he most distinctly states his own rule to be the absolute rule of a sensitive conscience: nay, he ventures so far as to say that 'in this department of morality, much as I admire the high points of the Italian character, I like the English character better.'

Still in his treatment of this subject there are two distinct points on which we think Dr. Newman does not rebut the real gist of Professor Kingsley's strictures. The first of these

concerns an expression of his in a formerly published volume, which, instead of giving up as untenable, he defends by what seems to us an utterly indefensible argument. He speaks thus:—‘The writer has said that I was demented if I believed, and unprincipled if I did not believe, in my statement that a lazy, ragged, filthy, story-telling beggar-woman, if chaste, sober, cheerful, and religious, had a prospect of Heaven, which was absolutely closed to an accomplished statesman, a lawyer, or noble, be he ever so just, upright, generous, honourable, and conscientious, unless he had also some portion of the divine Christian grace; yet I should have thought myself defended from criticism by the words which our Lord used to the chief priests: “The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.”’ The very wording of the statement is absolutely appalling. ‘A lazy, *story-telling* beggar, if *religious*.’ How, we ask, can she be religious if she is ‘*story-telling*’? or what can be her ‘prospect of Heaven’ whilst living in such a habit, if it be true as we have been taught that ‘no liars shall enter into it’? And again the defensive argument is not less astonishing. Because our Lord taught the Scribes and Pharisees who rejected Him, that their rejection of Him excluded them from the kingdom of Heaven, into which publicans like Zacchæus and St. Matthew, and harlots like the Magdalene, who left their sins and followed Him, entered; is it to be endured that we should be told by such an authority as Dr. Newman, that on the strength of that text ‘*story-telling* beggar-women’ have a better prospect of Heaven than men who are ‘*just, upright, generous, honourable, and conscientious*’—for how can they without grace be conscientious? Surely such statements as these tend to subvert all the principles of morality, and to turn into encouragements to sin the very words of Christ.

Moreover, the case is, in our judgment, made even worse

if we refer to the original words of Dr. Newman rather than to his later version of them. For, as he originally\* wrote the passage, his beggar-woman was described not by the ambiguous epithet of 'story-telling,' but by the simple character of 'not over-scrupulous of truth.' Moreover, in the second clause, instead of speaking of her as 'religious,' which suggested a hope, though possibly a faint one, that he contemplated one who had repented and become indeed 'religious,' here no such softer rendering is possible. The 'lazy, filthy,' woman, 'not over-scrupulous of truth,' 'goes to her religious duties;' and this 'going to her religious duties' is what covers the want of veracity and gives her the 'prospect of Heaven,' which does not gladden the eye of the just and conscientious man. Surely it would have been wiser in Dr. Newman to have abandoned, rather than to seek by any casuistry to vindicate, this passage.

The other point in Dr. Newman's *Apologia* to which we allude is his treatment of the supposed slur cast on Roman Catholic truthfulness by the solemn official approbation given to the works of St. Alfonso Liguori. To St. Alfonso's teaching, indeed, Dr. Newman demurs in language so decided, that its employment is accompanied by the expression of a pious trust that he shall not by using it 'lose the intercession of the Saint'! 'I plainly and positively state, and without any reserve, that I do not at all follow this holy and charitable man in this portion of his teaching.' In this surrender of the Saint we altogether agree with Dr. Newman; but we cannot follow him in his attempt to free the Roman Church from all complicity in his errors. 'It is supposed,' Dr. Newman argues, 'by Protestants that because St. Alfonso's writings have had such high commendation bestowed upon them by authority, therefore they have been invested with a quasi infallibility. This has arisen in good

\* 'Anglican Difficulties,' Lect. VIII., p. 197.

measure from Protestants not knowing the force of theological terms.' He then proceeds to argue that the terms employed are legal terms, and to be interpreted legally—that the approbation of the writings was 'ad effectum canonizationis'—that their true 'end and scope' reached no further than to declare 'the doctrine free from *theological censure*'—that it is not 'approval, but the absence of disapproval.' Further, that 'not erroneous' only means not '*immediately* opposed to a revealed proposition.' Now all this seems, we confess, to us, to savour grievously of special pleading when we remember such facts as Mr. Meyrick so appositely states in his brief and unanswerable pamphlet.\*

It was in 1803 that the Sacred Congregation of Rites decreed that in all the writings of Alfonso di Liguori, published and not published, there was not a word that could be justly found fault with; that Pius VII. ratified the decree; that it was officially declared 'that the examination of Liguori's work had been conducted with particular severity; that his system of morality had been more than twenty times discussed by the Sacred Congregation, and that all had agreed *voce concordi, unanimi, consensu, una voce, una mente.*' Further, that on doubts concerning his teaching being referred, in 1831, to the Sacred Penitentiary, so entirely satisfactory was the decision, that the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon wrote to his clergy requiring 'that the judgment of Rome should be fully adhered to, and that the opinions of the Blessed Alfonso di Liguori should be followed and reduced to practice, all doubt whatever being thrown aside.' The Pope Gregory XVI. confirmed the decree within a few weeks.†

Nor is all this confined to the latitude of Italy, for which Dr. Newman himself thinks these rules better suited than for

\* 'But Isn't Kingsley Right after all?' A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Newman from the Rev. F. Meyrick. Rivingtons, 1864.

† Meyrick's Letter, 9.

that of England. Archbishop Wiseman has stated 'that there is not a confessional in England which is not more or less under the influence of the Saint's mild theology.'\* The Brethren of the Oratory, to which body Dr. Newman himself we believe belongs, have published in London a *Life of St. Alfonso*, and in it, under Cardinal Wiseman's authority, appears the following sentence:—'The works of St. Alfonso not only do not contain any proposition whatever which can be called schismatical or scandalous' (almost the highest limits to which Dr. Newman would extend the Papal commendation), 'but also none which are either pronounced erroneous or rash; the morals therefore of this saintly Bishop cannot be censured without setting up as a censor of authority itself—without, in fine, censuring the decision of the Holy See.'† After this it seems to us impossible to maintain the attempts of Dr. Newman to disavow the very lax rule as to truth, laid down in the 'mild theology' of this Saint. In truth there is against him here that *consensus of living authority* to which in matters ecclesiastical Dr. Newman attributes so indisputable a power. It would be too difficult a task even for his eloquence to convince the world that Jesuitry is synonymous with honesty; and it must never be forgotten that the Jesuit body is the very central life of Romanism, impregnating with its own temper the vast receptive mass around it. We have no doubt that Mr. Ffoulkes's judgment of the relative excellence of his old and new communions is so far correct when he says, 'I think . . . that truthfulness and intelligence distinguish Anglicans.'‡

We turn gladly away from this aspect of the subject to the far more interesting revelations of this remarkable volume; and first to some of the *dramatis personæ* who appear in its pages.

\* 'Tablet,' Aug. 11, 1855.

† Meyrick's Letter, 10.

‡ 'Union Review,' p. 283.

The first names to which it introduces us indicate the widely-differing influences under which was formed that party within our Church which has acted so powerfully and in such various directions upon its life and teaching. They are those of Mr.—afterwards Archbishop—Whately and Dr. Hawkins, afterwards and still the Provost of Oriel College; to intercourse with both of whom Dr. Newman attributes great results in the formation of his own character: the first emphatically opening his mind and teaching him to use his reason, whilst in religious opinion he taught him the existence of a church, and fixed in him Anti-Erastian views of Church polity; the second being a man of most exact mind, who through a course of severe snubbing taught him to weigh his words and be cautious in his statements.

To an almost unknown degree, Oriel had at that time monopolised the active speculative intellect of Oxford. Her fellowships being open, whilst those of other Colleges were closed, drew to her the ablest men of the University: whilst the nature of the examination for her fellowships, which took no note of ordinary University honours, and stretched boldly out beyond inquiries as to classical and mathematical attainments into everything which could test the dormant powers of the candidates, had already impressed upon the Society a distinctive character of intellectual excellence. The late Lord Grenville used at this time to term an Oriel Fellowship the Blue Ribbon of the University; and, undoubtedly, the results of those examinations have been marvellously confirmed by the event, if we think to what an extent the mind, and opinions, and thoughts of England have been moulded by the men who form the list of those 'Orielenses,' of whom it was said in an academic squib of the time, with some truth, flavoured perhaps with a spice of envy, that they were wont to enter the academic circle 'under a flourish of trumpets.' Such a 'flourish' certainly has often preceded the entry of far

lesser men than E. Coplestone, E. Hawkins, J. Davison, J. Keble, R. Whately, T. Arnold, E. B. Pusey, J. H. Newman, H. Froude, R. J. Wilberforce, S. Wilberforce, G. A. Denison, &c. &c.

Into a Society leavened with such intellectual influences as these, Dr. Newman, soon after taking his degree, was ushered. It could at this time have borne no distinctively devout character in its religious aspect. Rather must it have been marked by the opposite of this. Whately, whose powerful and somewhat rude intellect must almost have overawed the common room when the might of Davison had been taken from it, was, with all his varied excellences, never by any means an eminently devout, scarcely perhaps an orthodox man. All his earlier writings bristle with paradoxes, which affronted the instincts of simpler and more believing minds. Whately, accordingly, appears in these pages as 'generous and warm-hearted—particularly loyal to his friends;' as teaching his pupil 'to see with my own eyes and to walk with my own feet;' yet as exercising an influence over him which, 'in a higher respect than intellectual advance, had not been satisfactory,' under which he 'was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral, was drifting in the direction of liberalism;' a 'dream' out of which he was 'rudely awakened at the end of 1827, by two great blows—illness and bereavement.'

Though this change in his views is traced by Dr. Newman to the action of these strictly personal causes of illness and bereavement, yet other influences, we suspect, were working strongly in the same direction. It is plain that, so far as regards early permanent impression on the character of his religious opinions, the influence of Whately was calculated rather to stir up reaction than to win a convert. 'Whately's mind,' he says himself, 'was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line.' The course of events round him

impelled him in the same direction, and furnished him with new comrades, on whom henceforth he was to act, and who were to react most powerfully on him. The torrent of reform was beginning its full rush through the land; and its turbulent waters threatened not only to drown the old political landmarks of the Constitution, but also to sweep away the Church of the nation. Abhorrence of these so-called liberal opinions was the electric current which bound together the several minds which speedily appeared as instituting and directing the great Oxford Church movement. Not that it was in any sense the offspring of the old cry of 'the Church in danger.' The meaning of that alarm was the apprehension of danger to the emoluments or position of the Church as the established religion in the land. From the very first the Oxford movement pointed more to the maintenance of the Church as a spiritual society, divinely incorporated to teach certain doctrines, and do certain acts which none other could do, than to the preservation of those temporal advantages which had been conferred by the State. From the first there was a tendency to undervalue these external aids, which made the movement an object of suspicion to thorough Church-and-State men. This suspicion was repaid by the members of the new school with a return of contempt. They believed that in struggling for the temporal advantages of the Establishment, men had forgotten the essential characteristics of the Church, and had been led to barter their divine birthright for the mess of pottage which Acts of Parliament secured them. Thus we find Dr. Newman remembering his early Oxford dislike of 'the bigoted two-bottle orthodox.' He records the characteristic mode in which on the appearance of the first symptoms of his 'leaving the clientela' of Dr. Whately he was punished by that rough humorist. 'Whately was considerably annoyed at me; and he took a humorous revenge, of which he had given me due notice

beforehand. . . . He asked a set of the least intellectual men in Oxford to dinner, and men most fond of port; he made me one of the party; placed me between Provost this and Principal that, and then asked me if I was proud of my friends.' It is easy to conceive how he liked them. He had, indeed, though formerly a supporter of Catholic Emancipation, 'acted with them in opposing Mr. Peel's re-election in 1829, on "simple academical grounds," because he thought that a great University ought not to be bullied even by a great Duke of Wellington;' but he soon parted with his friends of 'two-bottle orthodoxy,' and joined the gathering knot of men of an utterly different temper, who 'disliked the Duke's change of policy as dictated by liberalism.'

This whole company shared the feelings which even yet after so many years and in such altered circumstances, break forth from Mr. Newman like the rumblings and smoke of a long extinct volcano, in such utterances as this: 'The new Bill for the suppression of the Irish Sees was in prospect, and had filled my mind. I had fierce thoughts against the Liberals. It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly. I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers; I would not even look at the tricolor.' This was the temper of the whole band. Most of these men appear in Dr. Newman's pages; and from their common earnestness and various endowments a mighty band they were; and now that some have finished their course, and others have been carried by the drifting of the waters they helped themselves to call out of their secret sources, so wide of the scope towards which their faces were then set, it may be interesting to note the name and action of a few of them.

The two first named in the 'Apologia' are both at rest. 'I was,' says Dr. Newman, 'in particular intimate and affectionate with two of our probationer Fellows, Robert J. Wilber-

force (afterwards Archdeacon) and Rich. Hurrell Froude. Whately, then an acute man, perhaps saw around me the signs of an incipient party of which I was not conscious myself. And thus we discern the first elements of that movement afterwards called Tractarian.' Of the first named of these little more is said in the pages of the 'Apologia.' But in the theological literature of our Church his name can never be forgotten ; nor of all who left us was there one who took with him a truer, purer, more loving, or more humble spirit. It has indeed always seemed to us without, as if that very humility had led to his yielding up his post to the imperious pressure of minds of far lower quality than his own.

The course of Hurrell Froude was very brief ; and bright as it was, was scarcely marked beyond the immediately private circle of his personal friends until after the publication of his Remains. Even from them, full as they are of marks of genius, we should scarcely have received so high an impression of his powers as Dr. Newman's estimate conveys. Probably he was one of those who required the stimulus of personal presence to call out all his powers, and, like the dazzling lights which modern science has discovered, required the stream of conversation to be poured upon him to wake up the fulness of his brilliant coruscations. Newman seems to have found in him, more than in any other, equal gifts of genius answering to his own ; and though Froude was the younger man, and in some sort the pupil, it seems to us in these pages as if he had acquired almost a mastery over the mind of his master which was shared by none of his other associates. This is Dr. Newman's character of him :—

' Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. I knew him first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts, so truly many-sided, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of

the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient winning considerateness in discussion which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart ; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sakes, or because I love and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. In this respect then I speak of Hurrell Froude—in his intellectual aspects—as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and too strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression ; and he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition-state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, “ The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants ; ” and he gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had a high, severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of virginity, and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great pattern. He delighted in thinking of the Saints ; he had a keen appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibilities and its heights ; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of miraculous interference as occurring in the early and middle ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Medieval Church, but not to the Primitive. He had a keen insight into abstract truth ; but he was an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete. He had a most classical taste, and a genius for philosophy and art ; and he was fond of historical enquiry, and the politics of religion. He had no turn for theology as such. He had no appreciation of the writings of the Fathers, of the details or development of doctrine, of the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, of the teaching of the Ecumenical Councils, or of the controversies out of which they arose. He took an eager, courageous view of things on the whole. I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others did not equal his other gifts ; he could not believe, for instance, that I really held the Roman Church to be Antichristian. On many points he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not. He seemed not to understand my difficulties. His were of a different kind—the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a high Tory, of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the

Reform Bill. He was smitten with the love of the Theocratic Church; he went abroad and was shocked by the degeneracy which he thought he saw in the Catholics of Italy. It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He made me look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin; and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.'

This is a thoroughly Rembrandt portrait. How distinctly does the image of the man stand out before us on the canvas—with his high aspirations, his great gifts, and his intrinsic nobleness; and, on the other, with the grievous evil of his undisciplined character, with the great weakness of his scorn of others, and, not least, with his hatred of 'Liberals' on the very highest principle of 'Liberalism,' a supreme self-trusting contempt for the system under which he lived !

But there are other and very different figures in the group; his especially, who is still spared to the English Church, though to her reproach still undecorated with any other honours than the wreath of poetry and the crown of saintliness, whom Dr. Newman describes as

'The true and primary author of the movement, who, however, as is usual with great motive-powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble ?'

It is indeed delightful to see how Dr. Newman's reverent affection for this great and good man has survived the differences and separation of all the anxious years which, for them, have intervened between 1823 and 1864. When elected a Fellow of Oriel, he had, he tells us, 'to hasten to the Tower to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows: I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground.'

Next to him stands, in Dr. Newman's pages, another, who, like the last mentioned, stood firm to the Church of his baptism amidst the defection of many with whom he had thought and acted throughout the whole course of the Oxford movement. It is a remarkable instance of the discerning instinct which resides in the strong common sense of the aggregate of Englishmen, that the name of Dr. Pusey rather than that of Newman should have furnished the abiding nickname of the party. Not even Bishop Blomfield's characteristic jest, 'that the whole movement was nothing but a Newmania,' could for a moment reverse the prevailing nomenclature. This does not seem attributable to what is probably greatly over-estimated by Dr. Newman, the immediate weight added by Dr. Pusey's position at Oxford, as a Canon of Christ Church, to the party he espoused. It was, we believe, the perception that though Newman was the intellectual, Pusey was the religious chieftain of the new following. Whilst Newman was pouring forth with exuberant fertility controversial tracts and essays, and travelling through the land on the curious mission he describes in his 'Apologia,' for winning distant rectors and deans to the academical movement, Dr. Pusey was reaching far more profoundly, by the devotional tone of all that he put forth, the inner religious heart of the Church. It is curious, and it is not a little pleasant, whilst the acerbities of some 'Letters to an Anglican Friend' are sounding harshly enough in our ears, to note the tone of hearty and respectful affection with which Dr. Newman speaks of his old friend and brother chieftain now that the stern necessities of religious strife and the sword of conscience, which cuts through the closest family ties, have ranged them upon opposite sides in the great encounter.

'It was under these circumstances that Dr. Pusey joined us. I had known him well since 1827-8, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admira-

tion. I used to call him δέμας. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy, when in the last days of 1833 he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published his tract on Baptism, and started the "Library of the Fathers." He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had no chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christchurch; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connexions, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr. Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment, which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and centre of the zealous people in every part of the country who were adopting the new opinion; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. R. Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman, were but individuals; and, when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year on the side of Sir Robert Inglis men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significance to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together in order to resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the movement took our place by right among them.

Such was the benefit he conferred on the movement externally; nor was the internal advantage at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. People are apt to say that he was once nearer to the Catholic Church than he is now; I pray God that he may be one day far nearer to the Catholic Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all. When I became a Catholic, I was often asked, "What of Dr. Pusey?" when I said that I did not see symptoms of his doing as I had done, I was sometimes thought uncharitable. If confidence in his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, Dr. Pusey had it. The most remarkable instance of this, was his statement,

in one of his subsequent defences of the movement, when too it advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its hopeful peculiarities was its "stationariness." He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.

'Dr. Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility in the Tracts and in the whole movement. It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed. When he gave to us his Tract on Fasting, he put his initials to it. In 1835 he published his elaborate Treatise on Baptism, which was followed by other Tracts from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness. The Catenas of Anglican divines which occur in the series, though projected, I think, by me, were executed with a like aim at greater accuracy and method. In 1836 he advertised his great project for a Translation of the Fathers; but I must return to myself. I am not writing the history either of Dr. Pusey or of the movement; but it is a pleasure to me to have been able to introduce here reminiscences of the place which he held in it, which have so direct a bearing on myself that they are no digression from my narrative.'

Besides these the pages of the 'Apologia' record a few other names, but none on which we need linger. Either they were, like that of the late Hugh James Rose, those of men rather incidentally connected with the Oxford movement than of it, or they were the mere rank and file, the *fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*, on whom not even Dr. Newman's catalogue can confer any greatness.

Here then was the band which have accomplished so much; which have failed in so much; which have added a new party-name to our vocabulary; which have furnished materials for every scribbling or declaiming political Protestant, from the writer of the Durham Letter down to Mr. Whalley and Mr. Harper: which aided so greatly in reawakening the dormant energies of the English Church; which carried over to the ranks of her most deadly opponent some of the ablest and most devoted of her sons. The language of these pages has never varied concerning this movement. We have always admitted its many excellences—we have always lamented its evils. As long ago as in

1839, whilst we protested openly and fully against what we termed at the time the 'strange and lamentable' publication of Mr. Froude's 'Remains,'\* we declared our hope that 'the publication of the Oxford Tracts was a very seasonable and valuable contribution to the cause both of the Church and the State.' And in 1846, even after so many of our hopes had faded away, we yet spoke in the same tone of 'this religious movement in our Church,' as one 'from which, however clouded be the present aspect, we doubt not that great blessings have resulted and will result, unless we forfeit them by neglect or wilful abuse.'†

The history of the progress of the movement lies scattered through these pages. All that we can collect concerning its first intention confirms absolutely Mr. Percival's Statements, 1843, that it was begun for two leading objects: 'first, the firm and practical maintenance of the doctrine of the apostolical succession . . . secondly, the preservation in its integrity of the Christian doctrine in our Prayer Books.'‡ Its unity of action was shaken by the first entrance of doubts into its leader's mind. His retirement from it tended directly to break it up as an actual party. But it would be a monstrous error to suppose that the influence of this movement was extinguished when its conductors were dispersed as a party. So far from it, the system of the Church of England took in all the more freely the elements of truth which it had all along been diffusing, because they were no longer scattered abroad by the direct action of an organised party under ostensible chiefs. Where, we may ask, is not at this moment the effect of that movement perfectly appreciable within our body? Look at the new-built and restored churches of the land; look at the multiplication of schools;

\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxiii., p. 551.

† *Ibid.*, vol. lxxviii., p. 24.

‡ 'Collection of Papers connected with the Theological Movement of 1833.' By the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval. 1843 Second Edition.

the greater exactness of ritual observance; the higher standard of clerical life, service, and devotion; the more frequent celebrations; the cathedrals open; the loving sisterhoods labouring, under episcopal sanction, with the meek, active saintliness of the Church's purest time; look—above all, perhaps—at the raised tone of devotion and doctrine amongst us, and see in all these that the movement did not die, but rather flourished with a new vigour when the party of the movement was so greatly broken up. It is surely one of the strangest objections which can be urged against a living spiritual body, that the loss of many of its foremost sons still left its vital strength unimpaired. Yet this was Dr. Newman's objection, and his witness, fourteen years ago, when he complained of the Church of England, that though it had given a hundred educated men to the Catholic Church, yet the huge creature from which they went forth showed no consciousness of its loss, but shook itself, and went about its work as of old time.\*

As the unity of the party was broken up, the fire which had burned hitherto in but a single beacon was scattered upon a thousand hills. Nevertheless, the first breaking up of the party was eminently disheartening to its living members. But it was not by external violence that it was broken, but by the development within itself of a distinctive Romeward bias. Dr. Newman lays his hand upon a particular epoch in its progress, at which, he says, it was crossed by a new set of men, who imparted to it that leaning to Romanism which ever after perceptibly beset it. 'A new school of thought was rising, as is usual in such movements, and was sweeping the original party of the movement aside, and was taking its place.' This is a curious instance of self-delusion. He was, as we maintain, throughout, the Romanising element in the whole movement. But for him it might have continued, as

\* *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, p. 9.

its other great chiefs still continue, the ornament and strength of the English Church. These younger men, to whom he attributes the change, were, in fact, the minds whom he had consciously or unconsciously fashioned and biassed. Some of them, as is ever the case, had outrun their leader. Some of them were now, in their sensitive spiritual organism, catching the varying outline of the great leader whom they almost worshipped, and beginning at once to give back his own altering image. Instead of seeing in their changing minds this reflection of himself, he dwelt upon it as an original element, and read in its presence an indication of its being the will of God that the stream should turn its flow towards the gulf to which he himself had unawares, it may be, directed its waters. Those who remember how at this time he was followed will know how easily such a result might follow his own incipient change. Those who can still remember how many often involuntarily caught his peculiar intonation—so distinctively singular, and therefore so attractive in himself and so repulsive in his copyists—will understand how the altering fashion of the leader's thoughts was appropriated with the same unconscious fidelity.

One other cause acted powerfully on him and on them to give this bias to the movement, and that was the bitterness and invectives of the Liberal party. Dr. Newman repeatedly reminds us that it was the Liberals who drove him from Oxford. The four tutors—the after course of one of whom, at least, was destined to display so remarkable a Nemesis—and the pack who followed them turned by their ceaseless baying the noble heart who led the rest towards this evil court. He and they heard incessantly that they were Papists in disguise: men dishonoured by professing one thing and holding another; until they began to doubt their own fidelity, and in that doubt was death. Nor was this all. The Liberals ever (as

is their wont), most liberal to those who differ from them, began to use direct academic persecution ; until, in self-distrust and very weariness, the great soul began to abandon the warfare it had waged inwardly against its own inclinations and the fascinations of its enemy, and to yield the first defences to the foe. It will remain written, as Dr. Newman's deliberate judgment, that it was the Liberals who forced him from Oxford. How far, if he had not taken that step, he might have again shaken off the errors which were growing on him—how far therefore in driving him from Oxford they drove him finally to Rome—man can never know.

In the new light thrown upon it from the pages of the 'Apologia,' we see with more distinctness than was ever shown before, how greatly this tendency to Rome, which at last led astray so many of the masters of the party, was infused into it by the single influence of Dr. Newman himself. We do not believe that, in spite of his startling speeches, the bias towards Rome was at all as strong even in H. Froude himself. Let his last letter witness for him :— 'If,' he says, 'I was to assign my reasons for belonging to the Church of England in preference to any other religious community, it would be simply this, that she has retained an apostolical clergy, and enacts no sinful terms of communion ; whereas, on the other hand, the Romanists, though retaining an apostolical clergy, do exact sinful terms of communion.'\* This was the tone of the movement until it was changed in Dr. Newman. We believe that in tracing this out we shall be using these pages entirely as their author intended them to be used. They were meant to exhibit to his countrymen the whole secret of his moral and spiritual anatomy ; they were intended to prove that he was altogether free from that foul and disgraceful taint of innate dishonesty, the unspoken suspicion of which in so many quarters had so long troubled

\* 'Collection of Papers,' &c., p. 16.

him ; the open utterance of which, from the lips of a popular and respectable writer, was so absolutely intolerable to him. From that imputation it is but bare justice to say he does thoroughly clear himself. The post-mortem examination of his life is complete ; the hand which guided the dissecting-knife has trembled nowhere, nor shrunk from any incision. All lies perfectly open, and the foul taint is nowhere. And yet, looking back with the writer on the changes which this strange narrative records, from his subscribing, in 1828, towards the first start of the 'Record' newspaper to his receiving on the 9th of October, 1845, at Littlemore, 'the remarkable-looking man, evidently a foreigner, shabbily dressed in black,'\* who received him into the Papal Communion, we see abundant reason, even without the action of that prevalent suspicion of secret dishonesty somewhere, which in English minds inevitably connects itself with the spread of Popery, for the widely-diffused impression of that being true which it is so pleasant to find unfounded.

From first to last these pages exhibit the habit of Dr. Newman's mind as eminently subjective. It might almost be described as the exact opposite of that of S. Athanasius ; with a like all-engrossing love for truth ; with ecclesiastical habits often strangely similar ; with cognate gifts of the imperishable inheritance of genius, the contradiction here is almost absolute. The abstract proposition, the rightly-balanced proposition, is everything to the Eastern, it is well-nigh nothing to the English Divine. When led by circumstances to embark in the close examination of Dogma, as in his 'History of the Arians,' his Nazarite locks of strength appear to have been shorn, and the giant, at whose might we have been marvelling, becomes as any other man. The dogmatic portion of this work is poor and tame ; it is only

\* 'Historical Notes of the Tractarian Movement,' by Canon Oakeley. Dublin Review, No. v. p. 190.

when the writer escapes from dogma into the dramatic representation of the actors in the strife that his powers reappear. For abstract truth it is clear to us that he has no engrossing affection; his strength lay in his own apprehension of it, in his power of defending it when once it had been so apprehended and had become engrafted into him; and it is to this as made one with himself, and to his own inward life as fed and nourished by it, that he perpetually reverts.

All this is the more remarkable because he conceives himself to have been, even from early youth, peculiarly devoted to dogma in the abstract; he returns continually to this idea, confounding, as we venture to conceive, his estimate of the effect of truth when he received it, on himself, with truth as it exists in the abstract. And as this affected him in regard to dogma, so it reached to his relations to every part of the Church around him. It led him to gather up in a dangerous degree, into the person of his 'own Bishop,' the deference due to the whole order. 'I did not care much for the Bench of Bishops, nor should I have cared much for a Provincial Council. . . . All these matters seemed to me to be *jure ecclesiastico*; but what to me was *jure divino* was the voice of my Bishop in his own person. My own Bishop was my Pope.' His intense individuality had substituted the personal bond to the individual for the general bond to the collective holders of the office: and so when the strain became violent it snapped at once. This doubtless natural disposition seems to have been developed, and perhaps permanently fixed, as the law of his intellectual and spiritual being, by the peculiarities of his early religious training. Educated in what is called the 'Evangelical' school, early and consciously converted, and deriving his first religious tone, in great measure, from the vehement but misled Calvinism, of which Thomas Scott, of Aston Sandford, was one of the ablest and most robust specimens, he was early taught to appreciate, and

even to judge of, all external truth mainly in its ascertainable bearings on his own religious experience. In many a man the effect of this teaching is to fix him for life in a hard, narrow, and exclusive school of religious thought and feeling, in which he lives and dies profoundly satisfied with himself and his co-religionists, and quite hopeless of salvation for any beyond the immediate pale in which his own Shibboleth is pronounced with the exactest nicety of articulation. But Dr. Newman's mind was framed upon a wholly different idea, and the results were proportionally dissimilar. With the introvertive tendency which we have ascribed to him, was joined a most subtle and speculative intellect, and an ambitious temper. The 'Apologia' is the history of the practical working out of those various conditions. His hold upon any truth external to and separate from himself, was so feeble when placed in comparison with his perception of what was passing within himself, that the external truth was always liable to corrections which would make its essential elements harmonize with what was occurring within his own intellectual or spiritual being. We think that we can distinctly trace in these pages a twofold consequence from all this: first, an inexhaustible mutability in his views on all subjects; and secondly, a continually recurring temptation to entire scepticism as to everything external to himself. Every page gives illustrations of the first of these. He votes for what was called Catholic Emancipation, and is drifting into the ranks of liberalism. But the external idea of liberty is very soon metamorphosed, in his view, from the figure of an angel of light into that of a spirit of darkness; first, by his academical feeling that a great University ought not to be bullied even by a great Duke, and then by the altered temper of his own feelings, as they are played upon by the alternate vibrations of the gibes of 'Hurrell Froude,' and the deep tones of Mr. Keble's minstrelsy.

The history of his religious alternations is in exact keeping with all this. At every separate stage of his course, he constructs for himself a tabernacle in which for a while he rests. This process he repeats with an incessant simplicity of renewed commencements, which is almost like the blind acting of instinct leading the insect, which is conscious of its coming change, to spin afresh and afresh its ever-broken cocoon. He is at one time an Anglo-Catholic, and sees Antichrist in Rome; he falls back upon the *Via Media*—that breaks down, and left him, he says, 'very nearly a pure Protestant'; and again he has a 'new theory made expressly for the occasion, and is pleased with his new view'; he then rests in 'Samaria' before he finds his way over to Rome. For the time every one of these transient tabernacles seems to accomplish its purpose. He finds certain repose for his spirit. Whilst sheltered by it, all the great unutterable phenomena of the external world are viewed by him in relation to himself and to his home of present rest. The gourd has grown up in a night, and shelters him by its short-lived shadow from the tyrannous rays of the sunshine. But some sudden irresistible change in his own inward perceptions alters everything. The idea shoots across his mind that the English Church is in the position of the Monophysite heretics of the fifth century. At once all his views of truth are changed. He moves on to a new position; pitches anew his tent; builds himself up a new theory; and finds the altitudes of the stars above him, and the very forms of the heavenly constellation, change with the change of his earthly habitation.

The second consequence which we discern in his pages seems to us inseparable from the first. He is haunted by an ever-recurring tendency to scepticism. The great lights of heaven have been so often altered in his comprehension of them, that he is tempted to doubt whether they have any

real fixed existence separable from their impression on the eye which dwells on their lustre ; and though as to the highest of all forms of Being external to himself, he vigorously casts off the suspicion, yet as to all truth below that highest truth, it is evident that he obtains but a doubtful mastery over the spirit of universal doubt. Here are a few passages of the character we have described :—

‘ In my school-days I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.’

‘ When I was fourteen I read Paine’s Tracts against the Old Testament, and found pleasure in thinking of the objections which were contained in them.’

Later on, in his youth, he says :—

‘ A work of Romaine’s had some influence in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings —myself and my Creator.’

Nor does he abandon this theory in later life. He even finds in Butler’s ‘ *Analogy* ’—

‘ An ultimate resolution of the theory to which I was inclined as a boy, namely, the unreality of material phenomena.’

Origen and Clement tend to strengthen these impressions :—

‘ Some portion of their teaching (that of Clement and Origen) carried me away. . . . They came like music to my inward ear, as of the response to ideas which, with little external to encourage them, I had cherished so long. . . . I understood them to mean that the exterior world, physical and historical, was but the outward manifestation of realities greater than itself. Nature was a parable: Scripture was an allegory.’

And all this tended at last, even perceptibly to himself, to drive him into Romanism as an escape from speculation.

‘ I came to the conclusion that there was no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below, must embrace

either the one or the other. And I hold this still: I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in a God; and if I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that I am quite sure) without believing also in the existence of Him who lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience.'

It is not a little instructive to set beside such words as these an utterance from a quarter which seems at first to belong to the school of religious opinion most diverse from Dr. Newman's views, and yet which speaks almost his own thoughts. 'Thus we get to clear facts amid all the confusion and contradiction of modern thought—the growth of disbelief and the growth of Romanism; the growth of the party which trusts in Reason and the growth of the party which trusts in Authority.' Intermediate standpoints are getting less and less liked, less and less tenable. The age seems to say to every thinking man, 'take which you like, Reason or Authority; but, having made your choice, manfully adhere to it.'\* The unconscious harmony of these utterances speaks their common origin—an inability to rest in a reasonable religion; a deep scepticism of nature hurrying the one writer into the whirlpool of Atheism, and the other into the intellectual stagnation of Popery.

One other strangely distorting influence was at work even during all these vicissitudes and permutations of feeling and belief. He was practically the head of an active, aspiring, advancing party. He denies that he had presented to himself the idea of forming, still more of heading, a party; and we accept without a particle of suspicion the declaration. But it is impossible not to see that the temper, not of a low and personal, but of a noble and mounting ambition, was struggling within him. He had great aims, and he exerted all his powers to achieve them. Their existence shows itself in such passages as the following:—

\* 'Westminster Review,' No. li. p. 150.

'It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*. . . . The motto shows the feeling both of Froude and myself at the time; we borrowed from M. Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, "You shall know the difference now that I am back again."

'Especially when I was left by myself, the thought came upon me that deliverance is wrought not by the many but by the few, not by bodies but by persons. Now it was, I think, that I repeated to myself the words which had ever been dear to me from my schooldays, "Exonerare aliquis." . . . I began to think that I had a mission. . . . When we took leave of Monsignor Wiseman . . . I said, with great gravity, "We have a work to do in England." I went down at once to Sicily, and the presentiment grew stronger.'

After his illness there, he answered his nurse, who observed him sobbing bitterly, 'I have a work to do in England.'

There is no mistaking these utterances. They are in the true note of the chieftain settling his own high purposes before he gathers up his closest retainers to do battle with detested and overmastering powers; and, as soon as he began to act, his objects grew definite, and his scope widened on every side. He contemplated altering the whole tone of the English Church, and he spared neither labour nor sacrifice to effect his purpose. From the pulpit of St. Mary's he reached the heart of young Oxford. Man after man in whom was the receptive faculty received the living fire of his words, and reproduced, so far as he was able, the master's spirit in himself. Had his purpose remained one and single, his power over the party which was forming around him would have been immense; but the deviations of his own path produced strange effects upon those who followed it. To the more ardent amongst them the master's smallest change argued some deep foregone conclusion of mutation which had not as yet revealed itself in completeness to the directing mind. He read it first in the pupil to whom he had unawares suggested it, and who, as is the wont with youth, had carried it further than he had himself contemplated. He gazed on

this, and read a confirmation of his own doubts, and an argument for further alterations in what he looked at as an independent witness to the truth of his own dawning suspicion, whilst it was, indeed, only the troubled image of his own uncertainty, magnified by the mists which caught and returned its outlines. In this state of his own mind and of his party, the loud clamour woke up that he was treacherously using the influence which his position in the Church of England gave him, to lead her sons into rebellion against her. This charge he knew was false, and, though it evidently fretted his spirit, it seems to have produced no alteration in his course. But there was another judgment formed of him and spoken to him at this time which moved him far more deeply. It was the loving suggestions of those who saw but too plainly where his course would lead him, which pressed upon him that the dawning tendency to Rome was really to be traced to his own direct personal influence. This charge he could not so easily dispose of to his own entire satisfaction. It seems to us to have been exactly true. Of course the revival of the Church's Sacramental system, the lifting up before the eyes of men who had never seen the like, the grand idea of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, must have had a great tendency to lead them to desire the reunion of Christendom, and so to crave after visible communion with that large branch of it which lies so near to us. But this general longing desire after unity would never have hurried them on to forget the unanswerable arguments which decide the case against the claims of Rome, if the hand which had roused the tide of Catholic feeling had been firm to direct its swelling waters; to point out the evils of Rome, the claims of their Mother Church, and the loss and danger of seeking, by personal eccentricity of action, an ultimate catholicity through an immediate schism.

These two leading conditions of mind which we have

traced in himself tended strongly to give him a Romeward bias. The habit of perpetual change might have driven him, as it has so many others, into the barrenness of entire unbelief. But for this his own religious convictions were far too intense. Rome was for such a mind almost the only alternative—Rome, with her claim to infallibility, and with that most sagaciously compounded system which enables her to promise spiritual security as the result of subjection to her teaching, upon the general principle of the necessity of submitting, even though the reason rebels hopelessly against each individual part of that which it receives, as an act of obedience, in the whole. Towards Rome, therefore, he was being drawn as by the inexorable laws of spiritual gravitation. His natural tendency to ever-recurring scepticism acted on him in the same direction. For his was not a mind which could trifle with doubt and invite its presence ; on the contrary, he was always warring against it. He wanted to be convinced ; he longed for certainty : yet when he pushed any inquiry to the end, it only landed him in a new and subtler doubt. Everything around him resolved itself into an emanation of his own self-consciousness, which had put on the deceitful garb of a real and visible creation around him. His cloud-islands, gorgeous as they were, melted beneath his touch. What must he do ? He needed a religious system which should, for his soul's rest, substitute, for reasonable satisfaction, the simply acting on a rule, without caring for the unreality in which the searchings of his spirit ended. This he could not find in the English Church. There he had to render, at least to himself, 'a reason for the hope which was in him.'

Rome, in her substitution of obedience for satisfaction in full, undertook his salvation on his own terms. It seems to us to have been these deeper drawings of a spirit yearning for a satisfaction it could not find, which always led him on along his advancing path. The mere gorgeousness of ritual,

the beauty of antiquarian associations, even the visions of universality and power with which she seduces feebler spirits, would have failed to lead astray his affectionate truth-loving nature; but for him too in this inward weakness of his spiritual constitution she had this inevitable attraction of Rest. The immediate history of the transition appears to us one of the most pathetic utterances which have ever come from a human heart. It will hardly bear extract or compression; but, scattered as it is up and down many pages, written with the parenthetical diffuseness of a set of pamphlets, rather than with the order and concentration of a single work, we may, by putting a few passages together, give our readers some little impression of its pathos.

The first great difficulty as to his position seems to have dawned upon Dr. Newman in 1839: and it came upon him through that exceeding subjectiveness which, as we have said above, so marked his mind. One of his strongest grounds against the claims of Rome had been what, with every learned member of our Church, has stood in the very foremost ground—the novelty of all that is distinctively Roman, and the antiquity of all which Anglicanism distinctly asserts against her great rival. It is against that usurpation of supremacy which by necessary consequence destroys the Apostolical episcopate; against the substitution of the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, for the primitive interpretation of the promise that the Universal Church should never lose the revealed deposit of the Faith; against the novel notion that visible communion with the chair of St. Peter is the condition of being within the Church of Christ, and against the novel developments of doctrine immediately connected with these great innovations, which have encrusted with a blinding superstition the Ancient Faith of Christendom, that the great divines of the English Church have always protested; and in that protest their

appeal has been to the undisputed witness of Christian antiquity.

It was thus that this argument from antiquity was shaken in the mind of Dr. Newman :—

‘About the middle of June I began to study and master the history of the Monophysites. I was absorbed in the doctrinal question. It was during this course of reading that for the first time a doubt came upon me of the tenableness of Anglicanism. . . . By the end of August I was seriously alarmed. . . . My stronghold was antiquity : now, here in the middle of the fifth century, I found, as it seemed to me, the Christendom of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries reflected. I saw my face in that mirror, and I was a Monophysite.’

Reviewing in 1850 this period of 1844, Dr. Newman gave the following remarkable account of this passage of his mental history :—

‘It was difficult to make out how the Eutychians, or Monophysites, were heretics, unless Protestants and Anglicans were heretics also ; difficult to find arguments against the Tridentine Fathers which did not tell against the Fathers of Chalcedon ; difficult to condemn the Popes of the sixteenth century without condemning the Popes of the fifth. The drama of religion and the combat of truth and error were ever one and the same. The principles and proceedings of the Church now were those of the Church then ; the principles and proceedings of heretics then were those of Protestants now. I found it so—almost fearfully ; there was an awful similitude, more awful because so silent and unimpassioned, between the dead records of the past and the feverish chronicle of the present. The shadow of the fifth century was on the sixteenth. It was like a spirit rising from the troubled waters of the old world, with the shape and lineaments of the new. The Church then, as now, might be called peremptory and stern, resolute, overbearing, and relentless ; and heretics were shifting, changeable, reserved, and deceitful, ever courting civil power, and never agreeing together except by its aid ; and the civil power was ever aiming at comprehensions, trying to put the invisible out of view, and substituting expediency for faith. What was the use of continuing the controversy, or defending my position, if, after all, I was forging arguments for Arius or Eutyches, and turning devil’s advocate against the much-enduring Athanasius and the majestic Leo ? Be my soul with the Saints, and shall I lift up my hand against them ? Sooner may my right hand forget her cunning, and wither outright, as his who once stretched it out against a prophet of God ! anathema to a whole tribe of Cranmers, Ridley, Latimers, and Jewels ! perish the names

of Bramhall, Usher, Taylor, Stillingfleet, and Barrow from the face of the earth, ere I should do aught but fall at their feet in love and in worship, whose image was continually before my eyes, and whose musical words were ever in my ears and on my tongue!'

To our judgment it is scarcely possible to conceive a more extraordinary instance of the subordination of the highest decisions of the judgment to mere personal impressions than is contained in this remarkable and eminently beautiful passage. Nor does it stand alone in any one of these particulars. But a page further on we read that:—

'A friend, an anxiously religious man, now and then very dear to me, a Protestant still, pointed out the palmary words of St. Augustine contained in one of the extracts of a review—"Securus judicat orbis terrarum." He repeated these words again and again, and when he was gone they kept ringing in my ears. . . . . They decided ecclesiastical questions on a simpler rule than that of antiquity. . . . . *Who can account for the impressions which are made on him?* [the italics are ours]—by those great words of the ancient Father the theory of the *Via Media* was absolutely pulverized.' 'I became excited at the view thus opened upon me. . . . After a while I got calm, and at length the *vivid impression upon my imagination* faded away. . . . Meanwhile so much as this was certain, I had seen the shadow of a hand upon the wall. He who has seen a ghost cannot be as if he had never seen it. The heavens had opened and closed again. The thought for the moment had been "the Church of Rome will be found right after all," and there it had vanished; my old convictions remained as before.'

Meanwhile, in the great question which had now been formally presented to his mind, he resolutely 'determined to be guided not by his imagination, but by his reason.' Yet a little later he estimates but too truly his power of acting on this resolution, when he says:—

'The *argument* which I have published against Romanism seems to myself as cogent as ever, but men go by their sympathies, not by argument.'

And accordingly, in pursuing his translation of St. Athanasius, he was struck with another parallelism:—

'The ghost had come a second time. I saw clearly that in the history of Arianism the pure Arians were the Protestants, the semi-Arians were the Anglicans, and that Rome now was what it was.'

As these disturbing thoughts were bred of his own intense individuality, so was their immediate force to a great degree counteracted by the same habit exerting its powers in an opposite direction. He was mainly kept from following these impressions up to their natural termination by a strong personal reaction against certain leading Romanists, such as Mr. O'Connell and his abettors, and certain leading Roman controversialists:—

'Break off, I would say, with Mr. O'Connell in Ireland, and the Liberal party in England, or come not to us with overtures for mutual prayer and religious sympathy. . . . And here came in another feeling of a personal nature. . . . I was very stern upon any interference in our Oxford matters on the part of charitable Catholics, and on any attempt to do me good personally. There was nobody, indeed, more likely at the time to throw me back. Why do you meddle? Why cannot you let me alone?'

'This is the account I have to give of some savage and ungrateful words in the British "Critic" of 1840 against the controversialists of Rome, "By their fruits ye shall know them." . . . We see it attempting to gain converts among us by unreal representations of its doctrines, plausible statements, bold assertions, appeals to the weakness of human nature, to our fancies, our eccentricities, our fears, our frivolities, our false philosophies. We see its agents smiling, and nodding, and seeking to attract attention as gipsies make up to truant boys, holding out tales for the nursery, and pretty pelties, and gilt gingerbread and sugar-plums for good children.'

Thus the personal leaning Romeward was counterbalanced by an equally strong personal leaning inclining him in the opposite direction. It was not that argument was weighed against argument: there was argument nowhere. The leaning to Rome was from the bias of his own mind, not from the strength of her cause; that bias was counteracted only by personal inclination, which a change in the atmosphere around him might at any moment reverse. Still for the time he was kept in equilibrium and rest.

Up to this time, in spite of the passing jar from the thought suggested suddenly to his mind by the Monophysite

struggle, he had been at peace, and had enjoyed the triumph of the leader of a winning cause:—

‘It was in a human point of view the happiest time of my life. I was truly at home. I had in one of my volumes appropriated to myself the words of Bramhall, “Bees by the instinct of Nature do love their hives, and birds their nests.” I did not suppose that such sunshine would last, though I knew not what would be its termination.’

The termination was drawing very near: that passing quietness was like the unruffled spread of the river's bosom immediately before the rush and roar of the waterfall. The publication of the 90th ‘Tract for the Times’ hurried on the conclusion. However untenable may be the argument of that Tract as it is set forth by its author, it is plain to see in Dr. Newman's pages how groundless in fact was the almost universal cry of conscious dishonesty which was awoke by its appearance. But the cry did its work on that sensitive, ill-understood soul against which it was aimed. In obedience to his own Bishop the further issue of the ‘Tracts’ was stopped. Bishop after Bishop charged against him and against his works. He felt it necessary for the sake of the movement openly to withdraw himself from its conduct. He retired into comparative seclusion. His heart, in the lack of all the old vents for his feelings, began to eat itself. Then followed the establishment of the Jerusalem Bishopric, which he in common with so many more considered as an act of the most uncatholic character; and his mind grew darker and darker towards the Church he had so long defended. Still his onward path was hidden from him: though he gradually came to believe that the Anglican communion was external to the Catholic Church and the depository of only extraordinary gifts of grace, yet he still shrinks from Rome from the strong instincts of his own personal feelings. Distresses of every kind followed. The consciousness of being watched,

suspected, intruded on, haunted by spies in his going out and coming in, embittered his soul :

'There was another source of the perplexity with which at this time I was encompassed, and of the reserve and mysteriousness of which it gave me the credit. After Tract 90 the Protestant world would not let me alone ; they pursued me in the public journals to Littlemore. Reports of all kinds were circulated about me. "Imprimis, why did I go up to Littlemore at all ? For no good purpose certainly ; I dared not tell why." Why, to be sure, it was hard that I should be obliged to say to the editors of newspapers that I went up there to say my prayers ; it was hard to have to tell the world in confidence, that I had a certain doubt about the Anglican system, and could not at that moment resolve it, or say what would come of it ; it was hard to have to confess that I had thought of giving up my living a year or two before, and that this was a first step to it. It was hard to have to plead, that, for what I knew, my doubts would vanish if the newspapers would be so good as to give me time and let me alone. Who would ever dream of making the world his confidant ? Yet I was considered insidious, sly, dishonest, if I would not open my heart to the tender mercies of the world. But they persisted : "What was I doing at Littlemore ?" Doing there ? Have I not retreated from you ? have I not given up my position and my place ? am I, alone of Englishmen, not to have the privilege to go where I will, no questions asked ? Am I alone to be followed about by jealous prying eyes, who note down whether I go in at a back door or at the front, and who the men are who happen to call on me in the afternoon ? Cowards ! if I advance one step, you would run away ; it is not you that I fear : "Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis." It is because the Bishops still go on charging against me, though I have quite given up : it is that secret misgiving of the heart which tells me that they do well, for I have neither lot nor part with them : this it is which weighs me down. I cannot walk into or out of my house, but curious eyes are upon me. Why will you not let me die in peace ? Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and no one grudges it them. Let me alone : I shall not trouble you long. This was the keen, heavy feeling which pierced me, and I think these are the very words I used to myself. I asked in the words of a great motto, "Ubi lapsus ? quid feci ?" One day when I entered my house, I found a flight of Undergraduates inside. Heads of Houses, as mounted patrols, walked their horses round these poor cottages. Doctors of Divinity dived into the hidden recesses of that private tenement uninvited, and drew domestic conclusions from what they saw there.'

As the end approached other and deeper griefs mingled with these waters of bitterness. He felt keenly the danger

to which he should expose many who had trusted to him almost the keeping of their souls.

'The most oppressive thought, in the whole process of my change of opinion, was the clear anticipation verified by the event, that it would issue in the triumph of Liberalism. Against the anti-dogmatic principle I had thrown my whole mind; yet now I was doing more than any one else could do to promote it. I was one of those who had kept it at bay in Oxford for so many years; and thus my very retirement was its triumph. The men who had driven me from Oxford were distinctly the Liberals; it was they who had opened the attack upon Tract 90, and it was they who would gain a second benefit, if I went on to retire from the Anglican Church. But this was not all. As I have already said, there are but two alternatives, —the way to Rome, and the way to Atheism: Anglicanism is the half-way house on the one side, and Liberalism is the half-way house on the other. How many men were there, as I knew full well, who would not follow me now in my advance from Anglicanism to Rome, but would at once leave Anglicanism and me for the Liberal camp! It is not at all easy (humanly speaking) to wind up an Englishman to a dogmatical level. I had done so in a good measure in the case both of young men and laymen, the Anglican *Via Media* being the representative of dogma. The dogmatical and the Anglican principle were one, as I had taught them; but I was breaking the *Via Media* to pieces, and would not dogmatical faith altogether be broken up, in the minds of a great number, by the demolition of the *Via Media*? Oh! how unhappy this made me!'

Then too the embarrassment his lingering course caused to others who loved him dearly and waited for a sign from him to guide their own course sorely tried him:—

'But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions; I did not answer them; presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to answer them; and, if I still kept to my resolution and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out; who in consequence were distressed that, in so solemn a matter, they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second; and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did not understand that I was as perplexed as themselves, and, being of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, were made ill by the suspense.

And they too of course for the time thought me mysterious and inexplicable.'

But closest, most oppressive of all, was the entire uncertainty of his own mind whether he should or should not take the final step. With the marvellous individuality which marks the whole narrative, he waits for some sign to indicate to his spirit the Will of God. He expected it to come with the last utterances of a dying friend, but it was withheld :—

‘He died in September that year. I had expected that his last illness would have brought light to my mind as to what I ought to do. It brought none. I made a note which runs thus: “I sobbed bitterly over his coffin, to think that he left me still in the dark as to what the way of truth was, and what I ought to do in order to please God and fulfil His will.”’

Even in January, 1845 so little is he satisfied with the prospect of belonging to his new communion, that he writes :—

‘The state of the Roman Catholics is at present so unsatisfactory. This I am sure of, that nothing but a simple, direct call of duty is a warrant for any one leaving our Church; no preference of another Church, no delight in its services, no hope of greater religious advancement in it, no indignation, no disgust, at the persons and things among which we may find ourselves in the Church of England. The simple question is, can I (it is personal, not whether another, but can I) be saved in the English Church? Am I in safety, were I to die to-night? Is it mortal sin in me, not joining another communion?’

Yet the end was hastening on. In April 1845, he writes to a friend :—

‘In the early part of this year, if not before, there was an idea afloat that my retirement from the Anglican Church was owing to the feeling that I had so been thrust aside, without any one's taking my part. Various measures were, I believe, talked of in consequence of this surmise. Coincidently with it was an exceedingly kind article about me in a Quarterly, in its April number. The writer praised me in beautiful and feeling language far above my deserts. In the course of his remarks, he said, speaking of me as Vicar of St. Mary's: “He had the future race of clergy hearing him. Did he value or feel tender about, and cling to his position? . . . Not at all. . . . No sacrifice to him perhaps, he did not care about such things.”’

'This was the occasion of my writing to a very intimate friend the following letter:—

'April 3, 1845.

'.... Accept this apology, my dear C., and forgive me. As I say so tears come into my eyes,—that arises from the accident of this time, when I am giving up so much I love. Just now I have been overset by A. B.'s article in the C. D.; yet really, my dear C., I have never for an instant had even the temptation of repenting my leaving Oxford. The feeling of repentance has not even come into my mind. How could it? How could I remain at St. Mary's a hypocrite? How could I be answerable for souls (and life so uncertain), with the convictions, or at least persuasions, which I had upon me? It is indeed a responsibility to act as I am doing, and I feel His hand heavy on me without intermission, who is all Wisdom and Love, so that my heart and mind are tired out, just as the limbs might be from a load on one's back. That sort of dull aching pain is mine; but my responsibility really is nothing to what it would be, to be answerable for souls, for confiding loving souls, in the English Church, with my convictions.'

In October the final step is taken, and in the succeeding January the mournful history is closed in the following most touching words:—

'Jan. 20, 1846.—You may think how lonely I am. *Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui*, has been in my ears for the last twelve hours. I realize more that we are leaving Littlemore, and it is like going on the open sea.'

'I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me—Mr. Cope-land, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey, too, came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who have been kind to me, both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University.

'On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway.'

What an exceeding sadness is gathered up into these words! And yet the impress of this time left upon some of Dr. Newman's writings seems, like the ruin which records what was the violence of the throes of the long-passed earthquake, even still more indicative of the terrible character of the struggle through which at this time he passed. We have seen how keenly he felt the suspicious intrusions upon his privacy which haunted his last years in the Church of England. But in 'Loss and Gain' there is a yet more expressive exhibition of the extremity of that suffering. He denies as 'utterly untrue' the common belief that he 'introduced friends or partisans into the tale,' and of course he is to be implicitly believed. And yet ONE there is whom no one who reads the pages can for a moment doubt is there, and that is Dr. Newman himself. The weary, unresting, hunted condition of the leading figure in the tale, with all its accompaniment of keen, flashing wit, always seemed to us the history of those days when a well-meant but impertinent series of religious intrusions was well-nigh driving the wise man mad.

We have followed out the steps thus in detail, not only because of their intense interest as an autobiography, but also because the narrative itself seems to throw the strongest possible light on the mainly-important question how far this defection of one of her greatest sons does really tend to weaken the argumentative position of the English Church in her strife with Rome. What has been said already will suffice to prove that in our opinion no such consequence can justly follow from it. We acknowledge freely the greatness of the individual loss. But the causes of that defection are, we think, clearly shown to have been the peculiarities of the individual, not the weakness of the side which he abandoned. His steps mark no path to any other. He sprang clear over the guarding walls of the sheepfold, and opened no way

through them for other wanderers. Men may have left the Church of England because their leader left it; but they could not leave it as he left it, or because of his reasons for leaving it. In truth, he appears never to have occupied a thoroughly real Church-of-England position. He was at first, by education and private judgment, a Calvinistic Puritan; he became dissatisfied with the coldness and barrenness of this theory, and set about finding a new position for himself, and in so doing he skipped over true, sound English Churchmanship into a course of feeling and thought allied with and leading on to Rome. Even the hindrances which so long held him back can scarcely be said to have been indeed the logical force of the unanswerable credentials of the English Church. On the contrary they were rather personal impressions, feelings, and difficulties. His faithful, loving nature made him cling desperately to early hopes, friendships, and affections. Even to the end Thomas Scott never loses his hold upon him. His narrative is not the history of the normal progress of a mind from England to Rome; it is so thoroughly exceptional that it does not seem calculated to seduce to Rome men governed in such high matters by argument and reason rather than by impulse and feeling. We do not therefore think that the mere fact of this secession tells with any force against that communion whose claims satisfied to their dying day such men as Hooker and Andrewes, and Ussher and Hammond, and Bramhall and Butler.

But, beyond this, his present view of the English Church appears to be incompatible with that fierce and internecine hostility to the claim upon the loyalty of her children which is really essential to clear the act of perverting others from her ranks from the plainest guilt of schism. It is not merely that the nobleness and tenderness of his nature make his tone so unlike that of many of those who have taken the

same step with himself. It is not that every provocation—and how many they have been!—every misunderstanding—and they have been all but universal; every unworthy charge or insinuation—down to those of Professor Kingsley,—have failed to embitter his feelings against the communion he has deserted and the friends whom he has left. It is not this to which we refer, for this is personal to himself, and the fruit of his own generosity and true greatness of soul. But we refer to his calm, deliberate estimate of the forsaken Church. He says, indeed, that since his change he has 'had no changes to record, no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment. I never had one doubt.' But, as we have seen already, this was always the temporary condition in which every new phase of opinion landed him. He was always able to build up these tabernacles of rest. The difference between this and those former resting-places is clear. In those he was still a searcher after truth: he needed and required conviction, and a new conviction might shake the old comfort. But his present resting-place is built upon the denial of all further inquiry. 'I have,' he says, 'no further history of religious opinions to narrate:' and some following words show how entirely it is this abandonment of the idea of the actual conviction of truth for the blind admission of the dictates of a despotic external authority on which he rests. He is speaking of his reception of the dogma of Transubstantiation, in which he found no difficulty through the use of a formulary which it is easy to see is full of comfort for a mind endowed by nature with so sceptical a tendency that, under the guard of a tender conscience, it can find peace only in ceasing to inquire. His words are these:

'I cannot tell *how* it is; but I say, "Why should it not be? What's to hinder it? What do I know of substance or matter? Just as much as the greatest philosopher, and that's nothing at all." So much is this the

case that there is a rising school of philosophers now which considers phenomena to constitute the whole of our knowledge of physics. The Catholic doctrine leaves phenomena alone. . . . It deals with what no one on earth knows anything about—the material substances themselves.'

The contrast, therefore, between the entire rest of his present position in comparison with what preceded it, is in him no condemnation of the Church he has left; he is but continuing his old habit of finding peace in a formulæry which has lasted longer than the former only because it forbids the continuance of that inquiry which in him is synonymous with change. But that to which we refer is his own direct estimate of the Church he has left. That he should admit it formally to be the Catholic Church was of course impossible. For, if it was, he could not separate from it without the sin of wilful schism; and how far he is able, from the inexhaustible plasticity of his wonderful mind, to put himself with perfect truthfulness by the action of his will into the exact state of thinking and feeling which his position requires may be gathered from the language of his retraction in 1843, of 'all the hard things he had said against the Church of Rome.' In making this retraction he says that his justification of his words at the time he used them was:—

'I am not speaking my own words; I am but following almost a consensus of the Divines of my own Church. They have ever used the strongest language against Rome. . . . I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I am safe. Such views, too, are necessary to our position.'

Precisely the same justification will cover his now declaring that, 'after joining Rome there came on him an extreme astonishment that he had ever imagined the Church of England to be a portion of the Catholic Church,' &c.

Such language is now as 'necessary for his position' as was his old condemnation of Rome when he was an Anglican.

It is not then by such utterances as these that we would judge what is his real estimate of the Church of England, but by the qualifying admissions which accompany this declaration ; for these reach very far :—

‘The Church of England,’ he says, ‘has been the instrument of Providence in conferring great benefits on me : had I been born in Dissent, perhaps I should never have been baptized, &c. . . . Can I have the heart, or rather the want of charity, considering that it does for so many others what it has done for me, to wish to see it overthrown ? I have no such, whilst it is what it is, and while we are so small a body.’

Such language would be pure Pelagianism unless he believed her to be a channel of grace. And that grace may be given in her we are seasonably reminded by another who has left our Church’s ministry for Rome. He, as a good Romanist, is not only free, but is even bound to believe thus much. ‘For the very Bull *Unigenitus*,’ says Mr. Ffoulkes, ‘of Clement XI., condemns as the 29th heretical proposition —*Extra ecclesiam nulla conceditur gratia*.’

‘If,’ he continues, ‘it be heresy for us to assert this in any sense, it cannot be orthodoxy for us to assert the other in every sense ; and even if it were not so, the Christian lives of men in the Church of England would be one of those inexorable facts which logic cannot set aside.’—*Union Rev.*, No. xx. p. 304.

It is in entire accordance with such a belief concerning the English Church that he disavows all active efforts at proselyting from her, and limits his action, in this respect, to the extreme case of an ‘Anglican who should come to him after careful thought and prayer and with deliberate purpose, and say, “I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and that yours alone is it.”’ This is refreshing language ; and though not, alas ! common, especially in the mouth of those who have set the example of apostasy, yet it is not altogether confined to Dr. Newman. In the remarkable article from which we have quoted above, Mr. Ffoulkes speaks in the same tone :—‘I

repeat,' he says, in summing up his views upon this point as one of those who have not become priests,

'that the years which I have spent as a Roman Catholic have been amongst the most useless and unedifying of my life; and therefore it is that I feel it to be my duty to speak out to others lacking the same experience. Let nobody quit the Church of England for the Roman Catholic Church on any other ground than of a distinct call from God to do so. . . . So long as a man can go honestly and undoubtingly before God in the Church of England, let him be thankful for his lot, and do his best to serve Christ in it, and not be moved by any taunts or arguments of his fellow men.'—*Union Rev.*, No. ix. p. 304.

One other consideration too seems to us to add force to such words as these from the mouth of Dr. Newman: they come to us with the weight of his most deliberate thoughts, for they differ widely from what he said seven years ago in his lectures on the difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church.

We the rather dwell on all this because Dr. Newman tells us repeatedly that he is not intending in the *Apologia* to enter upon controversy. He means to confine himself to his own personal vindication, to the history of his own mind and opinions; and we are therefore bound, in estimating the power of this narrative against the position of the Church of England, to give pre-eminent weight to whatever concerns his own personal concern in the great strife. In the tone of his own personal opinions we find some solution of the enigma why so great a convert has been treated with such comparative neglect. The bitter sarcasms of Dr. Manning, his wholesale adoption of every superstition, and his devoted maintenance of the court as well as the cause of Rome, must be far more to the taste of ordinary Roman controversialists than the tone of one who can speak thus of the Church of England; who can give such small support, as we have above seen him do, to the jesuitry of the casuists to whom he is now formally committed, and who can say of the 'devotional manifestations in honour of

'Our Lady,' which are so markedly the characteristic of modern Romanists,—'they have been my great crux. . . . I say frankly, I do not fully enter into them now; I trust I do not love her the less because I cannot enter into them.' Natural as is the neglect of such a man in the present temper of Roman Catholics, it is a fact to be deeply noted in this aspect of the controversy. The great convert continues buried in obscurity; whilst the more brawling enthusiasm of younger adherents clothes them with the purple of a Monsignore, and even holds out before their eyes the glittering prospect of the cap of a cardinal. No doubt there are meditative men in his new communion who profoundly note such acts as these. One of them, at least, has spoken out—

'Has,' asks Mr. Ffoulkes, 'the Roman Catholic hierarchy been the means of unmaking, as far as in them lay, one of still greater name than the saintly Faber or not less devoted Hutchinson? Is it the system that has sapped his excellence? or if he is the same that he was formerly . . . why is he, the most highly gifted intellect of the day, combined with rare piety, the most popular party leader within memory, now in dishonoured retirement—the victim of circumstances or of intrigue, if report says true?\*'

Rome, we suspect, with her strong instincts of craft and timidity, has appreciated the truth that Dr. Newman learned amongst us too much Catholicism to be ever a thorough Papist.

But though to so great a degree the real value of this book, in the great Anglican argument, hangs upon the personal history of its hero, yet it contains also some heads of controversy which we must not pass wholly over. It is true that Dr. Newman earnestly deprecates its being considered as a controversial work, and points us to three other volumes in which such matter may be found. But never is he more a controversialist than when he avoids controversy. There is more force in the burning words he drops, impregnated

\* 'Union Review,' ix., 302.

with the fire of his own inner life, than in the closest of his studied arguments. Some of these passages have met us already; there are two others which ought to be noticed.

The first is that which describes the doubt which first shot with such festering power into his own mind in his study of the Monophysite controversy. Up to this time his own position had been that which all the great divines of the English Church have always occupied. He maintained for it, that it was a true branch of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church; that it possessed all the essential notes of such a membership: that it had an apostolic descent for its three-fold ministry, and therefore undoubted validity in its Sacraments and means of grace; that it had a true inheritance of uncorrupted primitive doctrine, and was a living witness for the faith once delivered to the saints; that it had gifts of living grace which were made visible in a manifest and abundant sanctity: a sanctity which it would be the rankness of Pelagianism to attribute to any other source than the indwelling and work of that Holy Spirit which is the gift of its ascended Head to the Church of Christ. These undoubted notes of the true Church he set against the primary argument against its Catholicity, which might be drawn from its visible separation from so large a portion of Christendom. That isolation was its misfortune; the result of the sins of the whole Church, and especially of Rome; not the choice of a schismatic spirit. That separation he would urge was, when closely scrutinised, more complete in appearance than in fact, since we have always acknowledged the Creed, the Orders, the Sacraments, and the Scriptures of the other branches of the Church Catholic, with which absolute visible communion was for the time withholden from us. It was, too, only by an assumption of that which it was intended to prove, that it could be called a separation in any way peculiar to ourselves from the whole Catholic Church; for it was

shared with us by the whole of the vast Eastern communion. When plied with arguments drawn from the condemnation of the Donatists on the sole ground of their isolation from the Catholic body, the answer was easy, that theirs was a self-chosen, and therefore sinful separation ; whilst it was now Rome, and not England, which, by making communion with herself the condition of Catholicity, came under the censures which, from Catholic mouths, had anathematised the Donatist body. Thus the answer to the favourite invective of Rome against ourselves, drawn from our unhappy separation, was twofold : first, that the separation was not of our choice ; was not our solitary position ; was shared with us by the vast and venerable East ; was a part of the common punishment of Christendom ; was that of which the arrogant Donatism of Rome made her chiefly guilty ; was what we prayed and desired, as God enabled us, to strive against. The second answer was that, if Rome quoted against us apparent Catholicity, we pleaded against Rome unquestionable antiquity ; that if she seemed to possess more than we did, the '*quod ab omnibus*' (though even this balance in her favour was daily diminishing with the vast extension of our communion), yet that, granting this, we undoubtedly cou'd claim above her the '*quod semper*' of the well-known formulary of St. Vincent of Lerins. We pleaded against Rome that we kept the primitive deposit of the Faith in the unaltered shrine of primitive discipline ; and had not by development and addition corrupted the virgin gift of the primary revelation.

From this fastness Dr. Newman was driven by St. Leo's language in the Monophysite controversy. How, we ask, or why ? We can afford to grant to Dr. Newman to a degree we could easily dispute, that in the controversy the special appeal of St. Leo is to the argument of Catholicity. It was the readiest, the shortest, the most convincing. A Rationalizing sect introduced a novel point of heresy, to be grappled

with in argument only by such a subtlety of intellect that the reality of the most complete victory would scarcely be apparent to the common apprehension of Christendom. The fine edge which these weapons required made them unfit for the handling of an ordinary follower; therefore Leo refuted them on the easily-appreciable ground that the doctrine was contrary to the universal sense of Christendom. In like manner, Bishop Wiseman's article in the 'Dublin Review' leads Dr. Newman to see that St. Augustin decided, in the Donatist strife, 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum.' This rule threw back its light on the Monophysite struggle. It 'decided ecclesiastical questions on a simpler rule than that of antiquity:' that is, argues Dr. Newman, St. Augustin and St. Leo throw over antiquity, and rest only on universality, so destroying our plea. If I urge any longer the plea of antiquity against the plea of Catholicity, I catch in the glass a view of my features, and I am a Monophysite; not, indeed, by sharing their heresy, but by occupying their ground. The same ghost reappears to him afterwards in the midst of the dust and toil of the Arian strife. 'The pure Arians were the Protestants, the semi-Arians were the Anglicans. Rome now was what it was.'

But what is this argument really worth? We say fearlessly, Nothing whatever. For when St. Leo appealed to Catholicity against the Monophysites, he appealed to it as embodying antiquity—as being the simplest and easiest mode of applying that witness. Just as some tests in nature are of so delicate a kind that it is scarcely possible to apply them except in combination with some ruder matter which assists their exhibition, so he could more easily show that antiquity condemned the Monophysite by applying to his error the test of the condemnation of that Catholic world which had inherited the Catholic tradition, than by the subtlety of arguments to be drawn from formularies compounded before this

particular heresy was broached. St. Leo, therefore, and St. Augustin, and St. Athanasius, all used the argument of Catholicity, because in their day it embodied and most easily applied the argument of antiquity; not because it could be set against it as an instrument of greater force. The whole objection, then, to the English standing-ground is swept away. From the first the 'quod semper' has stood before the 'quod ab omnibus.' It must do so; for the Catholic Church is one and indivisible. Time reaches not to it. As she existed in her Divine Head at the beginning, so she exists throughout the ages. Her truth is His truth—one, unalterable, infallible. The safety of every faithful heart, even in its weakness, is evermore, 'Though all men should deny *THEE*, yet will not I.' The seeming universality of error at any particular moment is corrected by the unbroken unity of truth. The faithful may be minished from the earth: but they are somewhere. The stream may be hemmed in by rocks, or drunk in by sands, till it flows at any moment but a silver thread; yet is it *the* stream, not by reason of its breadth, though it should cover the land—for that may be because the rivers of Damascus have flowed into the stream of Judah—but because it is that which welled forth from its own sacred fountain head in the mountain of God. The evidence which supports this view is abundantly clear to any careful student of the History of the time. Eutyches had been a zealous opponent of Nestorius; and just as Apollinaris had done before him in the Arian controversy, he had, in the heat of his zeal for truth, passed over its border and fallen into error on the other side. To make good Dr. Newman's view, the appeal of St. Leo and the Council of Chalcedon should have been simply to the united voice of the contemporary Church. For this is what the Roman Catholics define to be the Church's living voice. But to what do the venerable Fathers, in fact, appeal? At the

conclusion of the reading of St. Leo's letter in the Council of Chalcedon, by which Eutyches was condemned, the Fathers exclaimed, 'It is the faith of the Apostles! Our Creed is the same! Anathema to them that gainsay! St. Peter hath spoken by Leo!'<sup>\*</sup> Here certainly the appeal to antiquity was as distinct as language can make it. Nor is St. Leo's own reference in any measure made to any other tribunal. In his celebrated letter he refers especially to the words of Holy Scripture, and complains especially of these depravers of the faith as 'seeking not to the letters of the Apostles, nor to the authority of the Evangelists, but to themselves.' From this he appeals to the words of the Creed, the especial record of the judgment of antiquity. 'What erudition,' he asks, 'hath Eutyches acquired from the sacred pages of the New and Old Testament, who understandeth not even the principles of the Creed itself? That which is uttered throughout the whole world by the mouths of all catechumens is not yet received in the heart of this aged man.'

He takes here, we maintain, as exactly as is possible the position of the English Church in her struggle with Rome; for she too appeals first to Holy Scripture, and then to the Creeds of the Universal Church, as fixing the concurrent voice of antiquity; and so handing down the true interpretation of the Sacred Volume, as she delivers it in creeds and catechisms to the humblest of her children. Surely it needed all the intense individualism and all the imagination of Dr. Newman to draw from this celebrated letter his argument against antiquity?

Dr. Newman's second main argument is couched in a defensive form. It is contained in his reply to the objection that the doctrine of infallibility implies that 'as a Catholic, he believes in the existence of a power on earth, which at its

\* Neale's 'History of the Holy Eastern Church,' vol. i. p. 302.

own will imposes upon men any new set of credenda when it pleases,' &c. This he answers first by arguing with great force that the fallen condition of man renders it necessary that there should be lodged somewhere upon earth a fixed deposit of truth which should be able, as a book cannot, to make a stand against the wild living intellect of man—a stand which, instead of really enslaving, does really perfect 'the human intellect which doth from opposition grow, and thrives and is joyous with a tough elastic strength under the terrible blows of the divinely-fashioned instrument.'

Now so far all the most learned divines of the Church of England who have ever written upon the subject go heartily with him and his argument: this therefore is no argument against England and in favour of Rome. The Church, our own Articles declare, is the keeper and witness of Holy Scripture. It is of the utmost importance carefully to note this; for it is one of the most favourite of all the stock arguments of the day against our Church. So Dr. Manning argues in his second letter: 'The professed foundation of Anglicanism is Holy Scripture; but the real foundation is the critical reason.'\*

And the assumed ground for this charge is that 'it appeals from the living voice of the Church, and rejects its divine and infallible authority; that it therefore makes the individual the sole judge of the contents of Holy Scripture, which is essential Rationalism; that it professes to have purified the doctrine of the Church; that it does not venture itself to profess a Divine guidance, but formally and dogmatically denies it to every Church on earth; that as by its theory the several parts of the Church are now divided and therefore fallible, it denies that there is any collective Church at this time through which the Divine voice speaks to us with infallible certainty of truth; that the Universal Church, therefore, no longer exists as the ultimate witness for truth; that therefore

\* 'The Convocation and the Crown in Council,' p. 19.

the highest and last certainty for the faith of Jesus Christ is only human. Now, here the same fallacy is everywhere present, and much more plainly visible because more distinctly embodied in a set of positive assertions. But what, after all, is the argument really worth? We do not scruple to say that from first to last what is here attributed to her is an absolute contradiction of what the Church of England always has held upon the matter.

She maintains that the voice of the whole Church cannot err; that though even General Councils may err because their decrees, by their non-reception, may ultimately not prove to be the voice of the whole Church, yet where that voice really speaks it is infallible. On the decision of that voice she rests against heretics the question of the right understanding of Holy Scripture. She declares the Divinity of God the Son with this special note of praise: 'The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge THEE.' She does not hold or teach or declare that this voice of God through the Universal Church is dead, dumbed, or accentless. She hears its sound ringing clear and high above the discords of heresy, and bows to its every sentence with the implicitness of Faith. With a conviction as strong as Rome could urge, and with a consistency which that Rationalizing, because ever-developing, Communion cannot claim, she would at this day put aside all the struggles of the rebellious reason to deny any point of the Great Credenda, not by the human element of superior argument, but by the Divine authority of God the Holy Ghost speaking to her through the testimony of the Primitive and Undivided Church. It is Rome which kills the certainty of that utterance of mystery by denying its present vitality and bidding men listen to the present voices of the peeping and muttering prophets of her own doctrine-developing communion instead of to its august and unquestionable accents.

Dr. Newman is too far-seeing and too simply honest not to see and feel this difficulty, but the mode in which he meets it only involves him in another. He meets it by showing the practical limitations which surround the exercise of the supposed gift of infallibility in the Present Roman Communion. These undoubtedly are many and great. It can only *define* ; and that under the guidance of Scripture and tradition ; and that within the narrow circle of declaring a truth held implicitly before. Even in doing this it must be cautious, slow, even tardy in its operation ; and though 'its normal seat is the Pope in Ecumenical Council,' yet it is, in fact, only the utterance of a foregone conclusion in the mind of Christendom.

Now it is clear that very many of the practical objections to the claim of infallibility fade before the idea of a power which is so jealously fenced in within limits so narrow as these. We say advisedly, the *practical* objections ; for there remain untonched in all their vigour the master objections founded on the great principle that no power can add to the deposit of the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints. But, then, how completely with the disappearance of these practical objections vanish also all the vaunted benefits of the power ! One of the commonest formularies by which modern Roman advocates seek to overthrow the faith of members of the Church of England is by the assertion that in her communion there is no certainty as to what is to be believed. But how can an infallibility, which is restricted within such narrow limits as alone can make it endurable, and so is separated almost by infinite space from him whom it is to assure, tend really to give certainty of faith upon any point of doubt to any separate believer ? 'The number of new doctrines,' Dr. Newman argues, 'will not oppress us, if it takes eight centuries to promulgate even one of them ;' and he goes on to say, that 'there have been only eighteen such Councils

since Christianity was—an average of one to a century—and of these Councils, some passed no doctrinal decree at all,' &c. Certainly such a system would not be likely to oppress the Church with the multitude of its decisions, though the existence of one false decision is as destructive of its claim to infallibility as if they were a multitude; but, on the other hand, how does it minister to the certainty of the individual? What the anxious conscience craves for is an infallible guide for itself. How does it even help to provide this, to know that you are living under a system by the action of which it is provided that, in another hundred years, the matter in doubt will be infallibly settled? Nor is this all: not only is the subject matter of infallible decrees thus limited, and their concoction thus tardy: but difficulties of another class beset the exercise of its power. Dr. Newman distinctly limits himself to speaking of the Pope in Ecumenical Council, as 'the *normal* seat of infallibility.' But this great point has never been decided. It has been decided that the Church is infallible; but it has never been settled whether that infallibility is to be exerted by the Pope, or the Pope in Ecumenical Council, or by what other combination of the several Elements of the Tribunal. Dr. Newman introduces a new element of doubtfulness into the practical working of the system; for he says, 'It does not at all follow because there is a gift of infallibility in the Catholic Church, that therefore the power in possession of it is in all its proceedings infallible;' and he proceeds to quote instances of its misuse. This seems to bring the matter very near to the humorous saying of the late Henry Drummond, 'Oh what pains it costs to keep the infallible man from going wrong a dozen times a day!'

Indeed, to find any special rest for the spirit amongst the differences of conflicting opinions in the belief that such a circumscribed infallibility exists under some conditions some-

where, is not a whit less unreasonable than it would be for the man, who had fallen helplessly among thieves, to comfort himself with the reflection, when he had been robbed and was about to be murdered, that there was somewhere or other a power of law which could deliver him if only he first learned where it was lodged, and then waited for a century for its execution.

Neither, then, does the controversial part of this remarkable book appear to us to strengthen in any way the case against our own Church. And if it does not strengthen that case, it most undoubtedly weakens it. The fact of the secession of a great and honest man—with vast gifts of genius, with learning, with piety, and a resolute determination to buy the truth at any cost—is an argument against the cause he has deserted; and, so long as he is silent, a strong argument. He must, every one may fairly suppose, have found some unanswerable reason for such a course to which I am a stranger. But when he comes forward and unlocks his bosom, and discloses his hidden secret, then the weight of that example which rested heretofore on the unexplained mystery of his act is to be tried by a new standard. He has pleaded a justification, and by that plea he and his cause must abide; and if the justification fails—and it seems to us here signally to fail—the cause is proportionably damaged.

There is another deeply interesting question raised by Dr. Newman's work, on which, if our limits did not absolutely prevent, we should be glad to enter. We mean the present position of the Church of Rome with that great rationalistic movement with which we, too, are called to contend. Everywhere in Europe this contest is proceeding, and the relations of the Church of Rome towards it are becoming daily more and more embarrassed. Mr. Ffoulkes tells us that 'the "Home and Foreign Review" is the *only* publication professing to emanate from Roman Catholics in this country that

can be named in the same breath with the leading Protestant Reviews.\* Since he wrote these words its course has been closed by Pontifical authority. M. Moutalembert has barely escaped censure with the payment of the penalty—so heavy to his co-religionists—of an enforced silence; and Dr. Newman 'interprets recent acts of authority as tying the hands of a controversialist such as I should be,' and so is prevented completing the great work which has occupied so much of his thoughts, and which promised to do, more than any other work this country is likely to see, to set some limiting boundary lines between the provinces of a humble faith in Revelation and an ardent love of advancing science. This is an evil inflicted by Rome on this whole generation. But in truth, wherever the mind of Christendom is active, the attitude of the Papal communion before this new enemy is that of a startled, trembling minaciousness, which invites the deadly combat it can so ill maintain.

These facts are patent to every one who knows anything whatever of the present state of religious thought throughout Roman Catholic Europe. Almost every one knows further that the struggle between those who would subject all science and all the actings of the human mind to the authority of the Church, and those who would limit the exercise of that authority more or less to the proper subject-matter of theology, is rife and increasing. The words of, perhaps, the ablest living member of the Roman Catholic communion have rung through Europe, and many a heart in all religious communions has been saddened by the thought of Dr. Döllinger's virtual censure. . And yet it is at such a time as this that Dr. Manning ventures to put forth his 'Letters to a Friend,' painting all as peace, unanimity, and obedient faith within the Roman Church; all dissension, unbelief, and letting slip of the ancient faith within our own communion. Surely such are

\* 'Union Review,' ix., 294.

not the weapons by which the cause of God's truth can be advanced !

But we must bring our remarks on the 'Apologia' to a close.

Some lessons there are, and those great ones, which this book is calculated to instil into members of our own communion. Pre-eminently it shows the rottenness of that mere Act-of-Parliament foundation on which some, now-a-days, would rest our Church. Dr. Newman suggests, more than once, that such a course must rob us of all our present strength. Dr. Manning sings his pean with wild and premature delight, as if the evil was already accomplished. In his first letter he triumphed in the silence of Convocation, but that silence has since been broken. A solemn synodical judgment, couched in the most explicit language, has condemned the false teaching which had been our Church's scandal. But because a 'very exalted person in the House of Lords' \* with an ignorance or an ignoring of law, as was shown in the debate, which was simply astonishing, chose, in a manner which even Dr. Manning condemns, to assert, without a particle of real evidence, that the Convocation had exceeded its legitimate powers, Dr. Manning is in ecstasies. The 'very exalted person' becomes 'a righteous judge, a learned judge, a Daniel come to judgment—yea, a Daniel.' These shouts of joy ought to be enough to show men where the real danger lies. Our present position is impregnable. But if we abandon it for the new one proposed to us by the Rationalist party, how shall we be able to stand ? How could a national religious Establishment which should seek to rest its foundations—not on God's Word ; on the ancient Creeds ; on a true Apostolic ministry ; on valid Sacraments ; on a living, even though it be an obscured, unity with the Universal Church, and so on the presence with her of her Lord,

\* Hansard's 'House of Lords Debates,' July 15, 1864.

and on the gifts of His Spirit—but upon the critical reason of individuals, and the support of Acts of Parliament—ever stand in the coming struggle? How could it meet Rationalism on the one hand? How could it withstand Popery on the other? After such a fatal change its career might be easily foreshadowed. Under the assaults of Rationalism, it would year by year lose some parts of the great deposit of the Catholic faith. Under the attacks of Rome, it would lose many of those whom it can ill spare, because they believe most firmly in the verities for which she is ready to witness. Thus it might continue until our ministry were filled with the time-serving, the ignorant, and the unbelieving; and, when this has come to pass, the day of final doom cannot be far distant. How such evils are to be averted is the anxious question of the present day. The great practical question seems to us to be—How the Supreme Court of Appeal can be made fitter for the due discharge of its momentous functions? We cannot enter here upon that great question. But solved it must be, and solved upon the principles of the great Reformation statutes of our land, which maintain, in the supremacy of the Crown, our undoubted nationality; which, besides maintaining this great principle of national life, save us from all the terrible practical evils of appeals to Rome, and yet which maintain the spirituality of the land, as the guardians under God of the great deposit of the Faith, in the very terms in which the Catholic Church of Christ has from the beginning received, and to this day handed down in its completeness, the inestimable gift.

END OF VOL. I.

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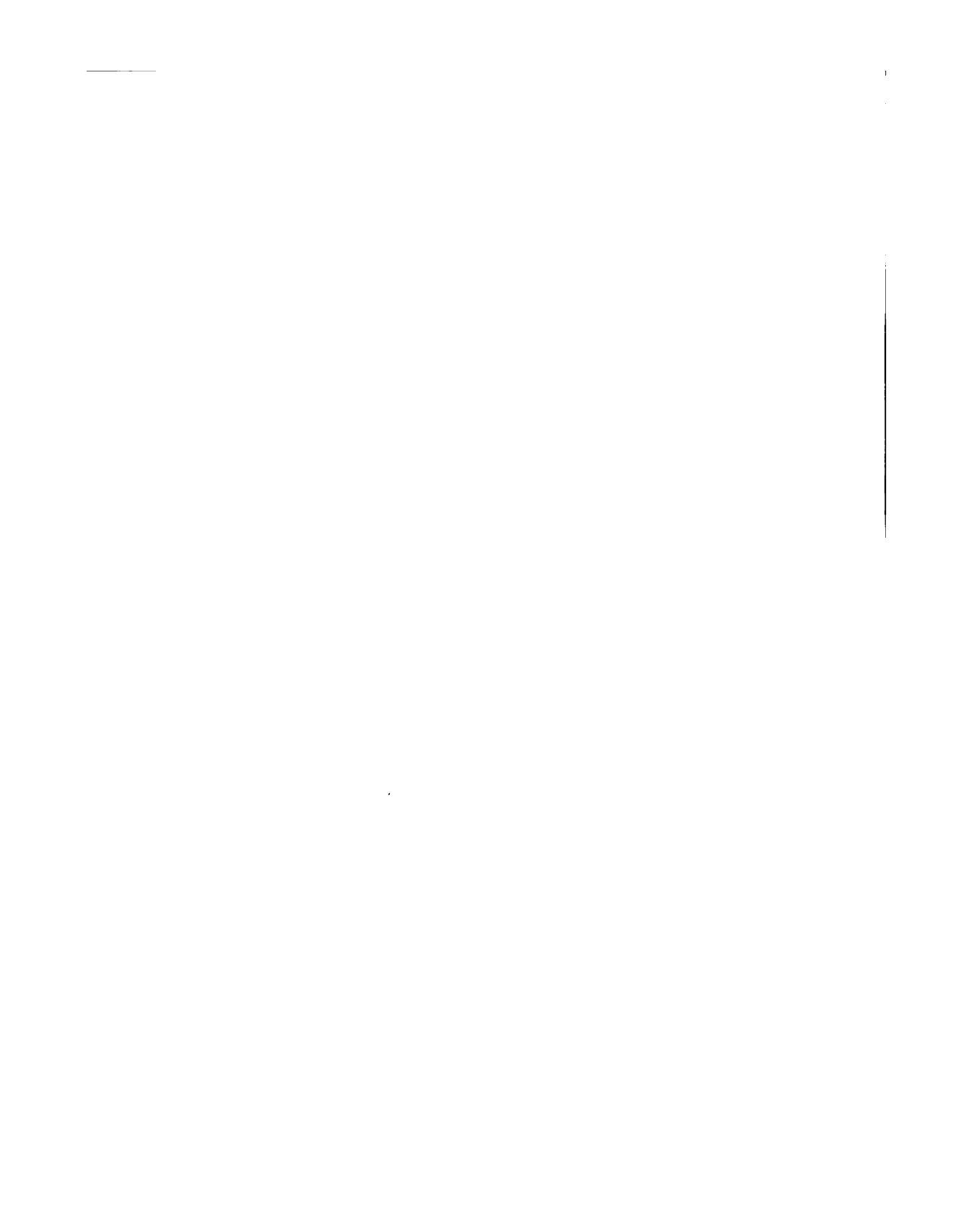
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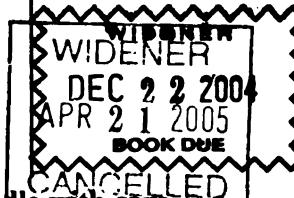
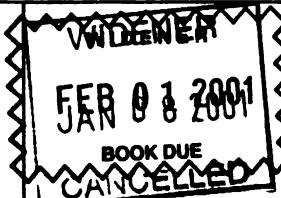
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